AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

NEW ZEALAND $5.50*
MAY 1985 • $3.40*

BOLD & BEAUTIFUL:
THE GIRLS OF SYDNEY

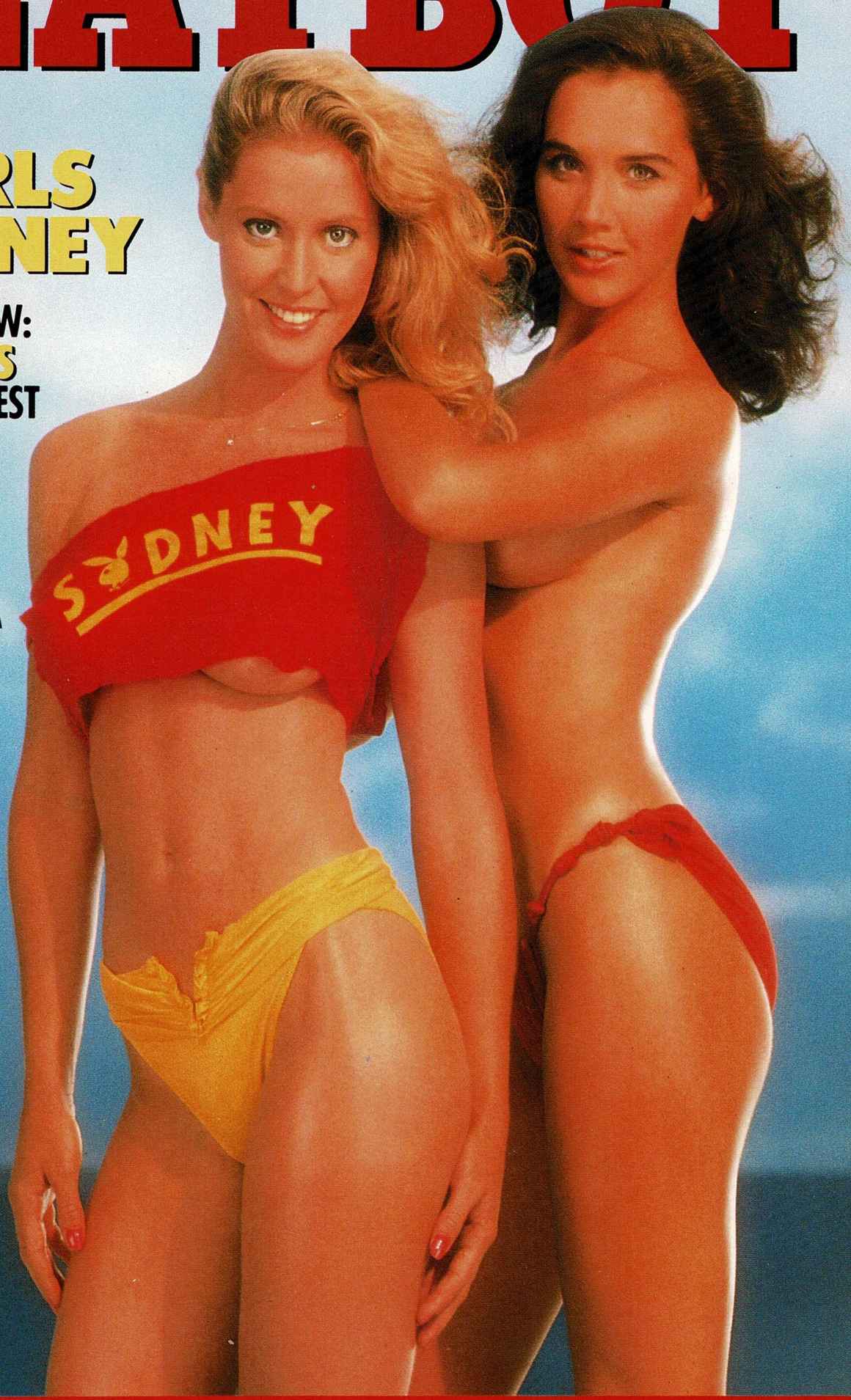
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:
AUSTEN TAYSHUS
AT HIS RAUNCHY BEST

MARK JACKSON
THE HARDEST NUT
IN AUSSIE FOOTY

HOW CANBERRA
CHEATS YOU
EX-MP LASHES OUT

NEW ZEALAND
PARASITE OF
THE PACIFIC?

BASKETBALL
WHY IT'S
OUR FASTEST
GROWING
SPORT



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TOYOTA

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DFS/TPA 776

PLAYBILL

It is an idea which has been a long time coming. Soon after Australian PLAYBOY's debut little more than six years ago, we knew that one day we would have to do a pictorial on The Girls Of Sydney. But somehow, what with yachting parties, glamor promotions, grand prix racing features, pictorials like Girls Of The Gold Coast, Girls Of TV, Girls Of The Snow and The Girls Of Melbourne, it has taken until now to get around to it. About time, we hear you say. But, no excuses, we wanted to get it right. **Rico Mettbach** and **Peter Carrette** took the pictures at several familiar Sydney locations and, yes, they had lots of fun.

Who among us has not dreamed of power? The power to change laws, influence populations and tell bureaucrats what to do. Peter Steedman, former Labor MP for the outer Melbourne seat of Casey, did. Today he's a far wiser man and utterly disillusioned about Canberra politics, even when it's his own party in power. Melbourne writer **Phil Ackman** profiles Steedman and if you ever wanted a no-holds-barred insider's account of how the system doesn't work this is it. **Clyde Terry** (aka Collide) did the splendid illustration.

The most entertaining sports figure in Australia today is easily Mark Jackson, giant of Geelong who has been amusing VFL fans and alarming footy writers for years in Melbourne. But Jacko admits there's method to his madness. Melbourne journo **Peter Olszewski** penned our exclusive profile and reveals that image is all part of Mark Jackson's master plan. **Tomek** and **Eryk** caught the absolutely stunning picture of Jackson in full cry.

Speaking of comedians, Austen Tayshus, the man of a thousand pairs of sunglasses, spirit of Australia, the only man who managed to get into the Phantom's trousers (metaphorically speaking!), is this month's interview subject. The man behind Tayshus and the Phantom is former camera assistant and dental student Sandy Gutman. **Phil Jarratt** found Gutman to be intelligent, articulate and acutely sensitive on the increasingly controversial subject of comedy in Australia in the '80s.

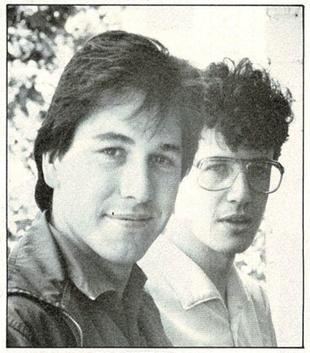
While we're in a controversial mood our analysis of the direction charted by Australia's closest friend and ally, New Zealand, is sure to be read with interest in Canberra and Wellington. Foreign Affairs analyst **Harold Withers** argues that this is the Lange government's way of turning New Zealand into a shameless freeloader. The stinging artwork by **Phil Ellett** and **David Doyle** (Re: Design) ably illustrates the Kiwis' new posture.

If you had been handed the job of PLAYBOY travel editor, a job which brings with it the perks of unlimited travel, a bottomless expense account, endless food, wine and willing women, could you walk away from it? **Reg Potterton** did. He wanted to become a real man by sailing the seven seas and rediscovering his soul. You can share the harsh realities of his discovery in *What I Learned At Sea.* Art is by **Martin Hoffman.**

"The most impertinent interviewer in Australia" is how Prime Minister Bob Hawke branded the ABC's Richard Carleton. Associate editor **Paul Mann** put 20 questions to Carleton as he prepared for his new role aboard the ABC's news and current affairs flagship, *The National.*

And this month our motoring writer, **Rob Luck,** climbs out from the wheel of his latest speed machine to have a look at that intriguing but deadly new thrill machine, the ultralight. Also on the sports front this month, **Steve Bunk** explains the ups and downs of Australia's fastest growing game, basketball.

Add to all that our review of the latest ski fashions, **Emanuel Greenberg's** feature on vodka, a stunning pictorial tribute to the delights of sisters, sensational centrefold Cindy Brooks, photographed by **Steve Wayda,** and our regular columns on sport, sex, movies and looking good, and you have an issue to keep you merry all the month of May.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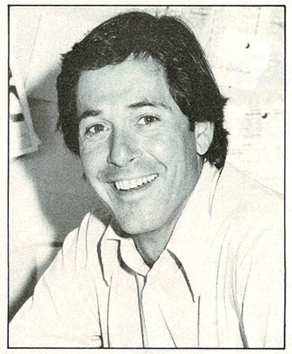
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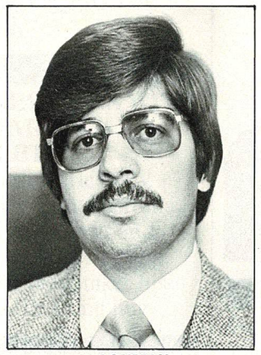
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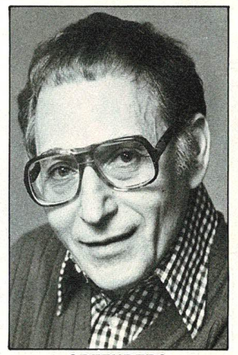
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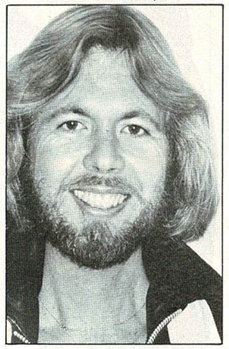
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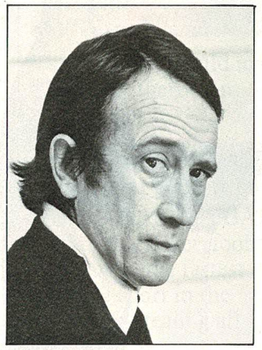
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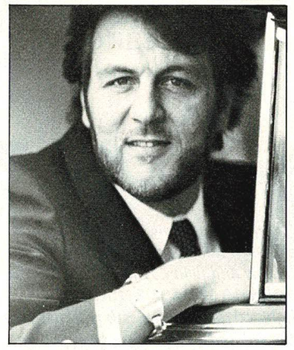
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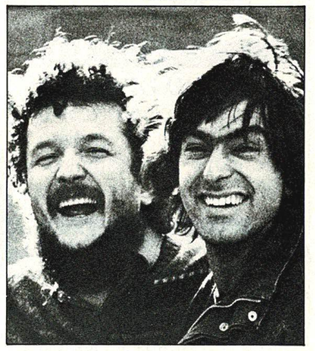
TOMEK/ERYK

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The one thing the French love more than tradition: breaking with it.

Today, in France, another revolution is taking place. Gone are the days when people can sit over lengthy, over-rich meals and then take the time to sleep it off.

The food is now lighter. The sauces less creamy and floury. And along with this nouvelle cuisine is a new approach to wine making.

A perfect example is Piat D'Or red. A light, exceptionally smooth red, that even chilled, is a joy to swallow. Look for Piat D'Or red and white. We've been looking after people who love wine since 1849. Piat D'Or Rouge and Blanc.

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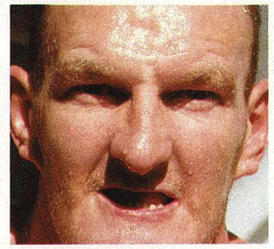

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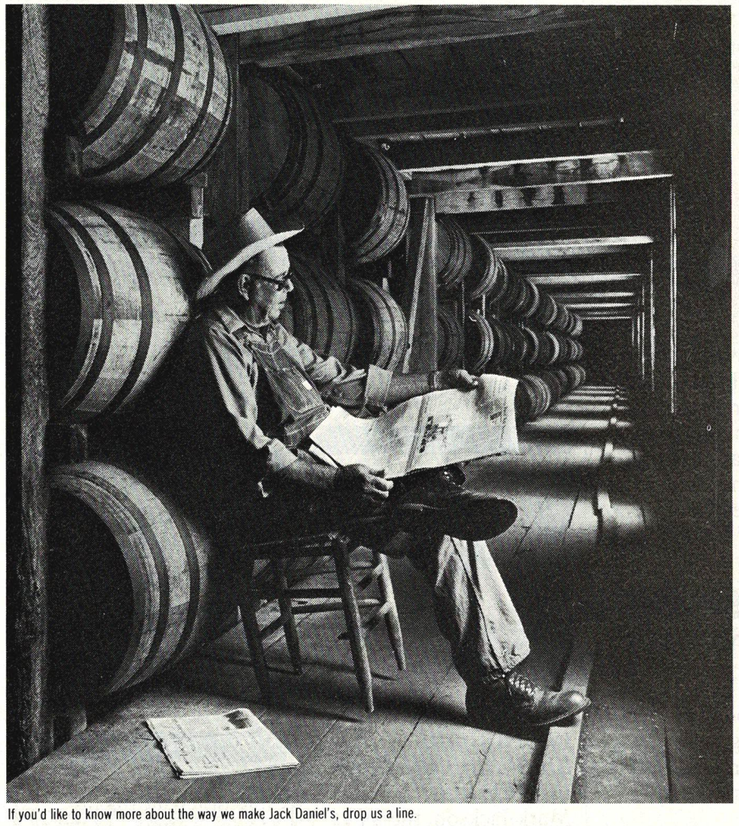

If you'd like to know more about the way we make Jack Daniel's, drop us a line.

AGING JACK DANIEL'S WHISKEY calls for hot summers, cold winters and a few men like Lawrence Burns.

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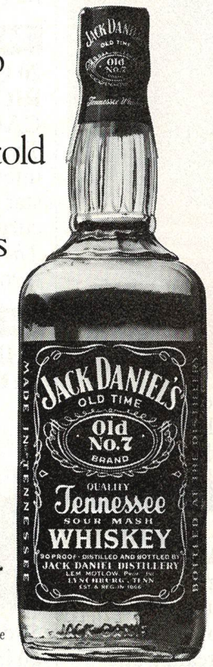

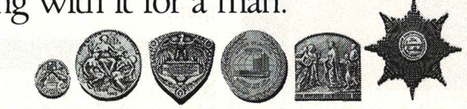

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AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

FEET FIRST

Why is it you hardly ever show female feet in your pictorials? In your November issue there were 69 photos of women but only seven with feet! On the other hand (or do I mean foot?) there was a veritable stampede of male feet through that issue.

What I want to know is whether some of those women have really deformed feet or maybe have to wear orthopaedic shoes. Or perhaps some of them were involved in industrial accidents and have had sheep or cattle hooves grafted on so they can get around between photo sessions?

Now, don't get me wrong. I'm not criticising your magazine. It's just that your readers don't know if these women even have any feet!

No, I'm not a foot fetishist. I just can't understand you discriminating against such an innocent appendage.

Alwyn Short,
Brookfield, Qld.

Our apologies... there was a minor outbreak of foot-in-mouth disease around here. We'll try to ensure that in future all our girls get a toe-hold in your fantasies — Ed.

HATE MAIL

You know what I hate, you know what I hate? I hate it when I'm reading 20 Questions on Rodney Rude and I've finished it!

Thank you for that great article in your November issue.

Brett Hayes,
Townsville, Qld.

ROBERTA'S OUT IN FRONT

Where on earth did you find her?

Roberta Vasquez, your amazing Miss December, has to be the most incredible woman I've ever seen in Australian PLAYBOY. As you rightly said, Dolly Parton would fade into insignificance beside the awesome Roberta.

I've never seen a pair of tits that are so big and yet manage to hold such a nice shape.

Scott Delmage,
Dianella, WA.

IMMIGRATION DEBATE

You know, I hate to say this, in case I get accused of being a mad dog racist, but I can't see anything wrong with Professor Geoffrey Blainey's assertion in February PLAYBOY that too much immigration in too short a space of time is going to cause problems in Australia. It's going to cause problems anywhere. It already *has* caused problems in other countries.

What I want to know is why our bloody politicians can't move as cautiously and as slowly on immigration as they do on everything else?

P. Hogg,
Balmain, NSW.

THE LADY IS A VAMP

What a lady! Miss March, Susie Croucher, most definitely has it — sheer unbridled sex appeal. From the very top of her vampish curls to the very bottom of her beautiful legs. And what tits! They're gorgeous!

My attraction however does not end with her physical beauty. A fellow fan of The Cowsills! The woman obviously has impeccable taste in music. And she must be psychic. That partner she would like sounds just like me... intelligent, fun, honest, self-assured, loving and good looking. My phone number is...

Bruce Weller,
St. Kilda, Vic.

Bruce, your letter did require a touch of editing so to compensate here's another look at sultry Susie — Ed.

SPORTS-MINDED

As a novice tennis player interested in joining a club and improving my game, I was interested to read *This Is Not A Love Match* by Alex Buzo in December.

I found this article very informative and certainly entertaining. It has put social tennis into a whole new perspective for me. It would be interesting if Australian PLAYBOY could look at other sports in this light.

Also, thanks for the great Greg Norman story in the November issue. It's gratifying to see your magazine incorporating so much sports content into the overall format. Like most other Australian males, I'm really into outdoor sport and all your features on this subject have been terrific so far.

T.P. O'Connor,
Lyons, ACT.

SOUTHERNERS BEWARE

I had to write and tell you how much I enjoyed Frank Robson's yarn in your February issue about cattle-duffing in Far North Queensland. A lot of southerners make a big mistake about Queensland, treating it as some kind of funny anachronism in the 20th century. Believe me, I've been up there and it's no laughing matter.

In 1980 I took our four-wheel drive to Cape York with my family. Just me, my wife and two young kids. The Top End was great, parts of Queensland are fabulous, we met some wonderful people. But when you get out into the back blocks it's another story. I stopped off at one town for petrol and thought I might go for a beer. What a mistake that was. You'd think Liberace had walked into the bar. As far as the locals were concerned I had to be a southern greenie poofter.

I couldn't even order a beer without two blokes asking if I was looking for trouble. I left in a hurry and I won't be going back. My advice to others is to stay on the beaten track when traversing the Far North.

Frank Robson got it dead right — that's weird country up there!

D. Farrell,
Crafers, SA.

Write to us! Send your letter to us at the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12-month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

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The best extra mild deal in Australia

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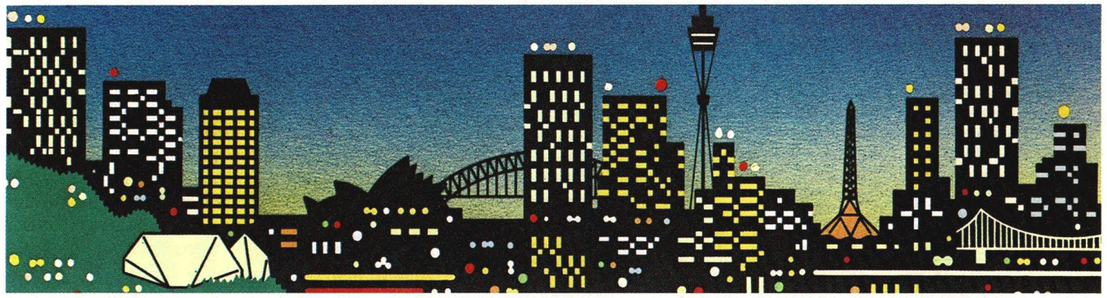
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



LAW ACCORDING TO JOH

One of the hottest selling items at the Mount Cootha Tea Gardens up in the Sunshine State is a tea-towel depicting Chairman Joh and The Queensland Ten Commandments.

The item costs $3.65 and reads as follows: 1. Thou shalt learn Japanese. 2. Thou shalt not walk on the street (you may be marching). 3. Thou shalt not come from Canberra. 4. Thou shalt eat pumpkin scones. 5. Thou shalt honor and obey the Leader and his wife. 6. Thou shalt not appear intelligent. 7. Thou shalt give up tribal lands. 8. Thou shalt not strike or join a union. 9. Thou shalt support the local gerrymander. 10. Thou shalt not be a greenie.

FAT CHANCE

A 57-year-old housewife, Helen Hollenbaugh, may have stumbled upon the quickest and most dramatic weight loss method yet.

She had refused surgery on an ovarian cyst for well over a year until one day she found breathing difficult and was forced to call an ambulance. The ambulancemen found Helen, who weighed in at a conservative 272kg, lying in bed. They rolled her on to a mattress placed on the floor and then proceeded to slide it out into the hallway and down the stairs. Here they came to a halt while the rescue squad was called. After they had knocked down a wall between the kitchen and the staircase, her journey to hospital continued.

On the operating table the surgeons removed the troublesome little cyst (all 90kg of it) but not until after the 78 litres of fluid it contained were drained. Thanks to the operation Helen is now a much trimmer 182kg.

SNOT-FREE ZONES?

A proposed law to make nose-blowing in restaurants a punishable offence is nothing to sneeze at, says its backer, parliamentarian Fred Williams.

"I can't think of anything more gross," thundered the gentleman in question during a recent sitting of Parliament. "Blowing of the nose is just like letting somebody spit on the floor of the restaurant while you're eating a meal."

The proposed bill would make it a crime for any person in a restaurant to blow his or her nose in "a loud, obnoxious manner". The relevant punishment would be a $200 fine.

With an increasing number of eating places introducing non-smoking areas for diners, we wonder if the introduction of snot-free zones could be the answer to this politician's grievance.

RAIDERS OF THE POP CHARTS

If the Australian and English independent music charts are anything to go by, we could be in serious trouble.

A recent survey of the charts revealed that teenyboppers are singing along to such cheery little numbers as *Another Dole Queue Song* by Action Pact, and *Smell Of Female* by The Cramps, while Indians In Moscow are belting out a powerful rendition of *Jack Pelter And His Sex Change Chickens*. Topical stuff, eh?

And we're beginning to wonder if there is some sort of clandestine sexual revolution going on in the land of fluoro socks. Alien Sex Fiend, Foetus Art Terrorism, Scraping Foetus Off The Wheel, Sex Gang Children, Gonads, and 4-skins are all roaring up the charts.Who said all that gore and violence on the box would have no effect? Dead Can Dance, Theatre Of Hate, 400 Blows, Broken Bones, Death In June, Screaming Dead, and Sub-humans are further flavors of the month.

All, however, is not lost. Some of the groups do appear to at least have a sense of humor. The Avocado Who Came To Dinner, Pooh And The Ostrich Feathers, Jumping Jeannie And The 4½ Garden Gnomes, and Married Porpoises are also in there fighting for chart success.

WHAT A WASTE

When it comes to waste, no one can beat governments. Or at least that's what a team of investigators has discovered after rooting around the supply stores of British Government departments. The team found in the region of $1500 million worth of unnecessary stock.

The Energy Department has an enormous pile of tabs for office files. The investigation team reckoned the supply could last them for 1000 years.

Another department has enough carbon paper to last 25 years. Well, it *would* last that long if it was still in use but, in fact, that department scrapped carbon paper in favor of photocopies three years ago.

Yet another department has sufficient cardboard map holders to meet its needs for the next 120 years.

And there are still stocks of shoes for army mules ordered decades ago for use in desert campaigns.

MPs are now calling for an economy drive in the Civil Service. The current annual budget runs at about $11,000 million for purchases ranging from computers to paper clips.

We wonder what an investigation into our own Public Service desk drawers and stationery cupboards would unearth?

REAL GENDER BENDER

Breakdancing is grabbing male devotees of the craze by their manhood.

Doctors in the USA have warned that the wild spinning involved in breakdancing can really harm the testicles and can lead to agonising pain and even gangrene.

Fans of the energetic dance craze are high-stepping into doctors' surgeries sporting injuries that include back, neck and head fractures; sprains; torn ligaments; wounded testicles and baldness.

TROUSER SNAKES

We've learned of one English lad who certainly doesn't appear to give two hoots about his manhood.

While strolling through a pet shop, two pythons (each measuring 1.2 metres) caught his eye. He didn't have the cash to pay for them so he decided he'd nick them instead.

He hadn't got very far when a shop assistant noticed he was walking funny.

We don't wonder. He'd put both of them down his pants!

MONEY

Thinking of changing your career? A surprising number of employment fields are beginning to boom.

Not everyone earns their money by working for it. Some win lotteries, others inherit wealth and a few have literally tripped over it. Lowell Elliott, an elderly farmer in the American Midwest, falls into the last category. He found a sack containing $500,000 while ploughing his fields. The money had been dropped by a parachuting skyjacker. Everyone knows about Lowell's find because — believe it or not — he gave the money back. And let's not forget old Paddy Hannan who got rich when he decided to have a nap under a Kalgoorlie tree and woke to find himself lying atop a field of gold nuggets.

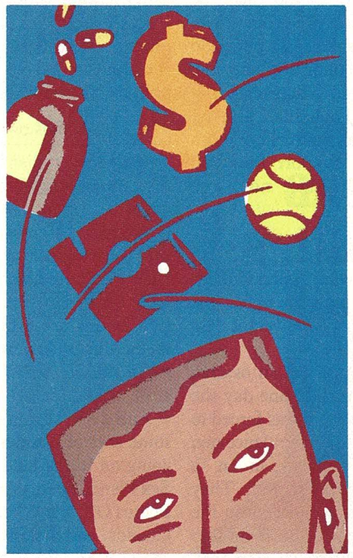
Unfortunately, for every person who wins the lottery, millions come away empty-handed and instead of gold nuggets most fossickers have nothing more to show for their efforts than sore feet and sunburn. The sad truth is that, except for a lucky few, the only way to make money is to work for it and the only way to accumulate capital is to put aside a little cash each week. Of course, even this tried and true method has a catch — you must first have a job. If you don't, or if you are thinking of switching careers, this column is for you.

Let's begin by exposing a few common myths. First, despite the combined opinions of government pundits, industrial seers and virtually every high school guidance counsellor in the nation, it is not true that in the future all jobs will only go to those who can use computers. Even when computers become so common that supermarkets sell them off the shelf like soap powder, we will still need bakers, mechanics, plumbers, brickies, electricians, teachers, painters, tilers and, yes, even writers to keep our economy going. To be sure, computers will produce many new jobs, but the information-based economy envisioned by some — an entire country gainfully employed generating and interpreting computer print-outs — is simply absurd.

Myth number two: a university education is the key to job success. There was a time, in the 1960s, when university graduates could expect salaries 20 percent higher than those without degrees. As any unemployed PhD can tell you, times have changed. Just look at the employment listings. There are jobs for artists, bank clerks, technicians, mechanics, secretaries, salesmen (I mean salespersons), beauticians and so on. Try to find an ad for an expert in classical literature, ancient history or philosophy. Today, those with technical or other specific skills (artists, hairdressers) are in greater demand than those with purely academic credentials. An electronics technician, fresh out of training, is out making $15,000 or more per year while a new bachelor of arts is still trying to think of something useful to put in his resume.

Of course, not all areas of our economy are likely to present equally good job prospects. Some are better bets than others but four are best of all: financial services, health care, recreation and, of course, computers.

The growth in financial services in the first half of this decade has been staggering. It's hard to believe that only four or five years ago most people's idea of an investment was a savings account in the nearest bank or building society. Today, there are property, equity and cash trusts, investment bonds, commodity futures, annuities, and the list is growing daily.



An increasing number of Australians, particularly superannuation-rich pensioners, are seeking expert advice to help them invest their money and the financial community is beginning to respond. Banks, sharebrokers, real estate firms, insurance companies and even independent financial advisers are looking for market specialists, portfolio managers, analysts, planners and, most of all, salesmen to service the expanding need.

Jobs in health care are also expected to boom in the next 10 years. Several factors are responsible: an increasing concern with fitness, the introduction of Medicare, Australia's ageing population and new technology. The heightened interest in staying healthy has led to the development of fitness centres which require workers to run them. Medicare has brought many new patients into the medical system, particularly the private sector. These new patients demand services which, in turn, require additional manpower. Personnel at various levels of training are also needed to operate new diagnostic and treatment equipment. As our population ages, the demand for geriatric experts will also increase. Finally, there is an increasing need for office workers, bookkeepers and accountants to handle the huge amount of money health care businesses are about to make.

Decreased working hours and longer, healthier retirements will lead to an increased demand for recreation and entertainment. The result will be more jobs in resorts, airlines, tennis and golf clubs, sporting shops, video libraries, and every other part of what is loosely referred to as the leisure industry. Even those who can't sing or act, hate sports and never watch TV can still cash in on the recreation boom by becoming travel agents. No particular skills are required and you get to travel cheap.

As already noted, computerisation will also produce many new jobs. Some of these will go to those who manufacture computers, but many more will go to those who use them. Businesses, both large and small, are already looking for programmers and analysts, and computer companies are looking for salesmen.

Computers are predicted to have a particularly great impact on office procedures. However, electronic mail, word processing, information networks and similar marvels will not eliminate clerks and secretaries. Quite the contrary, in fact. Labor studies indicate that secretarial and clerical jobs will outnumber all others for at least the next 10 years. Already, a shortage of qualified secretaries has pushed salaries up to the $20,000 mark in Sydney and Canberra and salaries in the other major cities are close behind. At present, less than one percent of secretaries are men but new job titles (executive assistant, office manager) are making it easier for men in this domain.

If none of these careers interest you, then you may want to consider entering a profession which many believe will grow faster than any described so far — you can become a career counsellor. Every major city in Australia has firms specialising in career counselling and new ones are popping up each week. You may not know what you want to do but that really shouldn't prevent you from advising others. I must admit it's never stopped me.

— SETH GREGORY

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FOOD

How to turn a fistful of humble yabbies into a perfectly respectable meal for two.

Australians are a curious lot when it comes to our native food products. For instance, it was the Americans, not us, who popularised the macadamia nut, and the Italians (somewhat later) taught us there were better uses than fishbait for the humble pipi.

And, until quite recently, no one at all bothered about our freshwater crustaceans. God alone knows why, because they are all perfectly delicious. Despite the fact that Australia is a dry continent, freshwater crayfish can be found in every state and in varying sizes ranging from the giant cray of Tasmania to the West Australian marron, the Murray River crayfish down to the yabbie, the smallest of them all.

But because we were more or less besotted by mutton, as it were, whatever their size the freshwater crays were something that kids caught with string and a bit of the Sunday roast that had "gorne orf" and boiled up in an old square kerosene tin at the back of the woodheap. Adults never bothered with them.

The local attitude started to change when newly arrived cooks and chefs (mainly from Europe) fell on the yabbie with cries of delight and started to charge quite a lot of money for a very small plateful. So the good old yabbie became somewhat fashionable in certain quarters, if not exactly respected (farmers still hate them because they burrow into dam walls).

For anyone living in the city, however, they were still hard to get and supply was erratic. Now things are changing for the better with the establishment of commercial yabbie and freshwater crayfish farms wherever unpolluted water can be found. So with a bit of searching, most people can enjoy the delicious little buggers whenever they feel like them.

You're still not going to be able to find them in the more down-at-heel fishmongers, those that offer melting slabs of sort of off-white blotting paper as the feature attraction. But I, for one, don't patronise that type of establishment anyway.

One of the complaints about the old wild yabbies was that, like anything that came out of our inland rivers, they tasted somewhat muddy. But with commercial production this mud taste has largely, if not completely, disappeared.

And because yabbies these days are sold green or uncooked, you can do a bit of your own doctoring during the cooking process.

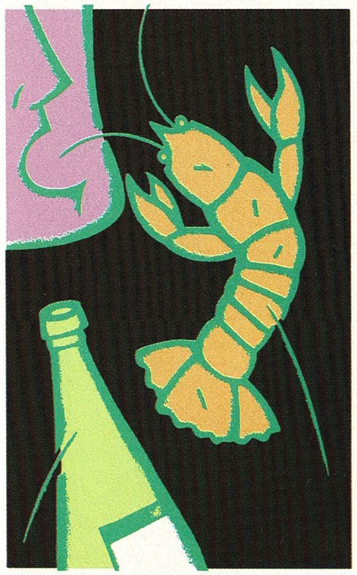
The whole business is ridiculously simple. If you know how to boil water you can cook yabbies. On the other hand if you don't know how to boil water, there's not much I can do to help you. I suggest you go to a restaurant.

At its simplest, one brings a large pot of *lightly* salted water to the boil, throws in the yabbies, allows the water to come to the boil again, simmers 10 minutes, fishes out the yabbies and serves them warm with brown bread and butter and a good bottle of chilled white wine on the side. Even the most hopeless bachelor can manage that.

Small dishes of dipping sauces, Chinese style, give an added flourish. These can include plain white vinegar, a good-quality bottled chilli sauce, or a mixture of soy sauce and chilli paste.

A green salad with cheese and more wine to follow, and you've provided yourself and your guests with a more than adequate lunch, supper or whatever.

Remember to allow a large bowl for the discarded shells, otherwise things can get rather messy.



I might add here that some specialist cookingware supply shops sell yabbie and claw picks at vast cost.

Most reasonably intelligent people can manage with their fingers, plus the occasional toothpick for the tiny meat portion in the equally tiny claws.

Now, having given you what is basically the old kerosene tin method of cooking yabbies, there are better ways if you want to go to a little more trouble.

The classic method of cooking any crustacean, whether freshwater or saltwater, is in a court bouillon which is just water with a few extra things in it. Get hold of a large stockpot, add water and dry flagon wine of tolerable quality in equal proportions plus a little salt. Then add one chopped carrot, a couple of chopped sticks of celery, a couple of chopped green onions, half a dozen peppercorns and no more than half a teaspoon of whole yellow mustard seeds.

Bring the mixture to the boil and allow to simmer very gently for no more than 15 minutes. Leave to cool. Although at this stage you can bring it back to the boil and throw the yabbies straight in, they do tend to get entangled in the debris, which makes serving just a bit on the messy side.

I normally strain the liquid before introducing the yabbies.

You don't need a full pot of this mixture as the yabbies can be half boiled and half steamed in it. Just give them a swirl around every so often so that they all get some of the liquid.

If you prefer to serve them cold, just allow them to cool in the liquid with a lid over the pan.

You can also experiment with any number of fresh green herbs that suit your fancy (dried herbs are worse than useless). Some people are very fond of dillweed, which is reasonably easy to buy these days. In this case, after straining off the initial court bouillon, put a thick layer of it in the bottom of the pan before returning the liquid to it, and allow the cooked yabbies to cool in it completely after boiling so that the flavor is fully absorbed.

When served in this manner, chilled vodka usually ousts the white wine as the accompanying tipple, although I don't know whether this is really a very bright idea unless one is planning a second course of a lot of steak and mashed potato to counter the effects of the white lightning. So don't say I didn't warn you.

Any of the large freshwater crayfish can be substituted for yabbies in either the salted water or court bouillon methods. If you are serving them hot, they are very good with melted butter.

An acquaintance of mine who dotes on freshwater crays recently made an expedition to one of our inland rivers to eat as many as he could cram into himself.

As far as I can gather he didn't take any dillweed or black peppercorns, but I do believe that he took along an awful lot of beer.

To his intense regret he was forced to call it quits at 25.

At least he's one Australian who has never been in any doubt about the excellence of the product. There should be more food nationalists like him.

— RICHARD BECKETT

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MEN

Ever wondered what happened to those sexist locker-room raps? Now it's the women who're talking dirty!

So what should I do?" Jennifer asked. "I think I love them both. I'm orgasmic with each of them. They're wonderful lovers. I've never had it so good. I'm just scared they'll drop me at the same time. What will that leave me with? My vibrator? Listen, I've got nothing against vibrators, but I hate loneliness."

We were eating in a Mexican restaurant and Jennifer's voice bounced off the tiles. It was a fairly crowded room, but she didn't seem to care.

She talked on, listing details — size, weight, endurance, technique, nothing was unmentionable — while I stirred the guacamole with my chips.

"George is into a lot of oral sex, okay? Hey, as long as it's 50-50, I don't care. Ken is just obsessed with lovemaking. He can do it for hours. Literally hours. Am I happy? You bet. I don't want to give either one of them up."

"What happened to Andy?" I asked.

"Oh, he's still around, but he's boring. Missionary position all the way for old Andy. No imagination."

As Jennifer launched into a description of Andy's sexual defects, I sat there like a dunce and wondered why I was feeling so uncomplimented, so stressful, so *muscled*. There was something very uneven about the situation, but I could not immediately define it.

Jennifer, with her red hair and keen eyes and tough voice, was on a high, and it would not have surprised me had she stood on her chair and read a list of her fondest perversions to the crowd. Why did that threaten me?

"What's the matter, mate," Jennifer asked me, "cat got your tongue?"

"That's it!" I yelled.

"Easy, man," Jennifer laughed.

"The cat's got my tongue!" I said.

"What are you saying?" Jennifer asked.

"What were you talking about just now?" I asked her. "Your lovers, right?"

"Right."

"George and Ken and Andy and a supporting cast, right?"

"Yes," Jennifer said.

"Don't you get it?" I said. "That was like male locker-room conversation. Or what used to be male locker-room conversation."

"I talk like that because I enjoy it," Jennifer retorted. "I have nothing to hide. I'm not ashamed of my sexuality. I'm liberated."

"I know you talk like that," I said, "but I don't talk like that anymore. And I don't know many guys who do. We just shut up. We don't talk about anything."

"So? That's your problem," Jennifer said.

"You're right," I said. "The cat has our tongues."

"What? You guys can't talk openly? What are you, prudes? What *do* guys talk about in the locker-room? Football?"

"Yeah," I said, "you got it: football, sports, business, weather, sometimes politics but only if we really trust one another. Otherwise, the cat has our tongues."

"You keep saying that," Jennifer smirked, "but it doesn't mean anything."

"Oh, yes it does," I said. "Men aren't talking anymore. Not to one another. Not to women, either, a lot of the time. Men are walking on eggshells. And I just figured out why."

"What, from something that I've said?"

"No," I said, "from the things I haven't said. From the way I shut up and let you ramble and had nothing to contribute. Guess what, Jennifer? The cat had my tongue. I was afraid to say anything. There you were, sexist to the gills, turning men into meat, laughing at their sexuality, taking over the role of the locker-room clown, and I sat quietly and said not a word."

"So you're chicken shit," Jennifer smiled without meaning it.

"Absolutely," I said. "I live in the middle of a revolution. I'm trying to stay alive, I remember how it was in the '70s. Males were terrified of being labelled poofters. Now, in the '80s, men are afraid of being labelled sexist. That's death for men today. That truly cuts our water off."

"And well it should," Jennifer said.

"We're scared into silence," I said. "Women can talk about anything, right? In your locker-room at the club, I'll bet there are some pretty grubby conversations, right?"

"We get down to basics in there," Jennifer laughed. "As a matter of fact, when it comes to locker-room gossip, we could curdle your cream."

"I'm sure you could," I said, "but we men are so afraid of being called sexist that we don't really talk like that anymore, not even with one another."

"You know what's more fun than going out with a guy?" Jennifer asked. "Talking about it later with my girlfriends."

"You talk about everything, don't you?" I asked. "His breath, his skin, the lines he used to get you in the sack, how fast he came, the whole bloody lot, right?"

"Right," Jennifer laughed. "Sometimes we all date the same guy and compare notes. It's such a scream!"

"It's a scream for you, it's a reign of terror for us," I said. "It's the time of the sexist witch-hunt."

"The sexist werewolf hunt, you mean, don't you?" Jennifer asked.

"Absolutely," I said. "It's exclusively a hunt for sexism in males. That's why we're so quiet these days. We're hunted men, all of us. That's why the cat has our tongues. You women can be sexist as hell and then chalk it off as merely amusing. But if we men show even a trace of sexism, it's all over for us.

"We're charged, tried and convicted in about 10 seconds."

"Couldn't happen to a nicer bunch of guys," Jennifer laughed. "It's about time men caught some shit."

"See, you get to swagger because I have to retreat," I said. "Any aggression on my part, any even trading, and you'll say I'm a sexist pig.

"And if I become known as a sexist pig, my life will get very lonely. That's the blackmail of the '80s."

"And you're mad as hell and you're not going to take it anymore?" Jennifer asked.

"No, I'll take it some more," I said. "I love women. I need them in my life. But I sure as hell feel as if I'm fighting with both hands tied behind my back."

"That's okay," Jennifer said. "You've got a cute bum. You look nice that way."

"I like your tits, Jennifer," I said. "I never met a tit I didn't like."

"You pig," Jennifer said.

I wasn't sure if she was joking or not, but I didn't push it. — ASA BABER

WOMEN

Gentlemen may prefer blondes but brunettes are determined to have more fun!

Ever since I arrived in the world with licorice-colored hair and sallow skin, I've been hearing that blondes have more fun. Mostly I've chosen to ignore such nonsense, or at least not put it to the test. But I must admit that recently I was forced to reappraise the situation.

I went out on the town with an old schoolfriend, a female I hadn't seen for at least 10 years. I had totally forgotten that she was, and still is, resolutely blonde.

As we wriggled our way down city streets and in and out of wine bars, I began to wonder if it had really been such a good idea to suggest dinner with this peroxided tart. Men were looking at her with unmistakable lust in their eyes, some of them even made sloppy, sucking sounds. Men were steadfastly ignoring me. She tossed her mane and rotated her hips. She was looking more like Dolly Parton by the minute.

As we entered a crowded Chinese restaurant, the head waiter informed swarthy old me that there were no free tables. Seconds later, he ushered old hula hips to a table by the window. I followed, fuming, in her wake. I was delighted to discover that she couldn't use chopsticks to save her life but my evening had been completely ruined.

"Do gentlemen really prefer blondes?" I asked her over the Mongolian lamb.

"Not *gentlemen,*" she giggled, flicking her curls and catching the head waiter's eye. I knew what was coming. "But we do have more *fun.* Y'know, brunettes are a bit serious, a bit into reading and politics, heavy stuff. Look at you for instance."

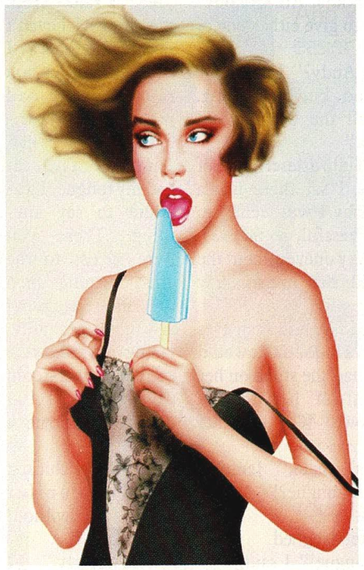
Look at me indeed. When was the last time a cowboy swept me off into the sunset on the back of his horse? I decided to seek a second opinion.

Rang Sam. Good ol' unattached, woman-hungry Sam. Now, *he* would give me a reliable assessment of the situation.

"Do men really prefer blondes?" I quizzed.

"Why are you grinding your teeth?" came his reply. We arranged to meet for a drink.

I explained my dilemma. "Aw, c'mon," he laughed. "You're just not the blonde type. Fair women are good girls, cheerleaders, ice queens. Dark women are mysterious, passionate, devious. You're sorta. . . wanton."



I was beginning to feel better and Sam was on a roll. "Look at women like Cleopatra and Medea. They were dark, dramatic dames. Even if you put on a blonde wig, you wouldn't turn into Delvene Delaney. That'd be like putting Dean Lukin into pink shorts."

He hadn't answered my question but he'd given me an idea. I had been invited to a party that night and a heap of people I didn't know would be there. I would go as a blonde. My life would change. I would be swept away in a fun-filled frenzy.

My hairdresser dusted off a golden wig. She manacled it to my scalp with heavy-duty hairpins and combed me a Sydney Silkie fringe to hide my offending black eyebrows.

I couldn't see more than three inches in front of me but I felt like a million dollars.

A blonde woman winked at me as I entered the party. No blonde woman had ever even noticed me before. Obviously there was a secret sorority at work. Sorta like Ferrari drivers who flash their lights at each other on expressways. I winked back.

I reclined on a couch and ordered a Pina Colada, a very blonde drink. No more rum and colas for this golden-haired girl. I fiddled with my pale blue dress. I couldn't believe how good I looked in pale blue. I was drunk with the idea of a future full of pale blue dresses.

Pretty soon I was joined by a blond man. Not exactly Robert Redford, but tanned and good-looking in a California sort of way. We talked pastel. His recent skiing trip, the Beach Boys, *Coolangatta Gold,* cheese omelettes and banana daiquiris. There was no way I was going to give the game away by mentioning my game safari in darkest Africa, Grace Jones, *Mad Max III,* chocolate cake and cappuccinos. I giggled, I tossed my straw curls, I told him how much fun I was having. He moved on to a brunette standing against the fireplace.

Along came Sam. "There's more to being blonde than changing your hair," he began. "You're brunette to the core. Blondes live at the mercy of everyone's stereotypes. They're labelled as being dumb, pliable, fickle. They have their pretty tresses fussed over from the minute they're born. You have to be born blonde to act blonde."

"You could have told me that this afternoon," I pouted.

"Don't pout, it doesn't suit you," he snarled. "Let's share a taxi later."

I went to the bedroom and took off my wig. The beach boy I'd flirted with earlier didn't even recognise me. I chatted, drank, danced and told dirty jokes. Yes, dammit, I had *fun.*

Sam and I ambled off to catch a cab at two in the morning. It's to his credit that he resisted making a pass at the pretty blonde taxi driver who propelled us home.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

WAYS TO WOO A BLONDE

Drape her with diamonds, pearls, moonstones and aquamarines. Take her shopping for pale blue cashmere sweaters and floating silk creations. Buy her White Linen, L'Air Du Temps and Anais Anais perfumes. Treat her to a visit to the hairdresser and compliment her endlessly on her golden tresses. Take her on beach picnics with a hamper of French champagne and ribbon sandwiches. At holiday time, head for the sun-drenched tropics or the snowfields. If most of this is unlikely to happen until your Lotto balls drop, I suggest you at least give her lots of perfume and try not to turn your head when a brunette sorceress sashays by.

TRICKS TO TAME A BRUNETTE

Dazzle her with rubies, lapis lazuli, malachite and tourmalines. Lend her your credit card to buy black leather pants and bright red bikinis. Spoil her with Opium, Youth Dew and Zen perfumes. Buy her the best hairbrush you can find for her glossy dark locks but never mention streaks or henna rinses. Escort her to late-night bistros and order Beluga caviar and vintage red wine. Whisk her away to Africa on a game safari or for a cruise down the Nile. If none of this is even remotely feasible, then at least never, ever ask this dame if she's really having fun.

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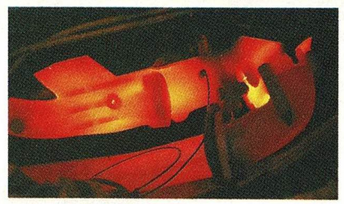

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MOVIES

Jack Lemmon remains unscathed, a daughter divorces her parents, and Eddie Murphy cops it sweet.

Mass Appeal may be lacking just that, but even the film's detractors will salute **Jack Lemmon**'s performance as a Catholic priest. The role matches his integrity in *Missing* and *The China Syndrome*. *Mass Appeal* is a screen version of **Bill C. Davis**'s Broadway hit comedy, with Davis also writing the screenplay.

The plot follows an uneasy relationship which evolves between a rebellious and idealistic young seminarian (**Zeljko Ivanek**) and a give-them-what-they-want parish priest (Jack Lemmon), who accepts the task of teaching the student the difference between fervor and favor. What they want in Father Tim Farley's complacent, wealthy parish is someone to entertain them during Mass, which is purely a social outing.

The pouting, pious and precious little seminarian is contemptuous of Farley, labelling him the Father Bojangles of song-and-dance theology. It doesn't take the audience long to side with the Church hierarchy in wishing he would take Trappist vows and shut up, but author Davis prays for our tolerance. He has something much more serious to say about current crises in Catholicism, particularly the Church's attitude to anyone outside the sexual stereotypes.

Unfortunately, it's the film rather than the Church which becomes coy and goofy every time this issue is raised, and the audience is left wishing Ivanek would take Trappist *or* Carmelite vows, and shut up. He spends half the film, by the way, bopping about the screen on jogging jaunts which presumably assist him in his celibacy.

Mass Appeal won't have to spend too much time counting its blessings. Jack Lemmon is the conspicuous one and **Charles Durning**, as the seminary principal, is the other. Lemmon deserves credit, not only for a performance that calls on vast reserves of both character and sensitivity, but for his bravery in accepting the role in a film which stammers a confession about diminishing faith in the Faith.

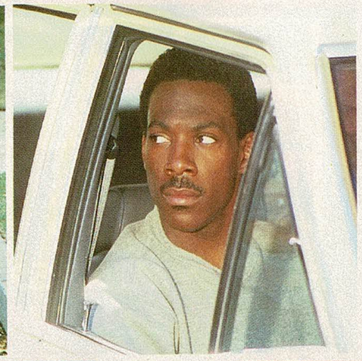
While the film ultimately wimps out of the charges it begins to lay, lines such as "If you can afford not to become a priest, tell the truth," make it a bit of a minefield for such a popular actor.

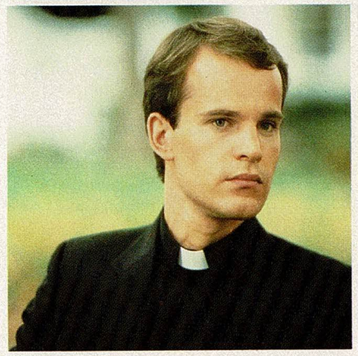
●

Irreconcilable Differences could just as aptly describe **Charles Shyer**'s movie as **Ryan O'Neal** and **Shelley Long**'s marriage in this cornball situation comedy as marriage dissolution in the States is now categorised with the same monicker.

O'Neal and Long play a film-business duo who have written the final chapter in their marriage and have turned their talents to the silver screen while forgetting the daughter (**Drew Barrymore**). The relationship is as full of wisecracks as wide cracks, but what are scriptwriters for?

Ryan O'Neal fails to conjure up little more than mild embarrassment, as if he suspects the audience remembers *Partners*, the tasteless poofter parody in which he partnered **John Hurt**. This aside, the only acting to speak of is a sort of smarmy charm that everyone tries to generate, as if the audience was about to vote on the outcome of the divorce battle.





Clockwise from top left: Zeljko Ivanek jogs on in Mass Appeal; Eddie Murphy in Beverly Hills Cop; Ryan O'Neal and Shelley Long in Irreconcilable Differences; and Ivanek, not so appealing after all.

The major player is Drew Barrymore as Casey, the daughter and real victim in this marriage breakdown. She takes her parents to court, twisting the plot away from its potentially dire finish.

The sympathy usually felt for people in this wretched situation is here in an intravenous drip of compassion from audience to actors as they strive harder and harder to try to make the movie work, while forgetting about the marriage.

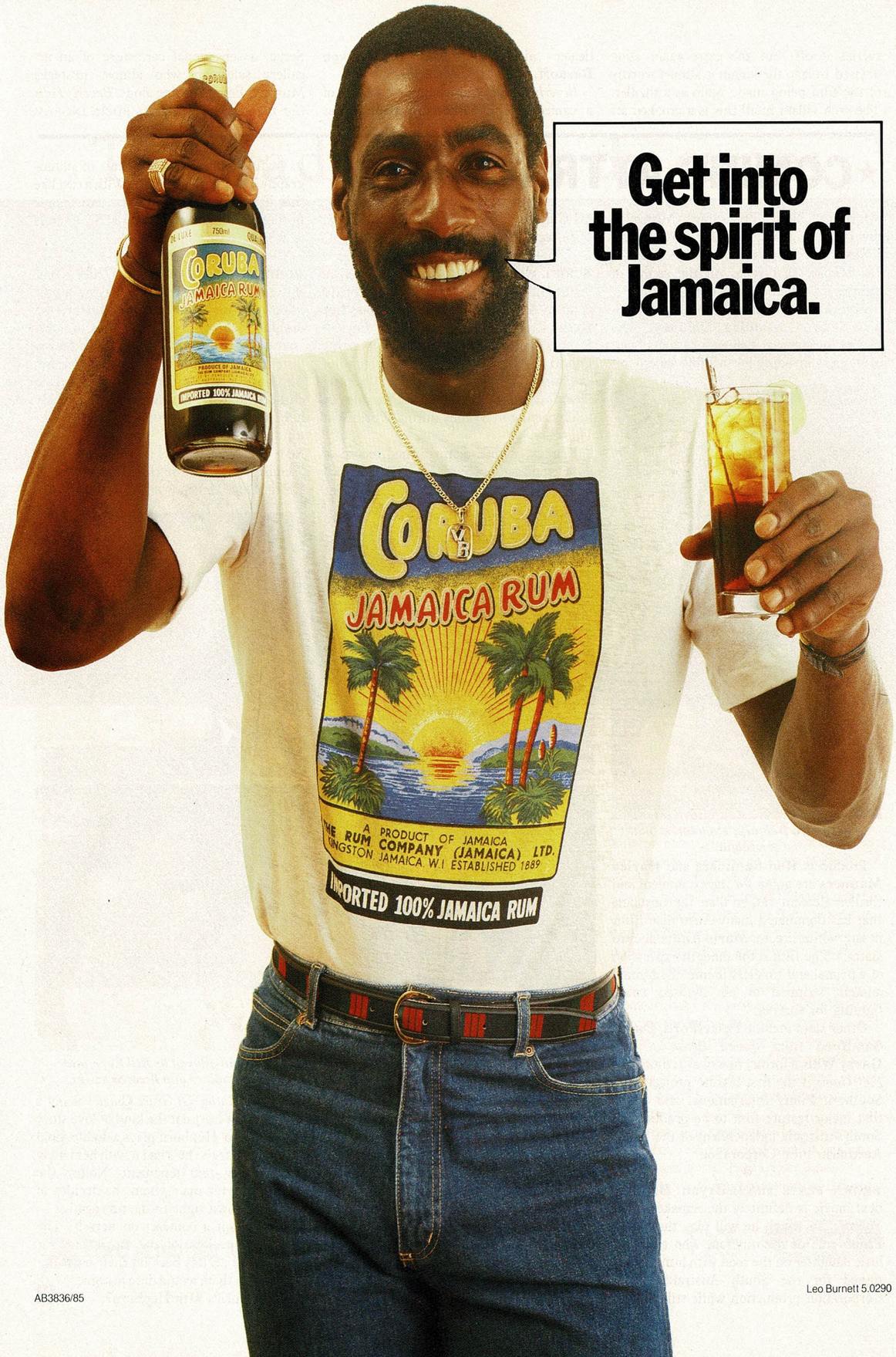
●

The role of the comedy thriller is to be cleverly diverting without being too drama-tic. But **Eddie Murphy** changes all that. The funniest man in American movies plays *Beverly Hills Cop* strictly for laughs and lets the clever diversions take care of themselves.

The manic Murphy plays Axel Foley, a tough, brash Detroit street cop who takes leave and tries to slip unobtrusively into the slick Beverly Hills environment to avenge the murder of an old mate. Inevitably, he's about as discreet as a pig in a china shop, but his swagger never lets him down. For every blunder that lands him in hot water, there's a totally disarming impersonation that gets him out.

The smart-arse cop is not a universal hero, but in *Beverly Hills Cop* Murphy has the audience riding with him in no time at all. It's a remarkable virtuoso performance — like a cabaret routine — as he strings together the most outrageous antics while, all the time, remaining the honest, well-intentioned anti-hero taking on greed and corruption.

Murphy's genius is very similar to that of his character. He maintains a manic momentum from go to whoa, and any suspense that the script may originally have had is left to fend for itself. In this case he



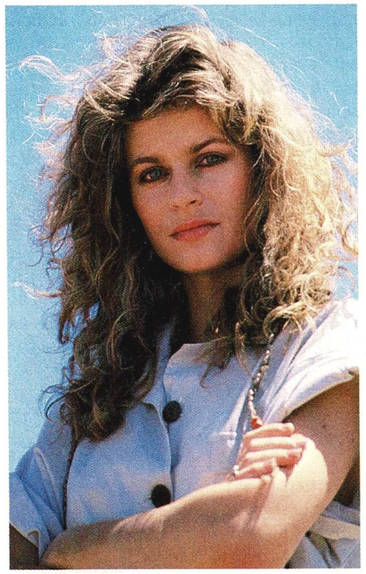
carries it off, but the extravagant sting devised to trap the villain is almost worthy of the film being made again as a thriller. The arch villain in all this is a crooked art dealer nicely portrayed by **Steven Berkoff**.

Beverly Hills Cop also benefits by a gem of a cameo role by **Bronson Pinchot** as Serge, a sensational caricature of an art gallery salesman who almost upstages Murphy. For that scene alone, *Beverly Hills Cop* is totally arresting. — ROBIN INGRAM

★COMING ATTRACTIONS★

WILD LIFE: Sleepy little South Australian town Burra, where *Breaker Morant* was filmed, now hosts another Aussie feature, *Fair Game,* that relies on the sound of gunfire for much of its action.

Fair Game is the story of a young woman, played by **Cassandra Delaney**, who battles for survival against a ruthless band of hunters invading her wildlife sanctuary.



Cassandra Delaney: excitement not nostalgia.

Producers **Ron Saunders** and **Harley Manners** are going for the excitement and thriller element rather than the nostalgia that has dominated many Australian films of late, while director **Mario Andreacchio** states: "The film is the modern expression of a primal and timeless theme: the human animal, stripped of all civilised rules, fighting for survival."

Other stars include **Peter Ford, David Sandford** from *Cowra Breakout,* and **Garry Who,** a former new-wave comedian. *Fair Game* is the first feature project from Southern Films International and is the first major feature film to be produced in South Australia independent of the South Australian Film Corporation.

●

BROWN PLAYS FINCH: **Bryan Brown**'s next movie is definitely the remake of *The Shiralee,* in which he will play the **Peter Finch** role of the itinerant who takes his little daughter on the road with him. Brown signed for the South Australian Film Corporation production while still filming his Cliff Hardy role for *The Empty Beach.* Nice regular work.

●

SCRIPT WOOS ACTRESS: New Australian feature film director **Clytie Jessup** scored a coup by attracting popular US actress **Lee Remick** to play the title role in *Emma's War.* Clytie Jessup, the sister of artists **David** and **Arthur Boyd,** is also co-author of *Emma's War,* the story of an American mother with two daughters and the wife of a soldier living in Sydney during World War II.

Remick, with a distinguished record of movies and acting awards behind her, agreed to the role without having met anyone associated with the production. She says she was charmed by the script.

Relatives: Top, Ray Barrett, Norman Kaye, the old man played by Bill Kerr, and Marian Dworakowski. Above, Brett Klimo, Rowena Wallace and Dworakowski.

●

STAR CASTING: Writer/director **Tony Bowman** has attracted a wealth of talent for his new project, *Relatives,* which boasts **Ray Barrett, Norman Kaye, Rowena Wallace, Bill Kerr** and **Carole Raye** in the cast. Channel 7 will give the film a television airing and cinema release is being negotiated. Bowman's script is written around the theme of a family reunion and all its awful implications. Director of photography **Tom Cowan** says, "With a cast like this if we don't have at least two people upstaging each other in every shot, we start to worry."

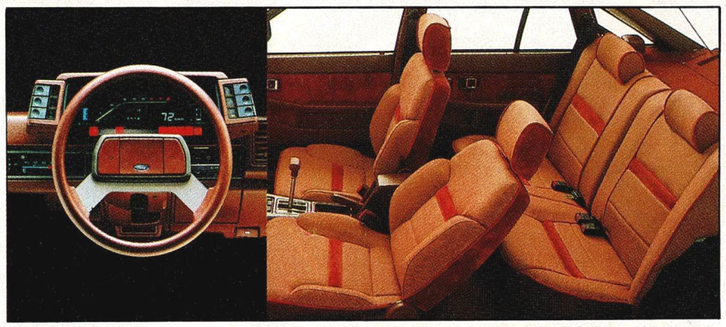
●

ROBBERY REMAKE: *Robbery Under Arms,* this time with **Sam Neill** playing a role important to **Peter Finch's** career, the dashing Captain Starlight, was quickly snapped up by Village Roadshow distributors for almost immediate release. The longer TV mini-series version has yet to attract a network, however, and is not likely to be seen on the small screen until 1987.

●

NOT A LOVE STORY: Try this for screen chemistry: **Katharine Hepburn** and **Nick Nolte.** Don't get too excited, because *The Ultimate Solution Of Grace Quigley* is not a love story, at least not the kind of love story we're used to. Hepburn plays a doddery old darling who feels she's had it with her lonely life in a low-rent tenement. Nolte's the professional hit man whom she decides to hire as her own right-to-die prerogative — by taking out a contract on herself! The moral implications of the movie may set right-to-life zealots back on their heels but who among them would dare to argue about geriatrics with Hepburn?

There's a difference in the curves.



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MUSIC

Stardom can come and go in a flash, but there's a steady income going for a song.

Musicians are only as good as their last record. Pop fashion pundits might try to stretch the credibility of their heart-throbs simply because they're the flavor of the month, but this year's model will only ever make it as next year's hero if he's producing consistently catchy songs. That's what gets the airplay to sell the disc that makes the pop star.

Hence the music publishing industry has become the long-term business end of the music world. While the more glamorous side of a muso's life can come and go in a year, his songs can keep earning a healthy income long after his playing days are over. Every time a song is played on a juke-box, on the radio, in advertising jingles, at a disco, even in a restaurant over the sound system, it is earning royalties for the writer and publisher. And every time a record or tape is sold, those names in brackets after each song are also getting their cut.

The royalty percentages, however, return fairly small amounts from Australia's population, so most publishers look for overseas sales in the US, Europe, England and Japan to make the big bucks.

But cracking the number one spot is like winning the lottery, according to one well-established songwriting partnership, **Todd Hunter** and **Johanna Pigott**, whose songs have seen success via **Dragon**, Johanna's studio project **Scribble**, the ABC series *Sweet And Sour* and former Sydney band **XL Capris**.

"Getting a world-wide hit is almost a joke," says Pigott. Hunter adds: "You're really lucky if anything succeeds because only a small percentage of songs ever get picked up and worked."

CBS Songs Australia owns more than 100,000 foreign and locally written songs, but managing director **John Anderson** considers only a small number of those would be "workable" in the international market.

A **Graham Russell** song, *Empty Pages*, for instance, was recorded and released here on **Air Supply**'s first, self-titled album, but CBS's Japanese company then distributed the song to various Japanese artists and finally **Hiromi Go** recorded it on his album. While Hiromi Go may never have set a cash register going in Australia, it wouldn't need too many bullets on the Japanese charts to turn over a few extra yen in royalty payments.

Australian publishers all have lists of overseas artists and producers looking for material, so if a local product is thought suitable for a particular performer, it's always sent overseas to test the waters.

Whether it succeeds is another story. The two vital ingredients of any good song haven't changed since **The Beatles** cemented pop music into the hearts and minds of the universe: memorable lyrics with an equally memorable music hook.

"The whole thing about pop songs," says Pigott, "is they're incredibly simple. But, there are about 40 different ways a song can start: a word, a riff, a keyboard line, a drum machine pattern. You get both lyrical and musical triggers and eventually they all fit together into a song. You know when it happens. Sometimes it feels like it all comes from outer space and just drops into place. The trick is to find that little thing which will stick in people's brains."

"The bottom line," explains Hunter, "is to keep every song sounding fresh. You can't go into a song with a formula, because if you work every time from a tag line or a melody, the songs will sound like they're in a rut. Each song is different: it might be the title, a little guitar line, a phrase or the chorus. It's quite random.

"We write to tape, using a multi-track recorder so we can put our ideas down and always have access to them. We've got a great library of stuff, so if we ever get into film work, we've already got a backlog of themes and moods on tape."

The television, film and video side of the market is one of the biggest growth areas in the music industry, and people like John Anderson are encouraging more and more writers to concentrate on soundtrack ideas.

"It's difficult for songwriters to earn a living penning solely pop songs for the record market," says Anderson. "While record companies might be suffering a downturn in sales, song publishers are not as vulnerable.

"We're always on the lookout for new raw material, and essentially we've got to have an open door policy to writers. Without them we've got nothing."

Publishers are the first link between writers and the listening public, acting as an objective ear as well as a generator of income. That's why writers should present their songs professionally when they start knocking on publishers' doors and not, as some have done to John Anderson, ring up and sing their songs over the phone. Lyrics should be written down and, if possible, a basic demo recording presented with vocal and a backing track like guitar or piano.

"A songwriter's attitude is also important," says Anderson. "He's got to be willing to keep at his craft. There are very few overnight successes."

Men At Work were among the lucky few who hit it big internationally and instantly. When their classic, *Down Under*, first arrived at CBS Songs, it was a rambling 12-minute folk number, but a smart publisher shortened it, rearranged it, and turned it into the band's most financially successful song worth many hundreds of dollars in royalties and record sales.

And every time that record is sold or played, the royalties add up. "Performance rights alone," says Australian Performing Right Association (APRA) secretary **Glenda Callaghan**, "could net hundreds of thousands of dollars for an exceptional hit like that in America, while an Australian hit might return $10,000-$20,000 plus earnings on sales."

Composers, authors, and publishers assign performance rights to APRA which then licenses and monitors public users of songs like TV stations and radio networks, as well as live performances. Even up-and-coming bands slogging the pub circuit can report their performances to APRA and, like other registered members, receive returns at the end of the year.

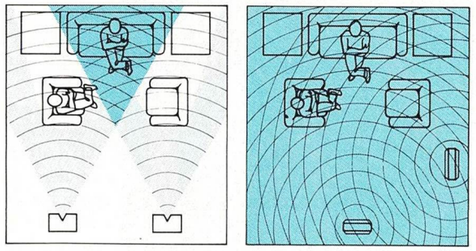
Composers and songwriters can sometimes get more than 75 percent of royalties in a publishing agreement, so it's important to be aware of the traps when signing a publishing deal. And one of the most important of those is not to sign away a song forever; when a deal ends the song's rights should return to the author.

If a musician can sort out the business ends of his life, he'll find his songs will be easily his most reliable form of superannuation.

— TONY LOVE

Until Grumpy bought BES speakers, only Snow White enjoyed the stereo.

No matter how good conventional loudspeakers are, they all suffer from a huge disability: there's only one spot in the room where the full stereo effect can be heard.



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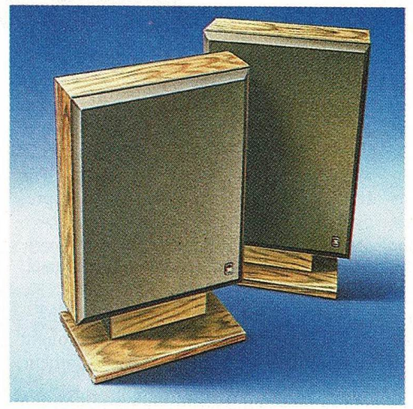

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SPORT

Turn the tables on pressure and use it to your advantage to come out a winner.

Performing well under pressure can make the difference between being a winner and a loser, and that applies in sport as well as in other areas of life.

Surprisingly, there is a dearth of material readily available on pressure and how to handle it. For that reason, I'd like to refer to a book which deals extremely well with the topic. Titled *Winning Ways*, the book was published late last year and the author is Dr Rudi Webster, the West Indian-born sports-medical scientist who should know something about pressure and its control because he was manager of the West Indies cricket team which took part in World Series Cricket during its early "breakaway" days.

The pressures professional cricketers faced then, knowing that failure of their breakaway movement could mean financial ruin, would have been considerable. Fortunately, the West Indians won much more frequently than they lost, proving how well they were able to handle pressure. They thus forged the nucleus of the all-conquering unit they are today.

Rudi Webster is a highly qualified radiologist and has been a university lecturer in the USA, Canada and Sweden. Now living in Melbourne, he has spent much of his time in the past few years dabbling in sports-medicine. He also took up medical hypnotherapy when he saw this somewhat mysterious method of mind control working wonders for the West Indians.

The progression from hypnosis to the purer psychology of sport, particularly of winning, was a natural progression for Dr Webster and led to his association with winners in a variety of sports and games, including grand finalists in the tough Victorian Football League.

"Pressure," according to Dr Webster, "is a force created in the mind in response to situations arising outside and inside the body.

"A certain amount of pressure is necessary for good performance."

He then points out that besides emanating from situations to which one is exposed, pressure is also created by what you *think* you might be exposed to, by your own *perception* of the situation, and by the *importance* you attach to the situation.

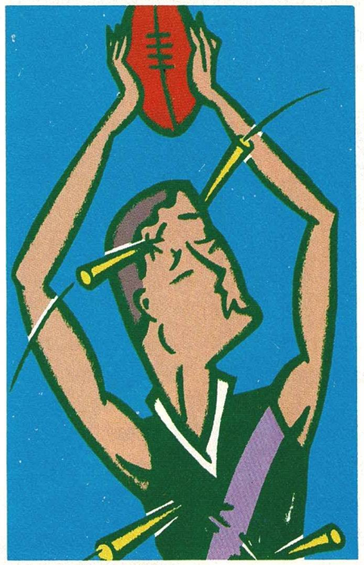
Champions, he says, are those who adapt best to pressure, not by ignoring or avoiding it, but rather by lifting their ability to manage the specific situations.

Too strong a reaction to any high pressure situation can lead to inefficient behavior and failure just as easily as too weak a reaction. So the champion performer has to learn how to respond to every situation with just the right balance.

To do so, it is important to understand the body's nervous system and its responses to stimuli and pressures. The autonomic nervous system is the body's unconscious regulatory mechanism.

It controls all of our major bodily activities, particularly those of organs such as the heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, intestinal system and even the brain.

The autonomic nervous system works "sympathetically" and "parasympathetically". The sympathetic nervous system is the one which makes us react quickly and sometimes excessively to any situations which arise. It makes the heart beat faster and the lungs work harder by breathing more quickly, dries out the mouth, and makes the bladder and sometimes the bowel empty themselves automatically.



When aroused for longer periods of time it may also create pain, tension, insomnia, constipation or gut-ache, excessive sweating, dryness of the mouth and sometimes even impotence.

The parasympathetic nervous system, on the other hand, brings about relaxation and a slowing-down of the system. Boredom, yawning and drowsiness are common, even while the situation creating the initial parasympathetic response remains. Breathing slows down because of constriction of the bronchi, the small tubes in the lungs. At the same time the gut becomes very active, with nausea, diarrhoea, wind and perhaps vomiting occurring. The bladder also relaxes, and whereas previously urine production may have been scant, the need to urinate is now greatly increased. Saliva production increases, and some people spit a lot.

Crying occurs easily too, tears being a form of tension-relief which is brought about by the action of the parasympathetic nervous system.

The first requirement is to recognise and accept that the mental and physical responses to any pressure situation are normal rather than symptoms of potential risk to the individual. The next requirement is to appraise the situation and decide just how much pressure needs to be applied to ensure a successful result.

To achieve this, Webster suggests learning how to relax as well as how to ensure that while relaxation occurs, the amount of pressure and concentration still remains ample to effectively handle the situation in question.

Self-confidence, self-control and tolerance of situations and responses all play an important part in success. Positive thinking, laughter or simple humor, tension-releasing actions like yelling, screaming or throwing something, provided they are done only for the purpose of letting off steam, can all definitely assist to ensure success under pressure.

Learning how to identify muscle tension and then to relax the tense muscles is essential. Using your mind to create positive images and self-esteem is also very useful.

Talking to yourself often works wonders (even if it may make others think you're a little bit batty). Indeed, auto-suggestion could be one area of vast potential for everyone.

Simply saying to yourself, "I can do it," "I can handle this pressure," "Relax," "Take it easy," "Don't let it get you down," can make the difference between winning and losing.

Even if you aren't into sports and games you should consider some of these ideas because they apply to absolutely every area of life.

Rudi Webster has done his research well and has written effectively on a subject which is really only just beginning to be explored.

It has always been said that the only limitations to human potential are those imposed by the mind of man. By reading and knowing more about pressure and how to handle it properly, you too could make more of everything you enter in the game of life. — MIKE AGOSTINI

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: AUSTEN TAYSHUS

A candid conversation with the man behind the dark glasses on the state of Oz comedy, audiences and bureaucratic bungling.

Late last year a former camera assistant, dental student and Jewish misfit left the stage of Perth's Pink Galah nightclub and was arrested on two counts of having used obscene language.

For Sandy Gutman and his alter ego, Austen Tayshus, the Perth bust (followed soon after by one in Queensland) was the price of fame. Little more than a year ago a struggling stand-up comedian with a cult following in Sydney, Austen Tayshus became big business in 1984 through the phenomenal sales of the comedy recording Australiana (1983's biggest-selling single) and the success of his debut album, When The Ticklers Stop Quivering.

Tayshus, a mean mother given to insult and the wearing of wrap-around sunnies and cowboy boots, was the creation of Gutman and Billy Birmingham, a Sydney comedy writer who went on to further success with his Twelfth Man single, It Just Ain't Cricket. Gutman and Birmingham parted company in mid-84 but Austen Tayshus emerged unscathed in the latter part of the year, a large team of writers in tow, a clear destiny and never-ending gigs ahead of him.

Austen Tayshus developed his confrontationist humor at Sydney's Comedy Store, and while the act has changed in some ways since it first appeared in 1980, Tayshus still has the ability to knock the socks off audiences around the country from the moment he walks on stage and assaults them with his customary coarse greeting. The key to Tayshus's appeal, however, is that he is not only insulting but also very funny.

Considered a cult item by even his own creators, Austen Tayshus has become a symbol (and more recently a cause celebre) for disaffected youth in this country. But the appeal of the character has transcended age and social barriers and even the rock venues at which he normally appears. Tayshus has now done everything except host a game show and open a fete. But who knows? It would never happen in Perth but anything is possible in the fleshpots of the south-east.

Senior contributing editor ***Phil Jarratt*** *tracked down Gutman and Tayshus at the apartment they share in Sydney's eastern suburbs. Says Jarratt: "Even when you're a professional comedian it's hard to find anything funny about being interviewed the morning after a gig which took place 100 miles and a bottle of vodka away. Tayshus hid behind the shades and glared malevolently at Sydney Harbor until the pain deserted him. Then he spoke frankly and amusingly about the serious business of being funny."*

PLAYBOY: Who are we talking to? Austen Tayshus or Sandy Gutman?

TAYSHUS: Obviously this is Sandy Gutman speaking.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever find it difficult to settle into one role or the other?

TAYSHUS: Not really. I mean Austen is not a firmly delineated character like Hogan or Gunston. He's really an extension of myself in many ways, those aspects of myself that are angry and like to shock people.

PLAYBOY: Is Sandy Gutman an angry young man too?

TAYSHUS: Oh, very much so.

PLAYBOY: What does Sandy Gutman think of Austen Tayshus? Is it a love/hate relationship?

TAYSHUS: Not at all. It's a very close relationship because, as I said, there is a part of Sandy in the character and that makes him very real to me. As we've gone along I think Austen has become angrier about the world around him. He's getting more into social comment and political satire. I want him to become far more provocative, to incite people. I want reaction from my audience.

I'd also like to put him on television in a very strong, provocative way. Initially I'm sure the public will hate it, and that may

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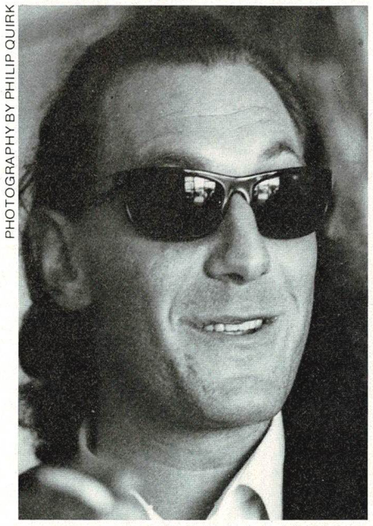
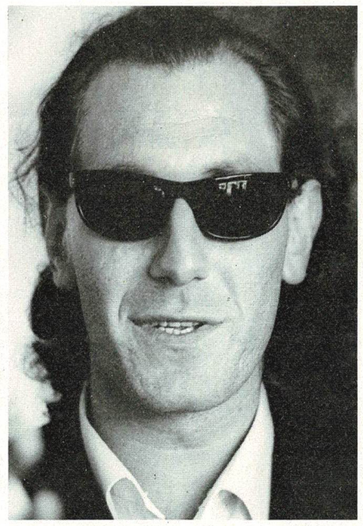
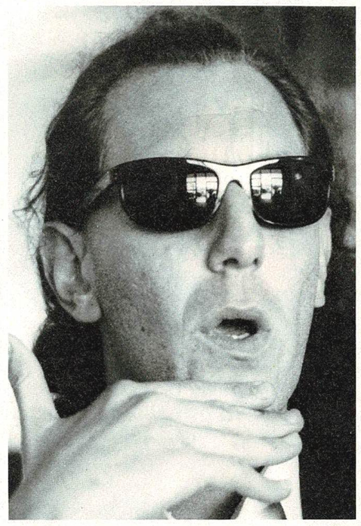


"Austen has become angrier about the world around him. He's getting more into social comment and political satire. I want him to become far more provocative."



"I hate bureaucracy. I hate the way it controls the individual. We supposedly live in a democracy but freedom of the individual is very sus."



"Austen's angry at the system, he's angry at parochialism and conservatism. He's angry at all the things the audience is angry about. He hits on the anarchistic nerve in most people."

make things a little difficult, but I think it would be similar to the stage shows where we get shock and horror at the start and then people slowly come around.

PLAYBOY: How does that initial negative reaction affect you when you work live?

TAYSHUS: It doesn't worry me that much. I'm coming to terms with it. I've realised that I don't have to be greedy for laughs anymore. I feel confident enough to do a subtle routine and not worry if the audience isn't pissing itself all the way through. I'm taking more chances with my material and I'm taking more chances with Austen himself by refining his approach to subjects. I'm not so sensitive now if people just get up and piss off while I'm still getting warm. I see it as a progressive thing where Tayshus was a machine-gun blasting away for a laugh and now he does routines. Last year I did them in pubs from Whyalla to Cairns and frankly I didn't care whether the audience was getting into the routine or not. I just concentrated completely on putting it over.

PLAYBOY: When you've had a shocker of a day, when you really feel like shit, is it difficult to come out and make people laugh?

TAYSHUS: No, never had any trouble. If you're doing comedy you just have to have that professional attitude. You get up and do the best you can, no excuses. Austen might be angry but he's not angry because of something that happened to Sandy on the way to the show. He's angry at the system, he's angry at parochialism and conservatism. He's angry at all the things the audience is angry about. He hits on the anarchistic nerve in most people. That's the basis of the character.

PLAYBOY: Touring in the country you must have played some places where they'd never been confronted by someone like Tayshus, at least not from the stage.

TAYSHUS: I think generally there was a mood of apprehension. Laughter levels varied from place to place. In some towns every bit would go down great, then in the next gig there'd be nothing. Maybe a sprinkle of laughter up the back. I'm sure every comedian could tell the same story. You see, the way the act works now it's funnier if you've read the paper or watched the news and you know roughly what's happening in the world. You've also got to be reasonably attentive, which can be a problem in pubs. In Sydney we did a gig with the Uncanny X-Men and I was the feature act on at 11.30. Well, naturally at 11.30 everyone was shit-faced, so it was an uphill battle.

PLAYBOY: Ever get the feeling they'd rather hear music?

TAYSHUS: [*in mock horror*] If I did I wouldn't tell you.

PLAYBOY: Your hit record, *Australiana,* had universal appeal. . .

TAYSHUS: Yeah, it went really well in Poland.

PLAYBOY: Okay, nationwide appeal. Some of your other well-known routines must suffer in translation to other parts of the country.

TAYSHUS: People everywhere seem to appreciate a good massacre, or Costigan sticking it up Kerry Packer. I'm doing routines on Goanna, on the McDonald's massacre and on Bob Hawke showing up to present the trophy at the Milperra bikie massacre. This kind of comedy seems to travel well. Necrophilia gets a laugh all over the place and so does "I killed the Pope", which is an eight-and-a-half-minute conspiracy theory routine by a bloke called Bill Harding. You have to pay attention or it goes straight over the top. Whew. No reaction.

PLAYBOY: Would you prefer a negative audience to sit there in silent contemplation or walk out?

TAYSHUS: Well, in the past I've had a tendency to rush through the material if I'm not getting a reaction. Now I tend to savor the moment. I'm less anxious about their reaction.

PLAYBOY: How do you approach life on the road?

TAYSHUS: It's just me and Michelle, my manager, so travelling is no big deal. We drive some places and we catch planes to others. We tend to go to cities and do pub gigs from the one base. Like we just went to Melbourne and did six pubs around the city and we went as far out as Traralgon, which

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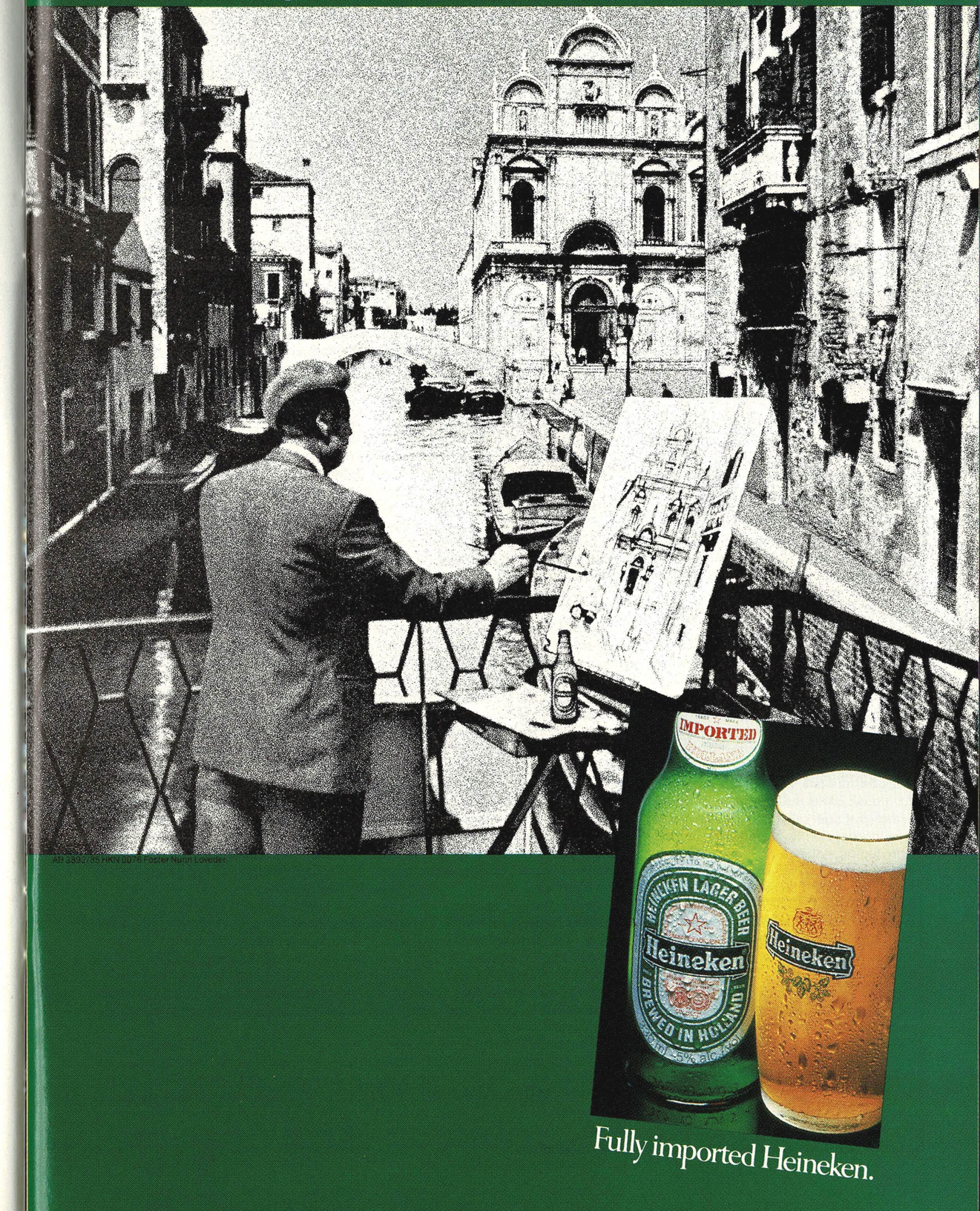

Fully imported Heineken.

is a two-and-a-half-hour drive. I tend to prefer the country gigs because country people seem to be less inhibited and far more vocal in their enthusiasm. They can be more sophisticated too. We just did Dapto, down past Wollongong, and that was a great gig. We played Belmont near Newcastle last night and that was okay too. Drove up there in a stretch limo. Why not?

PLAYBOY: Now that fame has taken you to the top of the bill on a lot of shows, do you find it tough coming on as the main event?

TAYSHUS: Well, I've done all sorts of things but I prefer to come on before the feature band. Like last night we came on before The Johnnies. In Hobart recently I was the whole show. But most of the time I play on rock shows which means I'm playing to people aged from 18 to 30, which is good. I like that. The audiences are often working class and I seem to have an affinity with the working class. They're far more responsive, have more anarchistic streaks than the kids on the other side of town.

PLAYBOY: And how does a nice Jewish boy from Sydney's posh eastern suburbs come to identify with the working class?

TAYSHUS: I don't know really. Probably from the experience of having worked in working-class pubs for a long time now. I suppose it was essential to develop a relationship with these people who come from an environment which is in many ways quite alien to the one I come from.

PLAYBOY: What is your background?

TAYSHUS: [*gesturing to the wall behind him*] A painting and a bookshelf. [*laughs*] No, this only works on TV.

PLAYBOY: We know, we just fed you the line knowing you couldn't resist.

TAYSHUS: I went to school at Vaucluse Boys High, my parents are nice middle-class people with a lot of friends.

PLAYBOY: What do they think of your career?

TAYSHUS: I think they look at me with a certain degree of concern from time to time. There's also a lot of interest in what I'm doing but my father is a Polish Jew and I don't think he can really get into indigenous humor, if we can call it that. But he's never been to a gig, you see. He might get into the more topical material.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your childhood, were you funny? The life of the party?

TAYSHUS: What a cliche'd question.

PLAYBOY: Well, they can't all be pearls.

TAYSHUS: It's actually quite complex. I don't know if I was a funny kid but I know there were a number of reasons why I became a stand-up comedian. The first and most superficial is that I was a hopeless camera assistant and I was out of work for a considerable period. I heard they were having auditions at The Comedy Store and I had nothing to lose. There are obviously deeper reasons why one becomes a comedian, why one has aspirations to make people laugh, but these are things I haven't worked out yet.

PLAYBOY: Surely the starting point is this innate belief that you are a funny person?

TAYSHUS: I suppose that's one aspect of it, yeah. I always thought I had some talent in that direction. [*bats eyelids*] I was funny at parties. Jesus, we took a long road to get to that.

PLAYBOY: But don't you feel good inside now that you've got it out? Does it naturally follow that someone who cracks you up in private will be a good comedian?

TAYSHUS: No, I know heaps of people who are not the least bit funny until they get on stage. Then they're good comedians. I don't think you have to have an inherently funny streak or have a spontaneous sense of humor. For example, I find Pamela Stephenson very unfunny in interviews and in real life, and yet she's a fantastic comic performer.

PLAYBOY: Are you funny 24 hours a day?

TAYSHUS: I used to be funnier off-stage than I am now. I haven't quite figured it out but I'm sure it's got something to do with the pressure of having to be humorous night after night. I've mellowed somewhat, I'm not the *enfant terrible* any more. In the last year and a half, for the first time in my life, I've had to be responsible and make decisions. If I hadn't done that I wouldn't have a career now.

I get an immediate charge when I walk on stage, but I'm learning to mellow it, to be a little bit calmer at first and to let it build.

PLAYBOY: The wheels started to fall off?

TAYSHUS: Basically, yeah. I was too dependent on too many people. I was absolutely naive about business. Knew nothing about it. Still know nothing about it but at least I'm not naive. There was a necessity to become organised as an independent operator, form a company, get a solicitor, all that coming-to-terms-with-society bullshit.

PLAYBOY: The worst moment in any comedian's life must be that first performance. Tell us about yours.

TAYSHUS: I don't remember it.

PLAYBOY: Oh come on. . .

TAYSHUS: No really, I don't remember much about that entire period at The Comedy Store. I'm sure it was traumatic but I'm buggered if I can remember what happened. I can't remember any of the performances I've done in the past three months. Not vividly. I can't even remember what happened last night.

PLAYBOY: Did you make your debut with your own material?

TAYSHUS: Some of it was mine. What happened was I met Billy Birmingham in 1980 and we got together one day at this little flat I had in Edgecliff. I'd heard that Billy had a natural sense of humor so I phoned him and we got together and wrote a bunch of jokes about the Azaria Chamberlain case, which was very big at the time. We got pretty shit-faced and developed an instant rapport. We got along famously, which was very rare for me. The kind of communication you don't have with too many people in your life, you know? So we wrote a bit together and then Billy went overseas. I opened at The Comedy Store using those gags and some old ones I'd written. When Billy came back a few months later we started writing again and we came up with "How much can a koala bear?" and the things that eventually developed into *Australiana*.

Austen Tayshus was totally the product of these sessions between Billy and me, but nothing about the character was premeditated until the last couple of months of our association. It was all "Let's just shoot the shit and see what happens." Adopt an aggressive stance and put on a show were the only guidelines. It was real Christians and lions stuff for a while. That's why the act has changed so much recently. It's gone from being a totally spontaneous thing to being a totally scripted routine. Now I work with six writers and we sit down and say, let's now do a routine about the Milperra massacre. And we go to work.

In Tayshus's early days I did all my rehearsal on the stage. Now it's a real job, rehearsals, the lot.

PLAYBOY: Will success spoil Austen Tayshus? It certainly seems to have made him work harder.

TAYSHUS: That's definitely true, but I'm trying to avoid taking it too seriously. I've got to take a few chances with him, with the material. I want to shock the public, that is the direction Tayshus has to go.

PLAYBOY: What's the most shocking thing you can think of for him to do?

TAYSHUS: I don't know but I'm prepared to look for that, to work toward the ultimate shocking thing.

PLAYBOY: Ever had a night where you're fresh out of shock value? Did you ever go on and be nice?

TAYSHUS: No, never. But it's not always aggression that I give out. [*takes on a dogmatic, preacherly tone*] I go on stage wanting to really exchange energy with an audience, not aggression, but people obviously misconstrue it. When I get that energy exchange, when I can really feel it, it's fantastic.

PLAYBOY: Do you suffer from nerves?

TAYSHUS: Yeah, I pace around for about 20 minutes, have a swig of voddy. I get an immediate charge when I walk on stage, but again I'm learning to mellow it, to be a little bit calmer at first and to let it build. I've learnt to pace myself.

PLAYBOY: You were busted twice last year for using obscene language. Did that surprise you in Australia in the 1980s?

TAYSHUS: Well, we had some prior knowledge of the possibility of arrest in Perth but I really didn't think it would happen. You see, what happened was some reporter put a piece in the local paper saying: TAYSHUS TAKES ON POLICE. This appeared before I arrived and it got their backs up immediately. Ten plain-clothes policemen came to my first gig. Gucci belts, gold chains, totally incognito. The bloke who arrested me was quite genuinely horrified by the language I'd used.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you've been made a scapegoat?

TAYSHUS: Well, I couldn't believe that this was happening. I mean 20 years after Richard Neville, Richard Walsh and Martin Sharp got done for publishing a picture of someone having a piss, nothing has changed. The more you travel in this country the more you realise that parochialism still exists. In Western Australia I get the feeling that there's a Middle America, Moral Majority kind of undercurrent. Very conservative place.

Queensland's the same in many ways. We worked Bundaberg, Rockhampton, Townsville and Airlie Beach without any problems. There were police at most of the gigs but they did nothing. Then in Cairns, in the Labor electorate of Capricornia, they came down on us.

PLAYBOY: What has been the basis of your defence?

TAYSHUS: That I do not consider certain four letter words to be offensive or obscene. The precedent is that the judge in Melbourne who heard the case against the B-side of *Australiana* said that he thought it was trash — but not obscene. Now it had all the same words on it.

PLAYBOY: Let's just go back to that first bust in Perth. You finished your act and thought you were home free. Then what happened?

TAYSHUS: Two policemen came backstage and one of them asked me if I considered my act to be obscene. I said: "Some narrow-minded people might." Or something equally innocuous. Then they took me down to the station. The atmosphere in the car was quite jovial. I'd crack jokes and they'd laugh. They loved *Australiana* but their basic position was that I'd broken the law so they had to do their job and arrest me. So I spent 10 minutes in the cells before they fingerprinted me and let me out on my own bail. The next night I went back and did the act in my Phantom suit. Michelle brought the car round the back and I came off stage and jumped straight into it and went to the hotel. Next day they issued a warrant for my arrest so I went to the station and gave myself up. This time they charged me 200 bucks bail, which was a minor annoyance. There are better uses for 200 bucks.

I got a lot of local support when I appeared in court the first time. Outside there were people carrying placards saying ARREST CRIMINALS NOT COMEDIANS and FREE THE PHANTOM. The press went gonzo over it but they stopped short of making any real comment on the issue. Basically they were objective but condescending.

PLAYBOY: This recent spate of prosecutions must be the first for obscenity in stage performances for many years.

TAYSHUS: Well, I think that's because not too many of the new style comedians have been to Perth or North Queensland. Rodney Rude started it. He got done in Perth. Then The Comedy Store went on tour and in the past year or so people all over the country have been exposed to the stuff we do. In some states nothing much has changed since Lenny Bruce got run out of the country. One of the coppers in Perth told me he considered obscenity to be a serious offence.

PLAYBOY: Are you engaged in a crusade to get the laws changed?

TAYSHUS: That's a bit melodramatic. This is 1985. I'm pleading not guilty and hopefully there'll be a rational outcome which will enable me to continue working in Queensland and Western Australia. It'd be easier to plead guilty but there is a principle at stake. I don't believe I've done anything wrong by anyone's standards. We're very careful in those states where the law is different. We put up a big sign at each gig warning patrons that some of the language may be offensive to some people. No one in the audience has ever objected.

PLAYBOY: You've now recorded live and in the studio. Do you find it difficult to re-create in the studio the kind of energy exchange with your audience that you consider so important?

TAYSHUS: Well, it cuts both ways. Yes, it is harder without an audience, but when I recorded my album, *When The Ticklers Stop Quivering*, I hadn't performed for a few months so I needed to put down some production routines to build up my confidence.

PLAYBOY: Do the jokes keep coming or do you have to take a break from the business once in a while to see the humor in life?

TAYSHUS: Not so much a break from the business but a change of direction every few months. I'm trying now to completely change my material every three or four months. But it depends on what I decide to do in the future, what madness I get into. I'd like to do a one-man show, or at least something more theatrical. I'd also like to get into TV, to create a lot of chaos on a commercial network.

PLAYBOY: Last year's *Gillies Report* on the ABC brought political satire back to TV in a big way. What did you think of it?

TAYSHUS: Some of it was excellent but it tended to be inconsistent, which is always

(continued on page 130)

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Former MP Pete Steedman went to Canberra as a tearaway socialist hell-bent on changing Australia but Labor's pinstripe boys and ungrateful voters soon changed all that.

THE CRUSHING OF A REBEL

This is the story of a survivor. He is wearing jeans and buckskin boots and is behind the wheel of a blood-red 1962 Ford Galaxy which is at this instant fish-tailing through a gravel right-hand bend.

The stereo is playing The Beach Boys and the clock, which does not work, is showing 10 minutes past eight. In fact it is shortly after six in the evening and against the roar of the V8 and The Beach Boys and the gravel being churned aside by the spinning tyres, ageing bodgie Pete Steedman is having fun.

"This is like driving in a time warp," I tell Steedman, choking on a mouthful of swirling dust.

"Not for me," says the larrikin former MP, newly demoted from a flash office in Canberra to the ranks of the unemployed, "I've always been here."

●

"What really gives me the shits," says Steedman later in a quiet moment at home, sipping a beer in the garden of the house he could afford mostly because it is a two-hour drive north-west of Melbourne, "is that my opponent campaigned on all that 'grey face of socialism' crap."

And one thing no one can accuse Pete Steedman of is being grey.

The only bodgie ever to make it to Parliament went to Canberra with the express purpose of shaking up the system from within. Instead the system ate him up and spat him out, disillusioned and disgusted. Indeed it was Steedman who came out with the most memorable line of the whole '84 election debacle. "I certainly achieved a lot for the electors of Casey," he said. "Miserable bastards."

While it wasn't the diplomatic post-mortem verdict of a career politician hoping to be re-elected someday, it was typical Steedman. Straight from the heart. And that's why guys like Steedman don't last in Canberra — too many rough edges among the sleek pinstripe suits. It's an irony not lost on Steedman considering the immaculately tailored smoothies who now lead the ALP and the way some of them

Profile by PHIL ACKMAN

used to dress and behave before they entered the corridors of power.

What hurts most for this tearaway from the ALP's twilight zone is that he went to Canberra to fight for principles he has believed in since he was a long-haired '60s radical reporting the Vietnam War for obscure left-wing journals around the world.

"I mean, it wasn't for the money," he says. "Four hundred and twenty dollars a week in the hand for what you do. How *could* you do it for the dough?"

The gaining of political wisdom really started for Peter Steedman back in 1982 when the ALP was poised to give Fraser a ballot-box enema that would bring tears to his eyes.

If you looked at Australia as a chessboard then the squares of Melbourne's outer eastern suburbs were ripe to be taken. Once nearly all Liberal, they had become increasingly Labor as petrol price refugees struggled to make ends meet. Enveloped by high interest rates and alarmed by the march of unemployment figures, an entire quarter of a city was changing its mind. Across this bitter landscape drove the blood-red Galaxy and behind the windshield an ageing rebel was shifting gears with a practised hand, lip-synching to The Beach Boys as they sang *Bar. . .Bar. . . Bar. . . Barbara Anne.* Pete Steedman could taste real power for the first time in a life spent as a wilful outsider.

Initially offered the seat of Diamond Valley, Steedman declined. A decade of working with the troops at the lowest levels of the party machine in Melbourne had honed his political instincts. He wanted Casey.

"The Left had all the other outer-suburban seats covered except Casey," he says. "Casey was the key, the linchpin. I wanted that."

And when the dice fell, Fraser was out and Hawke was in with a boisterous, leather-jacketed tearaway named Pete Steedman ready to decorate his backbenches. It was sweet victory for Steedman who once described himself as "a political prisoner fighting for freedom in a fascist society".

But the political prisoner had won his own little piece of the power structure after a lifetime of struggling against bonds often of his own making. Steedman decided early in life that he wanted to be a rebel even though his father was reputedly a millionaire in the heavy equipment industry.

In fairness to Steedman, his father was probably never as rich as people say he was and Steedman certainly does not appear ever to have been the beneficiary of extravagant parental largesse.

Asked what his father did, Steedman says, "He established himself with trucks, bulldozers and shovels. . . things like that." And at least Steedman had the forethought to have himself born in Brunswick, once an impoverished inner-Melbourne suburb of grim, narrow streets and even grimmer workers' cottages, an essential credential for a man intending to make a career of being a working-class hero.

Rejecting any family money that might have been available, Steedman established his anti-establishment attitudes early in life by going through a succession of Melbourne schools, most of which, apparently, were happy to see him move on. When he arrived on the steps of Monash University in the early '60s he was wearing, among other things, a leather jacket and flying boots and proceeded, as he puts it, "to terrify the shit out of everybody".

"I spent the first year of university down at the Notting Hill pub," he recalls. "I had a telephone there for all my nefarious activities. I was playing political and power games and within a short time I had control of the political system at the university."

Steedman's extra-curricular activities dominated his university life. Most university bodgies (and they were a rare enough breed in the early '60s) simply fizzled out in the drip tray of the local saloon. Pete Steedman, on the other hand, was that most vexacious species of all. . . a bodgie with brains.

Steedman decided early in life that he wanted to be a rebel even though his father was reputedly a millionaire in the heavy equipment industry.

Evidence of this contradictory state lay in his mastery of a large array of unrelated subjects. Proof of his rebelliousness lay in the fact that none of these subjects — no matter how ingeniously combined — led to a degree in anything at all.

He did, however, end up controlling the Student Representative Council and later the university newspaper where he earned himself something of a reputation as a journalist.

Given this background, merging as it did with the Vietnam War, purple microbuses, hippies, dope and Bob Dylan, it may come as no surprise to learn that this meticulously uneducated future politician was among that coterie of avant-garde journalists who helped launch such revolutionary publications as *Go Set, Rolling Stone, High Times* and *Nation Review.*

It was also predictable that he would embrace a cause, reporting the war in Vietnam, and that his "alternative journalism" would find its way into the pages of obscure though trendy left-wing journals throughout the world. Steedman also hints darkly at other activities in south-east Asia: escapades in dangerous and mysterious places and meetings with dangerous and mysterious people.

One can imagine Pete Steedman, in fact, just about anywhere and with just about anyone; his Catherine wheel mind showering ideas in every direction at once. One can even picture him in London at the helm of *Oz* magazine while several other celebrated Australians fought the obscenity trial of the decade. It was somewhere during that mad period that this maturing rebel met, wooed and wed one Julie Reiter, then a model of considerable promise. And it was also predictable that a handsome lout should wed a fair maiden.

But all odysseys have to end and, like so many others, Pete Steedman found himself back home for the 1972 "It's Time" election and the elevation of Gough Whitlam from Opposition leader to messiah.

"I was going to join the party in '72 but then I saw that every bourgeois arsehole was joining up," says Steedman. "So I waited until '74 when I figured they were about as low as they were going to go and I joined up then."

After almost a decade in the wilderness, at last it was 1983 and Pete Steedman and the rest of the ALP mountain climbers were up there on their peaks and from horizon to horizon all they could see was each other. Here at last was real power; the power to change the way people live.

And in the mail arrived the official notification of Pete's electoral success. A form letter told him his annual salary would be $39,000, his electoral allowance would be $14,000, that he was entitled to a car to take him to the airport, free flights to Canberra, an office of so many square feet, two staff, three telephones, so many stamps per quarter. . . all the trappings of the power that was now his.

And so they all flew to Canberra for the Caucus meeting to elect the ministry (except that deals had been done everywhere long in advance and all the positions but five were already filled). Pete Steedman learned that his job would be to turn Casey into a more secure Labor stronghold. He was up there with all the others, it was true, but the fact was that Casey was the most marginal seat in Australia. One unkissed baby and it could all come tumbling down.

There was also Parliament, of course, which Pete Steedman quickly confirmed as no more than the theatre of politics. The real work, or so he believed, occurred behind the scenes at the many committees and sub-committees which are a politician's lot.

"I was on the economics and the foreign affairs and the defence committees," explains Steedman, "and you'd have a meeting once a week of those committees and then there were sub-committees and, for example, in economics I was on the industrial relations sub-committee. And

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN RUNTUWENE

Former MP Pete Steedman and his red Ford Galaxy — a tearaway from the twilight zone.

on the. . . er. . . macro-economics sub-committee. And I was on the defence support sub-committee and the Pacific area sub-committee and the defence sub-committee and all of those met each week as well."

Steedman, who diligently pursued all those esoteric roles, found his mind leaping from the intricacies of macro-economics to the vagaries of Pacific defence, from some detail in industrial relations to a quirk of defence support.

Each day when he arrived at his office there was a stack of paperwork a metre high which he was expected to digest so that his views in these diverse fields of human endeavor could be honed to razor sharpness.

Many MPs simply went to the pub. Steedman, on the other hand, labored through this daily dross on his way to that light at the end of the political tunnel — the draft policy. Then he discovered that the other politicians all returned from the pub just in time to stop his policy getting through. On other occasions it was the Cabinet, that lofty collection of temporary immortals, who sometimes demolished three months of his work in one capricious afternoon.

"So I got a bit pissed off with the committees," says Steedman with admirable understatement. "I felt it was just a way to keep us occupying our time."

It was about this time that Pete Steedman began to survey the proceedings of Parliament itself and our tearaway MP began to wonder whether the climbing of Mount Casey was worth the effort.

"The whole parliamentary process is antiquated, outdated and needs a total restructuring," he says. "It's based on the systems at Westminster. . . at the bloody time of the civil war! I mean the ranks, the sergeant at arms, the usher of the black rod, these positions and the way the legislation goes on, the pomp and ceremony, is not only unnecessary, it's a bloody waste of time during which you could be doing things useful."

That left just one area of political endeavor for this unruly backbencher, this larrikin who spurned tradition, who turned his back on the Pacific area sub-committee and the whole bloody Parliament to concentrate instead on the affairs of that mighty slab of daunting terrain — his own electorate.

And it is there, in the broad sweep of its endless, traffic-drowned streets, that Steedman claims his political success. "I pulled in over $30 million in 18 months for

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HOME BODY

With looks like this, Carina Jensen could have the world at her feet but she says she's a home girl at heart.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER

Just one look at Carina and you can't help thinking, what a waste. A girl this gorgeous should be spreading herself around a bit more, showing the world what she's made of. And, indeed, Carina would like to play a sexy role in one of the top TV soaps. But she says it's just a fantasy. She's happy to be a homebody and just hasn't got the nerve to make the rounds of the TV studios, the agents and auditions. The only reason she agreed to do this pictorial was because photographer Michael Ancher made it easy. He went to her home town and set up the photo-session. But when you look this beautiful, the world does tend to beat a trail to your door.

Maybe it's because I'm only 19 I still cling to home but I'm in no rush to get out into the world. All my friends and family are in the small town where I grew up, I've got everything I could ever want here and I'm happy. Why should I move?

PHOTOGRAPH BY LOU D'ANGELO/THE AUSTRALIAN BASKETBALLER

AUSTRALIA TURNS ON TO BASKETBALL

With thousands of new fans and its own national TV slot, Australians are discovering the strengths and skills of a game once thought only for sissies.

Basketball executives have been saying for years that the national league competition will be the success story of Australian sport in the '80s. National basketball leagues have boomed all over the world and there's no way, they say, it can fail in such a sports-crazy country as Australia.

And now they're saying that national television coverage by the 10 Network is the best thing that's happened to the sport since the 1956 Melbourne Olympic Games, when basketball made its first major impact on the Australian sporting scene.

Those same administrators have been given just cause, beyond a weekly TV program, for their optimism. The National Basketball League (NBL) is only seven years old, but its 14 teams from every state and the ACT operate on a total budget of $1.5 million. Last year's season alone saw a 35 percent increase in NBL patronage to more than half a million spectators.

Basketball has become the largest indoor sport in Australia, boasting 200,000 registered players and that doesn't include school basketball. All up, basketball has come a long way from the day in 1978 when a few blokes gathered in a Sydney aeroplane hangar to start a national league.

Even so, the gentlemen of the Australian Basketball Federation (which administers the NBL) know that if the sport is to *really* take off Down Under in the rabid, high-decibel, Yankee fandom fashion, it will need an appreciation of the game that goes beyond the "run and gun" perception most Australians have of it. Hence, here are a few observations on an often-misunderstood sport.

That these big men move fast and score high is both good and bad.

The good thing is that there's always action, like a VFL game. The bad thing is that such rapid movement doesn't offer a lot of time to examine the game's dynamics. It looks simply like 10 storks in knickers trading baskets. But knowing the Yanks' penchant for high-tech team games such as baseball and gridiron, many Aussie sportsmen won't be stunned to hear that basketball boasts a complex strategy.

To begin with, much of the action takes place away from the ball. This makes sense

Sport by STEVE BUNK

WHERE THE NATIONAL LEAGUE SHOWS ITS COLORS

Adelaide 36ers: red, blue and gold colors; play at Apollo Entertainment Centre.
Bankstown Bruins: navy and white colors; play at Homebush State Sports Centre.
Brisbane Bullets: white, gold and blue colors; play at Chandler Centre Indoor Stadium.
Canberra Cannons: blue, black and white colors; play at National Indoor Sports Stadium.
Coburg Giants: green and gold colors; play at Ken Watson Stadium, Outlook Drive, East Coburg.
Geelong Cats: red, white and blue; play at Geelong Sports And Entertainment Centre, Victoria St, North Geelong.
Hobart Tassie Devils: gold and blue colors; play at Kingborough Sports Centre, Summerleas Rd, Kingston.
Illawarra Hawks: red and white colors; play at Beaton Park Basketball Stadium, Foleys Rd, Gwynneville.
Melbourne Tigers: red and gold colors; play at Albert Park, Albert Road, South Melbourne.
Newcastle Falcons: green, brown and white colors; play at Newcastle Sports Entertainment Centre, Broadmeadow.
Nunawading Spectres: royal blue and red colors; play at Burwood Stadium, Burwood Highway, East Burwood.
Perth Wildcats: black and gold colors; play at Perry Lakes Basketball Stadium, Floreat Park.
St Kilda Pumas: black, red and white colors; play at Albert Park, Albert Rd, South Melbourne.
Sydney Supersonics: green and gold colors; play at Homebush State Sports Centre.

when you consider that the average pro player handles the ball a total of about five minutes per 48-minute game. For half of the entire contest he's on defence, and for 19 of the other 24 minutes he's doing something other than passing, dribbling or shooting. What's he doing? Mopping up? No. Yanking nose hairs? No. What, then?

Well, if he's not a good pro, he's standing there yelling, "Danny, pass it here, you dickhead, I'm open!"

This is what the kids do and it's called "ratball". The top professionals, however, never move *toward* the ball when their side is on offence. Instead, they execute any number of moves designed to create a clear shooting opportunity, either for themselves or a team-mate. More of this in a moment.

First, let's mention the classic alignment: two guards in front, a centre (usually the tallest guy) in the middle and two forwards near the basket. Another essential term is the "key", which is the floor markings that extend from the basket at either end of the court. Scoring is simple: two points for a field goal, three points for a goal from outside the keyway, one point for a foul shot. Five fouls and you're out of the game (six in the pros). Sticking your feet and hands in the wrong places, pushing and like motions are typical fouls.

Now, back to the offence. In a game where 120 points per side is not unusual, it follows that offence is vital. But it also follows that a team which can hold the opponent to 90 points will win more than its share of contests. Therefore, forget the offence again. We'll start with the defence.

When you watch a pro game, you'll note that they play man-to-man defence almost exclusively. For instance, when Smith's team is on offence, Jones will cover Smith everywhere he goes. The other basic option is zone defence, where each player protects a certain area of the court. Most pro teams place an emphasis on man-to-man, yet employ elements of the zone defence.

When the offence tries to break through the defence, movement off the ball becomes vital to appreciation of the game. For example, Smith's team has the ball. Smith passes the ball to Bloggs and runs toward the other side of the basket. You're watching Bloggs, who now has the ball, right? Wrong. The *real* action is over there where Smith and another team-mate have planted themselves shoulder to shoulder, facing away from the basket. *Now*, Bloggs dribbles over there and passes to Smith. Then Bloggs does a bit of an outside fake and cuts in toward the "double screen", with his defender in hot pursuit. But when Bloggs cuts in front of Smith and the other team-mate, Bloggs's defender gets caught on the far side of the screen, facing Smith's ample backside.

He's powerless to prevent Bloggs from taking the ball out of Smith's hands and executing a leisurely jump shot.

Simple, isn't it? Yes, but that's not quite all there is. Don't forget that Smith has a defender and he sees what's going on. So he switches from covering Smith to covering Bloggs — and he's a lot taller than Bloggs is. However, the guy who formerly was covering Bloggs now must cover Smith, and Smith's a lot taller than *he* is. It behoves the defence to switch back to the original coverage as soon as possible.

This is one minor example of the infinite number of ways these guys attempt to get open for the jump shot or the layup that looks so easy on TV. Meanwhile, the defenders will try heaps of other preventive measures aside from the switch. They'll "doubleteam" the man with the ball, trying to trap him against a sideline and fluster him into making a bad pass or otherwise "turnover". They'll "sag", which means two big defenders will move into the middle of the key to prevent the ball-handler from driving in for a layup. This allows one of the defenders to "float", which means he can run around anywhere, trying to steal the ball from whoever has it.

The defence will "press" quite often, a bold technique in which all five defenders do their damnedest to get that ball. In so doing, they risk the possibility of moving out of good defensive position and allowing an easy score.

Conversely, the offence has quite a few alignments it can operate from. The "wheel" moves like its namesake, with everybody changing position. The "weak side" features offensive plays such as the screen described earlier and concentrates on setting up the play on the weak side, away from the ball. The "give and go", the "weave", the "fast break" are all standard offensive plays, but the predominant offensive attack in pro basketball these days is "freestyle" It's like jazz music: spontaneous, full of feints and changes of pace, very individualistic and yet never losing touch with the movement of the whole.

As is the case with any clock-run contest, time is an essential consideration in basketball. Apart from the obvious strategies (such as the number of time-outs left), coaches employ the time rules in many subtle ways. The 10-second rule is one example. With a "half-court press", a coach can direct his defence to attempt to prevent the offence from getting the ball across the half-court line within a 10-second limit. The penalty for failure to do so is loss of the ball.

The three-second rule is that the defence cannot stand inside the key for more than three seconds in a row. Penalty for this is often an elbow in the ribs.

Which reminds me, there's no shortage of in-fighting going on under the backboard. Blocking, elbowing, positioning to get that rebound off the errant shot is bruising work among guys who can range from 6'2" to 7' and over (more than 200cm). Check that action in the key next time you find yourself watching the guards as they pass the ball around. Odds are, you'll agree it's not such a dainty game after all.

The various types of "turnovers" (loss of ball), fouls, passes and shots, are all facts of

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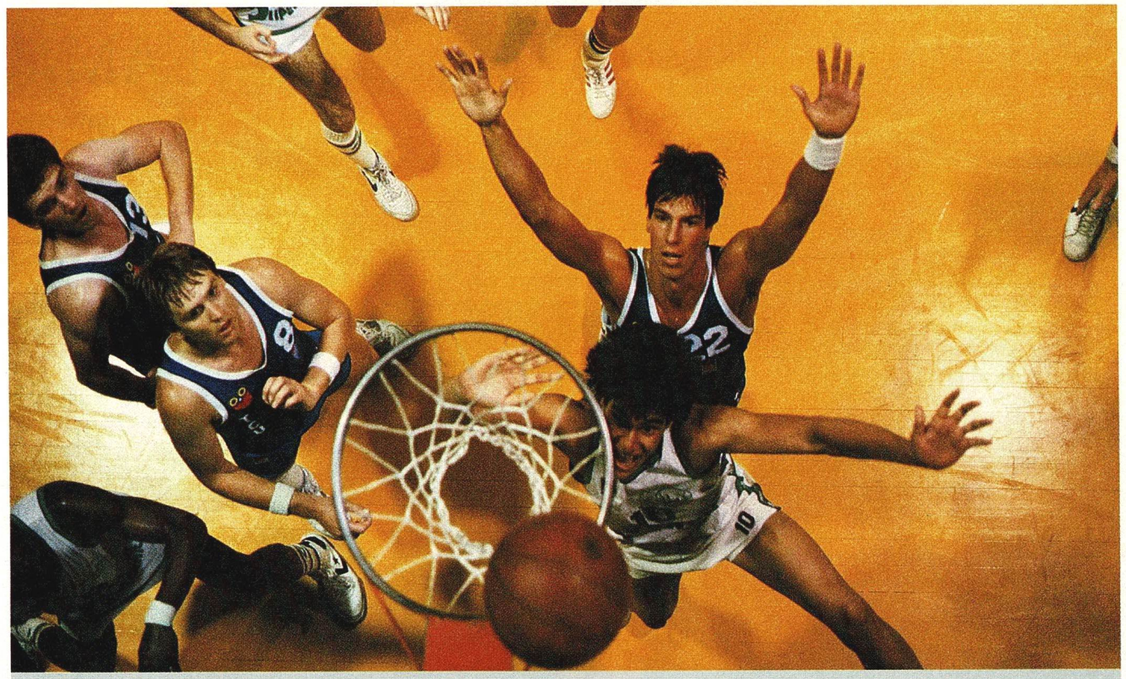


PHOTOGRAPH BY ACTION GRAPHICS

BASKETBALL GETS A SHOT AT THE RATINGS

THE SIGNING of a five-year contract with Channel 10 to televise basketball around Australia has stripped the National Basketball League (NBL) of its reputation as the "sleeper" of Aussie sport.

This year's high profile basketball season from April to September gives the sport its best chance yet to see if it can prove a real threat to the big three of TV, cricket, footy and tennis.

Basketball organisers have tried for years to convince television networks that their sport could look good on the little screen, but production expenses to cover games around the country have always been a major hurdle.

The Los Angeles Olympics last year, however, showed the 10 Network there was a groundswell of Australian interest in basketball.

The 10 Network also hopes to secure television rights to the 1988 Seoul Olympics, so the network wanted to display a commitment to amateur sport beyond its one-off coverage of LA '84.

The NBL came along at the right time, investing in its own video to convince sceptical television producers that Australian basketball was good enough to compete. The sport now has two years to prove itself, as the five-year agreement with Channel 10 leaves the channel with a three-year option to cancel after 1986.

But what of basketball as a television product? Basketball has a terrific record in America if not in Australia. The National Basketball Association (NBA),the pro league in America, consistently rates highly on the American networks and often rates prime time air play. It did, however, go through a period of overkill combined with the evolution of US basketball from team play to the individual star system. Both changes were lamented by fans, and helped cause the game's deterioration in the 1970s from an exciting amalgam of play-making and passing into a shoot-and-rebound circus that threatened to kill basketball as a major spectator sport.

By 1980, though, things began to turn around. The reason was television. The Seattle Supersonics already had shown the way by offering their entire 82-game schedule to cable TV watchers. The club exceeded its first year break-even figure by more than 5000 subscribers and grossed over $US2 million.

Following this success, a new contract was signed by the National Basketball Association with the CBS network for $22 million to be shared by the teams, and a centrally negotiated cable TV pact was made.

Although American basketball relies on the gate for more than half of its revenue, with TV and radio receipts in excess of $50 million per year it would take some dedicated mismanagement to go wrong.

Basketball is a perfect television product. A sport played with an easily seen large ball in a confined space not affected by adverse weather conditions. Lighting can be easily brought up to TV standard and a large crew is not needed. The spectators are close to the action and can become highly vocal.

The game lasts for a set period of time, unlike tennis, and is go go go for the full four 12-minute quarters, unlike cricket.

With the introduction of the three-point play (a basket shot from behind the 30-foot semi-circle) games can and often are easily turned around. In a recent Victorian Championship final, Nunawading were down 13 points with one minute to go. Four three-pointers (12 points) in 30 seconds saw one of the most exciting finishes in a long, long time.

Commercials are easily slotted into the game with little interruption to viewing enjoyment. Add to all that a game where 10 men take the court, all of whom are between 6'2" and 7', and the end result is a fast-moving, physical sport. — COLEBY NICHOLSON

The author is the editor of Australian Basketballer.

PSST, WANNA BUY YOUR OWN TEAM?

THERE ARE plenty of blokes who would like to be in Michael Wrublewski's shoes. He's one of the few Australians who owns his own sporting team and, with his co-owners, can rightfully smoke the big cigar and suffer the courtside trials and triumphs of the Sydney Supersonics.

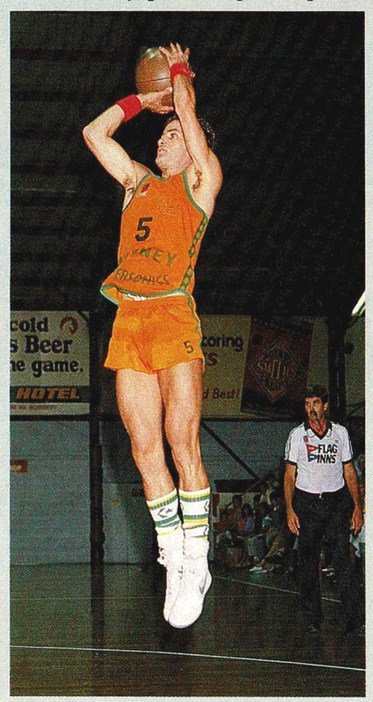
The five businessmen and the Sydney City Basketball Association who make up the Sydney combine who bought the team after the '84 season weren't the first to go into private ownership. A year before, several Geelong businessmen headed by Steve Jackson had bought the Geelong Cats.

Victoria has long been considered the home of Australian basketball, while Sydney has remained the slowest growth area for the sport, mainly because it has kept a low public profile and been confined to lousy indoor facilities incapable of attracting big crowds. And the Sydney Supersonics' performance on the court last year did little to help put the sport in the spotlight. The club was unable to pay its players and several of them walked out in disgust, leaving the team with few wins, little cash to continue and a slim chance of remaining in the competition. The future didn't look too promising for Sydney basketball or a truly national league.

"There was a challenge to do something in Australian sport that had never been done before," said Michael Wrublewski, who is also one of the directors of the Hakoah club in Sydney and president of NSW Maccabi, the international Jewish sporting organisation.

"Basketball is the sport of the future. It's fast, exciting, unpredictable and already the major sport in 170 countries. And it's growing fast here. We're going to direct our appeal to the family unit; a $15 night out for the whole family. I envisage it as a potentially successful enterprise," he added.

When Wrublewski was approached to take over the team, his priority was to run the club's administration as a professional unit and not the amateur exercise it had been. He and the four other businessmen, his brother Harry Wrublewski, Harry Engelander, Geoff Frumer and Andrew Lazaris, boasted marketing, accountancy, publishing, law, sports



David Lester making a play last season for the Sydney Supersonics.

administration, and restaurant and licensing backgrounds.

They had a team they believed could easily be marketed — including 6ft 8in (203cm) former Harlem Globetrotter Tiny Pinder, and 7ft 1 in (216 cm) American Tracy Ballard — and were conscious of potential corporate sponsorship. They set about revitalising the team, co-ordinating training, diet and total health and welfare, so they could be managed like top overseas players and teams.

With its home stadium — the new 5000 capacity Homebush State Sports Centre — and national television coverage putting the sport in front of a public hungry for an alternative to football, cricket and tennis, the Sydney Supersonics soon gathered eager sponsors (Village Inns, Goldmark Jewellers, Westfield, De Costi Brothers, Bohemia Crystal, Diamond Press, Nike, The Lords Hotel, TAA, and Healthlands Maroubra) to help out with the forecast $100,000 budget for 1985.

The biggest costs are around $25,000 for interstate transport, player cost and expenses between $30,000 and $35,000, coach fees, ground travel, administration and publications.

Player payments may seem small compared to other sports, but in Australia basketballers are still considered amateurs eligible to play in the Olympics. To stay that way, a sportsman must not derive the major source of his income from *playing* basketball.

Each squad of 12 players must not have more than two imports, who often receive a package deal quite separate from the team budget that includes return air tickets, accommodation, a car plus game earnings.

Budgets for the clubs range from $65,000 for some of the smaller population centres to around $280,000 for Australia's top team, the Canberra Mazda Cannons. Income comes from sponsorship and gate receipts. The NBL itself has an annual budget of around $150,000 and receives a $25,000 grant from the federal government.

It may not seem big bikkies compared to other major sports, and that is probably why it attracts the interest of so many sports-loving businessmen interested in private ownership of teams.

"We do it for the love of the game," says Michael Wrublewski, "but our major goal is to prove this team can stand financially on its own feet. There are a lot of people watching to see if we fall flat on our faces, but if we succeed, it will change the face of Australian sport." — TONY LOVE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ACTION GRAPHICS

the sport that, once learned, add increased appreciation. Also, in-bounds plays (somewhat like the Aussie rules lineout), jump balls, the standard fakes and the really great moves that occur only once or twice per game are things that begin to sink in the more you watch.

If you've never been on a court and have no plans to do so, be an intellectual about it. Crack a tube and catch a quarter or two on the telly. Then when those trendy bastards at the pub say, "You see that 20-foot hook Larry Bird made? Play of the game, mate", you can reply, "Naw, ya twit. It was when Magic Johnson missed his second shot of the one-on-one situation in the fourth quarter and went up the lane to tap it in, right through heavy traffic. That was the play. Your shout, ta."

It'll be the least he can do for a bloke who's willing to set him straight about the game of the '80s.

"Come on, one more try! You don't want it to get around the kingdom that you're omnipotent, do you?"

ILLUSTRATION BY RE:DESIGN

How New Zealand plans to save a bundle by letting Australia and America take care of the defence of the South Pacific.

THE KIWI: FRIEND OR PARASITE?

LIKE EVERYTHING else in New Zealand, except the inflation rate and the new Prime Minister's waistline, traffic moves slowly. It inches and crawls across the rain-streaked urban terrain at a fastidious 50km/h. No engine, of course, was ever designed to cruise at such a ridiculous speed limit. Pistons and valves are meant to pound up and down briskly, energetically, powerfully.

Top gear at 50km/h is not like that. It's a whole new and painfully unpleasant way of driving, trying to light a cigarette while your tonne of precision engineering kangaroo-hops down the road locked in an

Foreign Affairs by HAROLD WITHERS

engineering civil war between stalling and a speeding ticket.

Like everybody else, New Zealanders die on the road. But the Kiwis do it at regulation pace: their arms and legs shearing off in slow motion as power poles wander dream-like through their windscreens.

And then there is the food, which is warm and sweet and designed to appeal to the palate of a grown-up toddler-gourmet caught somewhere in the development stage between Farex baby cereal and fairy bread. New Zealand is a nation for whom the heights of culinary wizardry are achieved with the sweet corn-stuffed sausage, the baked bean pizza and the orange-flavored milk shake. And let us end now the debate over whether Australia or New Zealand invented the pavlova... it has to be *them*.

New Zealand also has an economy (of sorts), an economy which eschews the Dow Jones or All Ordinaries Index in favor of some loftier measure such as the number of seasonally adjusted gumboots per unit cowshed. When a new Holden costs upwards of NZ$30,000 but you can still buy a carton of milk for around 30 cents Australian, there's got to be something funny going on.

As Dr Fedor Mediansky, a foreign affairs defence policy expert at the University of New South Wales, succinctly and picturesquely puts it: "New Zealand is a small pastoral community in a remote part of the world. They haven't got many minerals. They've got a very poor manufacturing base. Their economic future is long-term bleak. One of the most vulnerable commodities to trade is primary produce. The world is awash in primary produce. So, unfortunately, is New Zealand."

Militarily, too, the land of the long white cloud is in a shambles. According to Dr Desmond Ball from the Strategic and Defence Studies Centre at the Australian National University in Canberra, our near neighbor has the distinction of one of the smallest per capita defence budgets of any country in the world. For example, New Zealand has no officer training school. Stiff upper lips and the traditions attached to the regimental tie are rented from Australian officer training schools.

Nor, according to Dr Ball, does New Zealand possess even a solitary submarine. Worse, it would blow their entire defence budget (a parsimonious two percent of their gross national product) to buy one. And then, of course, there's petrol, registration...

New Zealanders even train on *our* Leopard tanks at *our* training bases although there is some quid pro quo in terms of equipment servicing. Indeed the lion's share of the defence of Australia and New Zealand is paid for by Australia.

To quote Dr Ball: "If you do a cost benefit analysis of the Australia/New Zealand defence budget then, in dollar terms, it favors New Zealand three to one."

In fact, the military machine of our neighbor across the Tasman is so clapped out that Dr Ball estimates they would have to quintuple their defence budget just to effectively patrol their own region of the South-West Pacific. Putting it simply, New Zealand doesn't have the military might to take the beach at Woy Woy on any night when the prawns are jumping!

In the face of all these factors, it is hardly surprising the place has been bleeding to death from every airport as disenchanted New Zealanders depart for new lives in Australia and elsewhere. Economically, militarily, gastronomically and even from behind the wheel of a $30,000 New Zealand Holden, things have been crook.

Never more crook, one might have thought, than with the accession to power of Labor Prime Minister David Lange and his twin surprises: an overnight devaluation of the New Zealand dollar by a stomach-dropping 20 percent and a review of the ANZUS defence policy in which the Americans have been told that nuclear ships and New Zealand ports are no longer compatible.

Australia gasped and the US bridled as Lange tugged at the reins of the three-way defence pact — a pact which Australia and, until now, New Zealand, have always considered fundamental to our security and, who knows, maybe our survival as well. For a while there, what with a letter from Prime Minister Hawke expressing concern and the U.S. military expressing disbelief, it seemed as though the new boy on the world stage might weaken. After all, it hasn't been unusual for the opposition leaders of other countries to promise all sorts of things to the electorate, then change their minds once they win power. However, a politician the size, er stature, of David Lange is not easily stood over. The Hawke letter was ignored and the attempt to sneak in a pretend warship that might have nuclear weapons on board was firmly rejected.

In all the drama the devaluation somehow got lost. But what if the two actions were linked? What if Prime Minister David Lange wasn't as stupid or as foolhardy as America and Australia might imagine? What if New Zealand was taking one of the greatest gambles of its short history? What if the three of us had gone out to dinner and one of us had decided that from now on, the others were to pay? All the time. For everything. Forever.

New Zealand may be doing exactly that. Maybe something so breathtakingly audacious has been happening across the Tasman that we've all missed it. Certainly, Prime Minister Lange has acted, during the few months of his short reign, with a groundswell of support from both New Zealand's middle class and the potent national trade union movement to which he owes so much of his power. According to Dr Mediansky, about 60 percent of New Zealanders in all favor de-nuclearisation as a starting point through to total disengagement from ANZUS as a final objective. "Half the country is anti-American," observed this eminent foreign defence expert. "New Zealanders seem to have assumed the view that their environment is not a threatening one and that on balance their American alliance merely draws them into super-power conflict."

Dr Ball, who has had recent discussions with the New Zealand Labor Government, has also arrived at the view that our near neighbors now see ANZUS as expendable. "Lange is grasping towards a middle way that can get rid of ANZUS provided he doesn't get rid of other pacts that still get New Zealand defence on the cheap," Ball told Australian PLAYBOY.

In fact, there is evidence many New Zealanders want to move even further than this. Perhaps into isolation as a sort of Switzerland of the South Pacific.

At last September's Labor Party national conference, for instance, the party's all-powerful left wing (to which David Lange owes plenty) voted to ban the visits of nuclear ships, to withdraw New Zealand's infantry batallion from Singapore and to recall all New Zealand forces deployed outside the Pacific unless they were under direct UN sponsorship. They also passed motions urging the end of military links with The Philippines and Indonesia and expressed the view that New Zealand's armed forces should only be used for disaster relief and UN peacekeeping duties. They wanted recognition withdrawn from the Pol Pot regime and even urged the closure of the US Antarctic support base in Christchurch. Finally, they passed a motion demanding the Lange Government withdraw from all alliances with nuclear powers which, as one delegate pinpointed, "means ANZUS".

What they really said was: "Let's take our marbles inside and shut the door." But how can New Zealand do that? Aren't they living in a world every bit as dangerous as our own? Actually New Zealand inhabits probably the safest piece of real estate on the globe. They can sleep at night, explains Dr Mediansky, for the very reasons that Australians cannot.

Australia, for example, is tucked into the underbelly of South-East Asia, just a short fighter-plane ride away from Irian Jaya and Papua New Guinea. Both places feature in unpleasant scenarios in which Australia might be drawn into conflict with Indonesia whose population of more than 100 million is something to think about. New Zealand is a blissful four-hour jet ride from these considerations. We are on the edge of the frypan and they're not even in the kitchen.

Equally uncomfortably, Australia has a long, largely undefended and probably undefendable Indian Ocean coastline. If there is to be a superpower punch-up — conventional or nuclear — the Indian Ocean is as good a bet as any for somewhere it could happen.

For New Zealand, however, the Indian Ocean is about as remote as Hong Kong or Honolulu. Australia also has the rotten luck to own the Cocos Islands which are so close to Indonesia you could just about surf ashore. And since the Americans "saved" us during World War Two, Australians have graciously agreed to host an increasing number of US bases which are of strategic and military interest to the Russians. New Zealand has only two American bases of note — the US Antarctic support base at Christchurch and a stellar observatory at Blenheim. Neither of these bases is held to be of much interest... to anybody.

Finally, Australia's strategic difficulties are compounded by having an abundance of uranium and other strategic natural resources whereas New Zealand has no resources worth stealing, no industry worth grabbing. In the world of geopolitics, sometimes the pauper is king.

New Zealand inhabits the safest piece of real estate on the globe. They can sleep at night for the very reasons that Australians cannot.

"Hawke in Australia sees a basic superpower confrontation," says Dr Desmond Ball. "New Zealand sees itself as being much further away and their position is therefore much less critical. Their location isn't even particularly suitable to the establishment of satellite tracking stations."

Against this peculiar Kiwi view of the world it is perhaps not surprising that New Zealand has consistently pruned her contributions to the defence program of even her own backyard — the South-West Pacific. "In any event," says Dr Mediansky, "Australia has been picking up the slack."

But isn't New Zealand playing a fundamentally dangerous game if she is indeed withdrawing from the world and relying on her isolation for protection? "New Zealand *is* putting its defence in isolation," comments Dr Mediansky, "but why not? It worked for Australia for a long time."

Besides, why should New Zealand bother going to the cost of defending herself when the political concept of "strategic denial" means Australia and the rest of the Western alliance are obliged to defend her anyway? Strategic denial simply means that neither Australia nor America could afford to see New Zealand fall into the hands of an enemy.

"New Zealand is not of particular strategic importance to America," explains Dr Mediansky, "but a New Zealand exploited by a US adversary would be a real problem. Defending her is a question of strategic denial rather than positive benefit."

Therefore, she must be defended by somebody and guess who picks up the tab? But what of New Zealand's dissipated dollar? What role, if any, does that play in a Switzerland of the South Pacific? Because there's not much point in running the safest country on earth if there's no one left to run it for. Like Ireland, New Zealand has been exporting her population for many years. But lop 20 percent from the exchange rate and the population haemorrhage is tourniqueted to a fiscal trickle.

Added to the gradual decline of the Kiwi dollar in relation to other currencies, including the Aussie dollar, it means your average Kiwi loses a mint just by taking his money out of the country. For instance, a bloke getting on a plane at Auckland with $NZ10,000 finds his money is worth about $6,000 when he gets off at Sydney. Powerful incentive indeed to stay home.

The benefits of an NZ dollar that has the economic clout of the Bolivian peso, of course, is that Aussies can become twice as rich simply by going there. If you have $10,000 Australian and a ticket to New Zealand, it's worth $14,000 the moment you land. For successful, homesick Kiwis that's a powerful incentive to go home.

New Zealand exports now cost less in Australian shops. For example, you can buy a New Zealand lettuce cheaper in Sydney than you can grow it yourself. But, as New Zealand is now finding out, Australia and the rest of the world is not exactly clamoring for her products.

There is another catch if you're an average, tax-paying Kiwi. If you're unlucky enough to be stuck in New Zealand just watch prices go through the roof over the next few years as the cost of imports hits home. Those antique cars on Kiwi roads will have to go a hell of a lot further than they have already.

How the average bloke in New Zealand will react to this price explosion remains to be seen. He may eventually get sick of living off orange milk shakes in a log cabin and driving to work in a 1946 Austin. In any event, no choice. The velvet bars of a devaluation prison and an isolated economy will see to that.

In a way it seems only fair that even if New Zealand can get a cheap ride into the year 2000, Kiwis will be travelling on the bones of their arses.

HOW CONSUMER PRICES COMPARE

These 10 items give some idea of how New Zealand prices compare with those in Australia. All prices are quoted in Australian dollars.

	NEW ZEALAND	AUSTRALIA
Holden Commodore (automatic and air-conditioned)	$18,369	$13,243
One litre supergrade petrol	52 cents	50 cents
Three-bedroom, weatherboard home, middle-level city suburb	$46,000	$70,000 plus
National 22" color TV	$860	$699
National VHS cordless remote VCR	$928	$729
Sunbeam steam and dry iron	$43.58	$43
Medium quality three-piece men's suit	$230	$250
Medium quality men's shoes	$40	$70
2-3 litre cask wine	$8.81	$5.59
Dozen large bottles of beer	$12.65	$9.60

To illustrate the huge difference the conversion rate makes, a Kiwi selling his house in Auckland might get $79,000 in New Zealand currency. When he arrives in Sydney he finds it is only worth $45,000 Australian. A Sydney man flying to New Zealand with only $45,000 in his pocket would be able to buy NZ $79,000 and purchase the Auckland man's home outright. However, the Aussie would find buying a Holden Commodore in New Zealand far more painful. Even though he might have $13,243 in cash (enough to buy a Commodore outright in Australia) he would find himself $5000 short of a new Commodore in New Zealand. The price tag on a Commodore there is NZ $31,590 which converts to A$18,369.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE WAYDA

INNOCENT ABROAD

A storybook start in life gave sensual Cindy Brooks an endless appetite for adventure.

Believe it or not this is Little Bo-Peep you're looking at. . . the grown-up version. Scrumptious Cindy Brooks used to play Little Bo-Peep when she was a little girl in the fantasy fun park her father owned. If you'd known Bo-Peep was going to look like this when she grew up, you'd have kept in touch wouldn't you? Well, not to worry, the way she's moving Cindy may get to your home town yet. Ever since she gave away the fun park and collected a history degree at university, Cindy has been on the road having fun. She's not ashamed to admit she hasn't had to work terribly hard over the years. In fact, she's spent most of her time, wait for it, playing polo. That's right, the jetset game with the horses that Prince Charles always plays when he's in Australia. But when you're beautiful and desirable like Cindy, good things just have a habit of happening to you. And if you're lucky enough to fall in with the polo crowd, why not ride with it?

"I must have an adventuresome heart or something but I like to have the opportunities that a new city seems to bring me. Evidently I am the type of person who enjoys innocence, not knowing exactly where I'm going. I find that interesting and exciting, or else I wouldn't do it. I think it's exciting to meet new people and put myself in different situations and have to cope with it."

Men who meet smashing Cindy for the first time are inevitably overwhelmed by the combination of sophistication and sheer sensuality. This is a woman in her thirties we're talking about here, she knows what she likes, knows what she wants from life. . . and is used to getting it. But after a few minutes of casual conversation it becomes obvious that Cindy has lost none of her little girl charm. Indeed, she says one of the big attractions for her is a man who looks like he can take care of her and protect her from the big, bad world. It all adds to the considerable allure of this intoxicating girl-woman with the jetset style and unaffected innocence. Naturally there is no shortage of storybook princes who want to protect Little Bo-Peep from all the wolves out there. Just join the queue.

"My father was one of the first people to build a storybook park. It was called Fantasyland and I grew up with that as my backyard. I was Little Bo-Peep. I worked there even through university. I lived in a fantasy world and I don't think I've ever grown up yet."

MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Cindy Brooks

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Cindy Brooks

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 52kg

BIRTH DATE: 11/5/51 SIGN: Taurus,

AMBITIONS: To find a man who can share all the love I have to give in a world that is free and at peace.

TURN-ONS: Having breakfast in a beautiful setting

TURN-OFFS: Sitting in traffic, insincerity, deception, freezing temperatures

FAVORITE BOOKS: All Quiet on the Western Front, Inside the Third Reich, Gone with the Wind

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Richard Chamberlain, Jessica Lange, Derek Jacobi, Meryl Streep, Vivien Leigh

FAVORITE SPORTS: Polo!!

IDEAL MAN: ambitious, intelligent, well-built body, a ready smile, attentiveness, loving and fun.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Amadeus, Tootsie, Taming of the Shrew, Streetcar named Desire

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The cannibal was wandering through the jungle with his son in search of food. The young lad was feeling pretty hungry and kept pestering his father as to when they were going to have dinner.

"The trouble with you youngsters is that you're so impatient," the father chastised.

Suddenly they came upon a clearing and spied a lovely naked maiden frolicking in a lagoon.

"Geez, Dad," enthused the lad, "can we go down and eat her now?"

"Look, I told you to be patient," the father replied. "We'll go down, capture her, take her home and eat your mother!"

A fellow with no arms turned up at Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris in reply to a job vacancy for a bell-ringer. Quasimodo answered the door, but suggested the armless man was unsuitable for the position until the applicant explained that he was fully trained and rang the bells with his head.

Quasimodo said he'd give the fellow a go, so the armless man set about his task. He ran toward the first bell and smashed his head against it successfully, and repeated the action with several more bells until the last attempt, when he missed the bell completely and crashed out of the window down to the pavement several floors below.

Old Quasimodo struggled down the cathedral stairs and when he got to the mangled body a man in the crowd shouted out, "Who was he?" to which Quasimodo replied, "I don't know, but his face sure rings a bell!"

The next morning the deceased man's brother turned up at Notre Dame to apply for the still-vacant job. And he was armless too. Quasimodo remained unimpressed until the new man explained that he also rang the bells with his head and would show the employer what he was made of.

He ran toward the bells just like his brother, making them ring perfectly until at the last bell he missed and plummeted to the ground, landing in practically the same spot as the previous day.

The old hunchback was shocked at the recurrence and limped down the stairs and on to the pavement where the blood-stained body lay. A voice from the crowd boomed out, "Who was he?"

Old Quasimodo scratched his head and replied, "I don't know, but he's a dead ringer for his brother!"

Life's not worth living," complained the drinker to his mate at the pub after work.

"Aw, c'mon, Jim," his friend replied, "things can't be that bad."

"Can't they?" Jim retorted. "Last night my missus told me that the only reason she doesn't divorce me is because her vibrator can't mow the lawn!"

Gerry worked in a pickle factory and one day he visited a psychiatrist and told him that he was very happy with his job but had an overwhelming desire to place his penis in the pickle cutter.

The psychiatrist was rather shocked by this revelation and started the guy on an intensive therapy course.

At the end of six months of treatment, Gerry rang the psychiatrist and told him that the obsession had been too overwhelming and he had finally done it.

"My God, Gerry!" came the reply. "You put your penis in the pickle cutter! Whatever happened?"

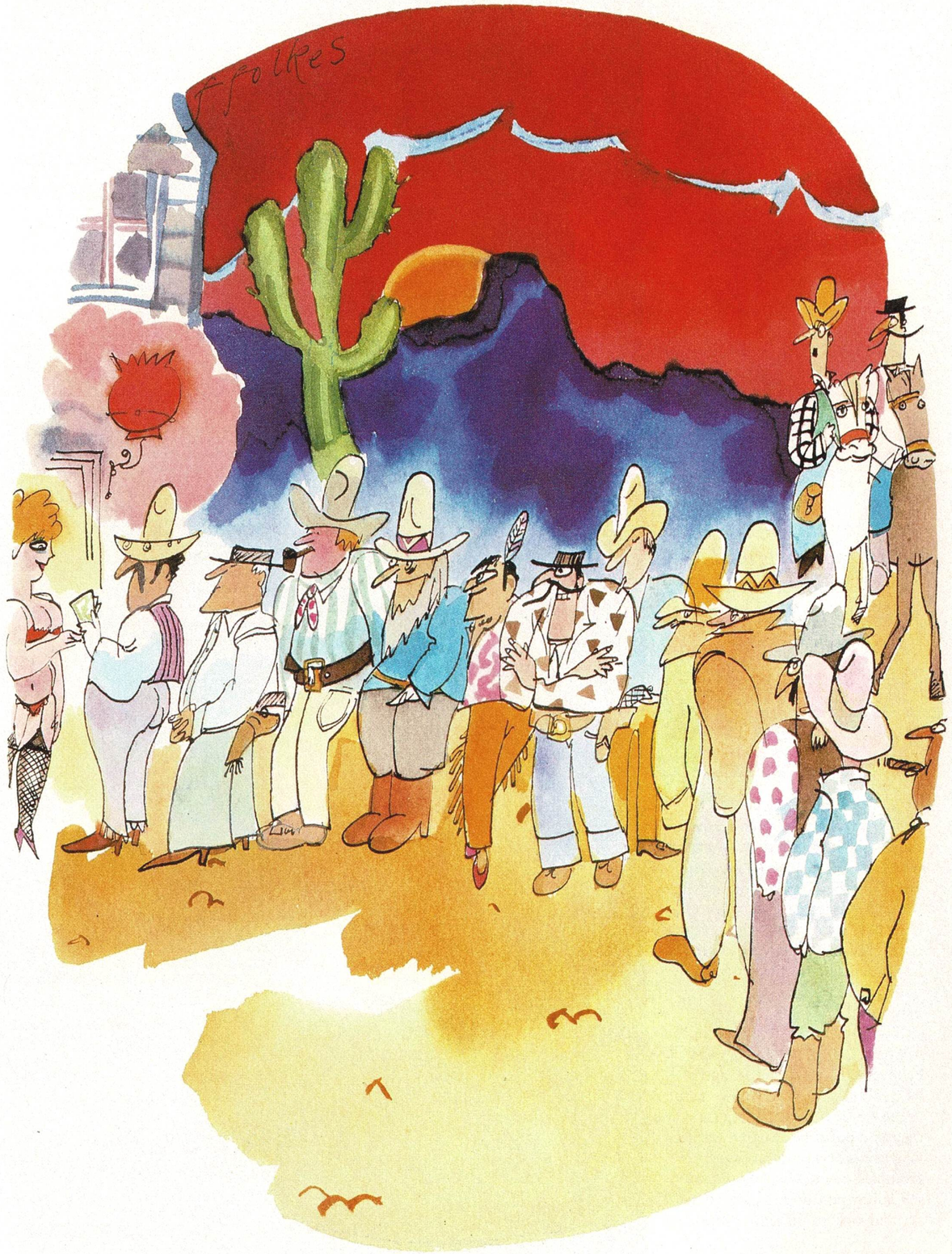
"She absolutely loved it!"

While indicating a distance of about four inches between her thumb and forefinger, a newly qualified female navy helicopter pilot explained a particularly rough landing this way: "You'd have trouble judging distances, too, if since the age of 16 you'd been told that this was seven inches."

Said a writer of porn who'd been stricken
By a lovely who made his pulse quicken:
"Just the thought of your twat
Has suggested a plot —
And, my dear, it's beginning to thicken!"

And then there was the bloke whose tongue was so long that when he stuck it out for the doctor, it was the nurse who went "Aaaaah!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.*



"No, what I said was this is a one-whore town."

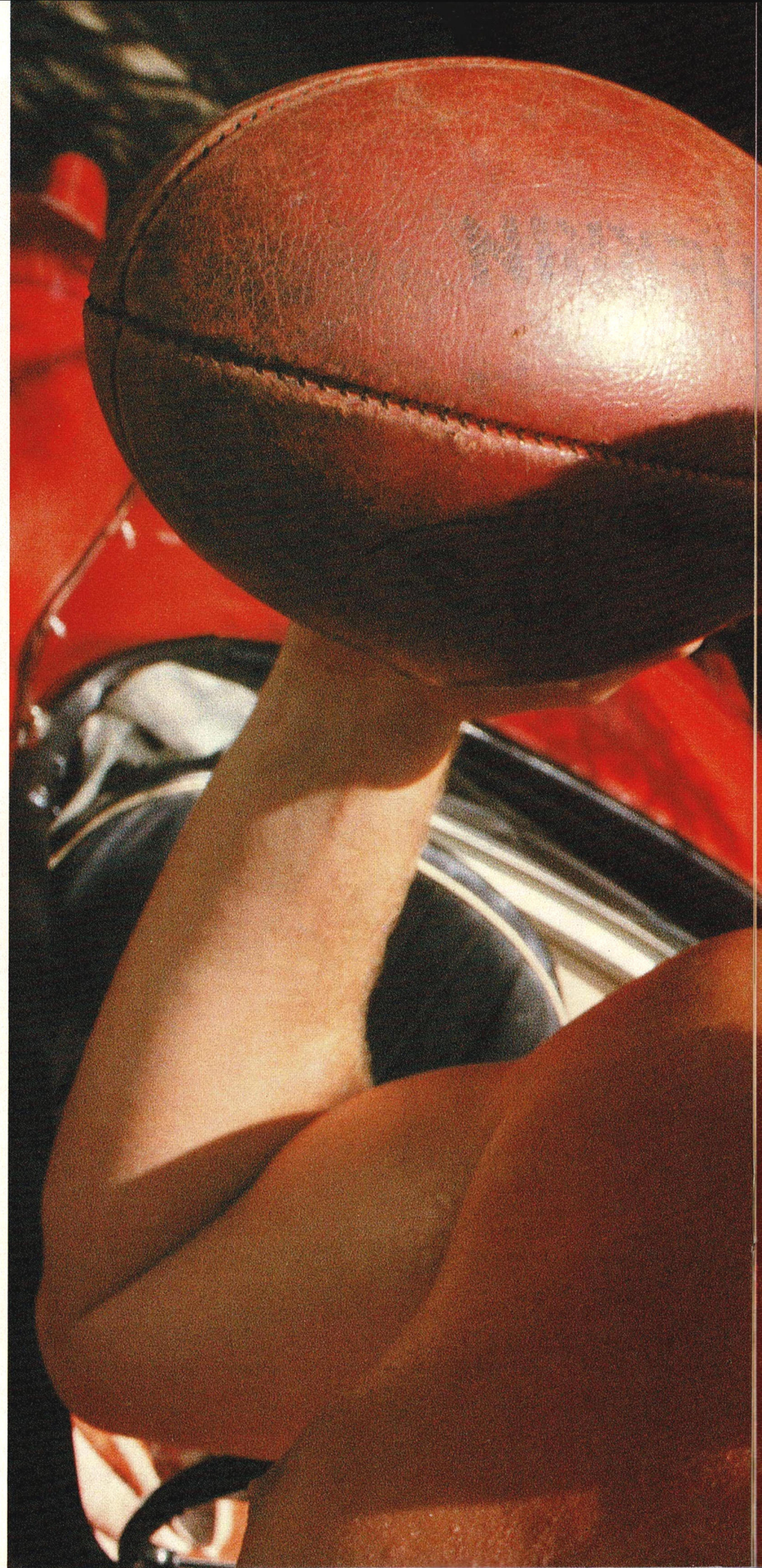
Some say the VFL's Mark Jackson is mad — but he's a lot closer to making a million bucks than you are.

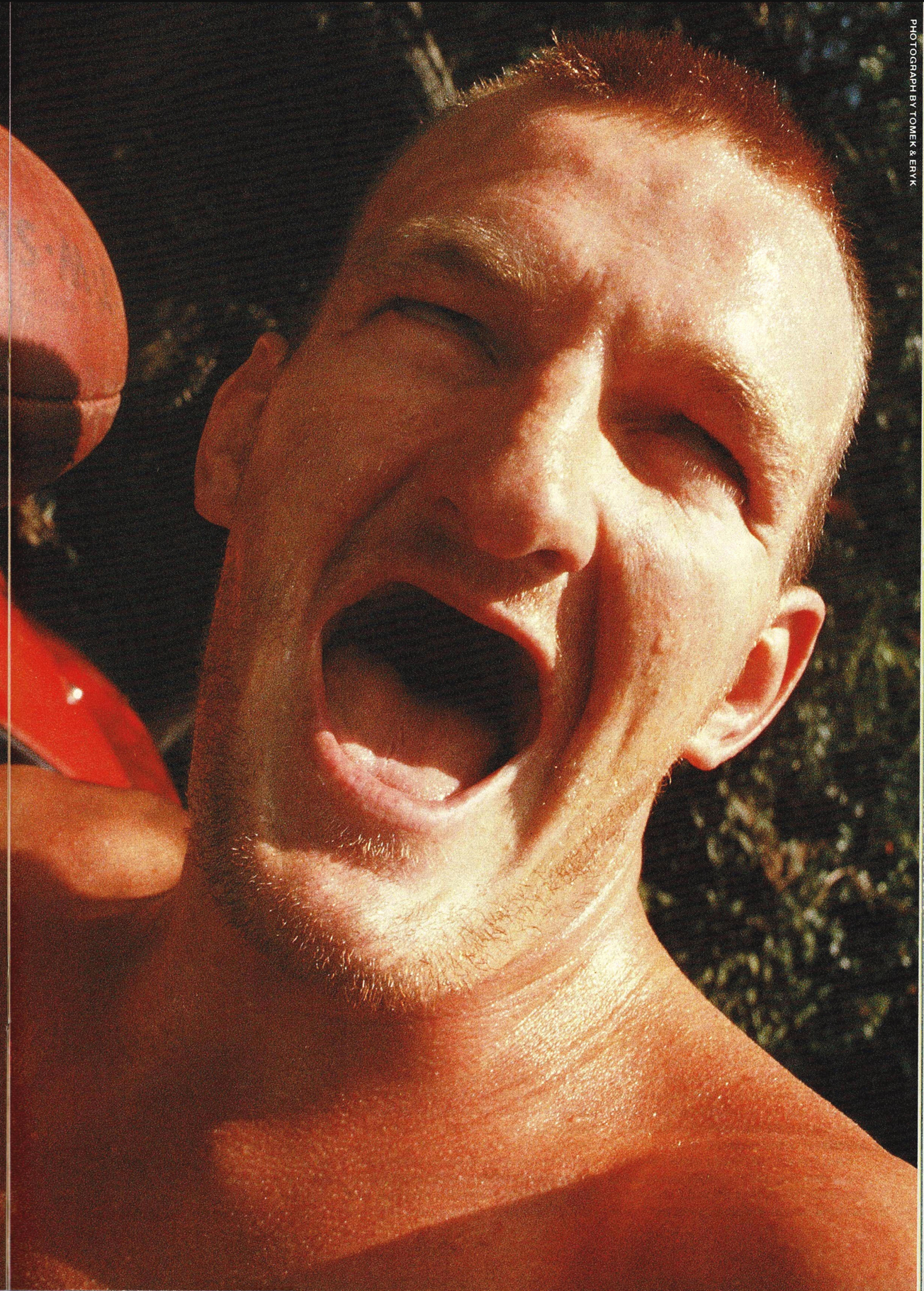
IS THIS THE SMARTEST MAN IN FOOTBALL?

THE FOOTY followers couldn't believe their eyes. Down there on the playing ground, down there on that sacred turf, where blood and sweat are shed for the honor of the team and the game is supposed to be played for real, was this crazy footballer, this crew-cut, toothless hoon on his hands doing a very undignified donkey-kick handstand?

His opponent, classy Hawthorn full back Kelvin Moore, couldn't believe it either. A minute ago he'd told this relatively new chum to the ranks of the VFL big time that he'd never be a full forward as long as his arse pointed to the ground. So here was this oversized schoolboy pointing his arse to the sky and kicking his legs around

Profile by
PETER OLSZEWSKI





PHOTOGRAPH BY TOMEK & ERYK

With determined chin pointing at goal, Jacko lines up the posts.

like a rabid mule. Kelvin Moore and the crowd had just experienced Mark Jackson, professional lair, for the first time, and that donkey kick permanently etched Mr Jackson into the minds of ardent VFL followers. He worked at the image, becoming big, bad and mad Jacko, the one-man mean machine. But, while most footy followers may be convinced Jacko is right off his rocker, the man himself reveals there is method to his madness.

"Am I mad?" he echoed when I put the one question to him every VFL fan wanted answered. "Well, I'll tell you the truth. The aim of my image is to project that, and I do a pretty good job of it. Like any bloke who entertains will tell you, you've got to put on a front, and it's that little difference that sticks you out in front of everyone else. So, while I'm probably not the best at what I do on the footy field, I still gain the most exposure because I do it a little differently.

"I've always been a bit of a lair. When I was a kid I used to be a train wrecker and all that sort of crap, but it's just a phase you go through, isn't it? All the kids in our area used to be in it. Used to get the short haircut and go and kick the shit out of some bloke on the way up to the station. I never got into real serious trouble with the cops, but I had a good childhood. I used to hang around in the gangs, get into the gear and go and play pool up at Boronia. We were just normal suburban blokes. I'd say I was a normal kid. I was a skinhead, then I turned surfie, then I turned punk and now I've turned good lookin'.

"The lair in me came out naturally in my early days of footy. I was very aggressive and people used to say, 'Oh gee. He's mad. Did you see what he did then?' But when I began playing to bigger crowds, I gradually learnt I could turn it into a source of entertainment as well. And you can use it to decide whether they're with you or against you. If the crowd's against you, you can win 'em. And if you don't want them with you, you can turn them against you.

"And I don't do normal stuff on the field. I try to unbalance other people by playing the part of a mad man, and that's how I get around doing my job. Psychologically unbalanced is probably a good way of describing it. I'm not the full two bob once I hit the footy ground because I'm not paid to be. I'm really a football mercenary. I get paid good money to go out and do a job and that's it. That's as far as I take footy. I don't really love footy. I do it for a job. It's there. I know how to go about my job. I know how to get it done. I get it done. And that's it. If anybody stands in my way, well, I get them out of my way because that's what I'm paid to do."

Like most footballers, Jacko likes to psych himself up before a game, but it's not surprising that his warm-up technique is just that little bit different. He likes to bait parking attendants, for instance.

"Before a game," he says, "I just like keeping to myself. I might go out for tea on a Friday night with my girlfriend. I think it's virtually the same for any footballer. You're on edge all the time because the footy seasons are getting longer, and you've got to perform to stay with the big money. You've got to get your job done. As for work-ups before the game, well if I go into a car-park at the ground where I'm playing I might have a go at a car-park attendant, or run him over, or try to run over his foot. That usually gets me going because he starts abusing shit out of me, and then away we go."

Jacko also has a few unusual pre-season warm-up tricks when settling in with whichever side he's playing for. He likes to "hook" blokes from his own side and does this because "you've got to earn respect".

"If you hook someone at training and they can get up and say 'How are ya going?' well you know they're all right. But if they get the shits and walk away and don't talk to you, well they're not worth knowing."

When I ask Jacko what he does when someone from his own team hooks him, he just grins that sly, evil grin of his. "No one hooks me," he says. "No one's that good." But he'd conveniently forgotten about Richmond footballer Maurice Rioli, one of the few who can honestly say they roughed

Jacko up when they were both playing for South Fremantle. When I raise Rioli's name, Jacko's a mite embarrassed.

"Well, Maurice," he concedes, "yeah, that's a good story. We went out on the field and I said something about his wife during the training session. Maurice is an Aboriginal bloke, and anyway nothing eventuated out on the ground. We came in and there was a boxing coach over there in WA called Laurie Flanders, who's my boxing coach now. Maurice was in the ring doing a bit of sparring with Laurie, and I walked past the ring with a can of Coke in my hand. I spat the Coke all over Maurice and said, 'Don't worry about it, Maurice, it's the same color as you.' So Laurie Flanders said, 'Oh, get in the ring.' So I said, 'I'll kill him.' Anyway, I got stripped and got into the ring and gave him the old Victorian handshake, the knee up into the crotch. Laurie said, 'Cut this crap out. Come on, we'll get on with the boxing.'

"So the round went and, fair dinkum, they couldn't find enough bloody fishing line to stitch me up. I was bleeding from everywhere. The eye, the nose, the mouth and my arsehole. He was hitting me that hard. Maurice was a good little boxer, but that was five years ago, and that was then." On the theme of Jacko's on-field madness: while he admits he bungs on a bit of an act to keep the crowd on the edge of their seats, he insists that he is a "smart footballer" and indeed, when Jacko talks about his game, he is a genuine footy technician.

"I rate myself as a very smart footballer," he says. "I think I've got a very good football brain. I'm not overboard with my skills, high marking or pace, *but* I out-think a lot of those blockheads, and when you out-think them you're two steps ahead of them. If they can run quickly you're only one step ahead of them, but usually you stay two paces ahead because the normal bloke you're playing against is a blockhead. You just out-think them. And if you know they're putting in work, you just put in more work. Simple as that.

"I wouldn't let any of the blokes I play with sneak up on me and pass me in the amount of workload I put in. I work on my trade very deeply. I start probably February. I get a list of all our players on the senior list. I find out what foot they can kick with, what foot they can't kick with, how they kick under pressure, and you watch all that at training. Then you go home and do your notes. You've got to memorise about 20 or 30 blokes: where they kick, how far they can kick, are they a deep kick or a short kick, will they make the ball spin, do they hold it up high. You've got to know all this so when a bloke comes out of the centre and he's under a bit of pressure, you know how and where to go. That takes time and you wouldn't know until just on the start of the season what blokes do what with their kicking under pressure. There's a lot of work in that alone."

While Jacko is nobody's mug, and the fans have developed a raucous affection for his on-field improvisations, he's had a rough trot with team management throughout the VFL. He's quite candid in admitting that he doesn't love the game to the exclusion of all else, a view considered sacrilegious in Melbourne.

"Why should I make out I love the game?" he shrugs. "I'm not going to be dishonest about it. I see it as a job. I used to love it, but it's kicked me in the teeth enough. So I do it for the money and as a professional I get paid to do the best job I can for the club that's paying me the most money. Like I said before, I'm more of a mercenary now. I've got no allegiance to anybody. Only my pocketbook."

Although more serious-minded people dismiss Jackson as a raving no-hoper, it must be remembered that he's a lower middle-class suburban boy who made good through sheer stamina. As a youngster he realised football could lift him out of the mortgage-ridden rut most of his mates were

"Why should I make out I love the game?" Jacko shrugs. "I see it as a job. I used to love it, but it's kicked me in the teeth enough."

headed for (those, that is, who weren't headed for prison), and in his early teens he took the game very seriously, making the hard sacrifices which separate champions from the also-rans.

He finished schooling when he was just over 14 (he's now 25), and went to work for his father in the roof-tiling business. He's very proud of his old man, who's the boss of a roofing industry union, but he's even prouder of the fact that he was his own boss at 18.

At the time he left school, he also turned his attentions to achieving that aim of almost every young Victorian boy: to play league footy. He did it with dedication. He trained four nights a week and played the game on Saturday *and* Sunday. He then won a scholarship with the Richmond Football Club and rose up the ranks to captain the under-19s. But in the year he was captain he was reported and realised he wasn't getting on at the club. So he packed his bags and went on a long holiday in Perth, where he met up with Mal Brown, a former Richmond player who was coaching South Fremantle. Brown signed him up and Jacko's career was on the way. According to Jacko, Brown was a good coach because he understood his idiosyncrasies and didn't crowd him.

"Brown was good, because he gave me free rein. He's a big man, and he played as a big man through his footy career. He knew the ups and downs with the big men, and their troubles. When all the young blokes and the small blokes were doing sprints, he'd send me in to do some boxing instead, which is just as hard work. Mal was exciting to play under because he had that real big animal streak down his back, which I switched on to. So I got along all right with him. If he told me to go out and run through a brick wall, I'd go out and run through a brick wall. If he told me to go out and kill someone, I'd go out and kill, because that's the way it was. He was probably one of the better coaches I've played under."

When Jackson transferred to the St Kilda Football Club he bought into the most troubled period of his colorful career. He was sacked by the club halfway through a season.

A list of 30 points for bad behavior had brought Jackson undone and, according to Jacko, the worst thing about the 30 points was "that they were all true" When Jackson sued the club, newspapers had a field day with the list and headlines trumpeted the fact that he'd set his fellow players alight by dropping lit cigarettes in their pockets. Jacko is uncharacteristically quiet about such incidents.

"Forget that," he says, "I sued them. I signed for $120,000 for three years at St Kilda, which I never got. I had to go to court to sue for damages to get the money for the 10 games I actually played. And I ended up getting that. I could have gone on with it and got a lot more, but I didn't really want to go on with it that much. But my dad wanted to, and my solicitor wanted to, but St Kilda put 10 grand in the bank and said, 'If you want to walk out you can walk out now with the 10 grand.' And that episode got left how it was, because there were a lot of things that were going to get uncovered that I didn't really want to uncover.

"But there's another thing about the club. It wasn't as if I wasn't doing my job there. They sacked me halfway through the year when I was averaging four goals a game, in the bottom side. That's the part that shits me off too, you know. Melbourne was bottom the year I first started playing with them, and I kicked 76 goals, in a losing side. The second year I played with them, Melbourne finished fourth last. I kicked 76 goals again in a losing side. When I joined St Kilda they were on the bottom. I kicked 44 goals, an average of four a game. So it's not as if I don't do me job. I think if they just leave me alone and stop believing what a lot of the media write about me, I think the better off I'll be."

And Mark Jackson has high hopes that he'll be much better off this season at Geelong. This could be his big year, providing he stays out of the umpire's way, because he's pleased with the Geelong Club, and particularly his coach, Tommy

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF GEELONG ADVERTISER

Jackson's debut for Geelong, giving Fitzroy's Gary Pert an earful. (Nine goals that day)

Hafey. "I like playing at Geelong," he explains. "It's the best club I've been at. The people are really nice, I've got some good friends down there, and I've worked in quite well. They're probably a bit country and need a little more professionalism, but I'm really happy.

"And Tommy Hafey is probably the best coach I've had. He's a very positive bloke, and he knows what I'm on about. If you put in 100 percent at training, you've won him. When he goes on TV shows he comes across as a very honest bloke. Well, that's what he is. I can go around to Tommy and Maureen's and have myself a cup of tea and make myself at home, whereas other coaches are too hard to approach. And Tommy rings me on Friday night, every Friday night, to have a chat before the game.

"I reckon that's fantastic because coaches just don't do that any more. He's football through and through and I don't see how anybody could burn Tommy."

Mark Jackson treads a very tricky path in football. What makes him stand out from the pack and makes him popular with the crowd is also what makes him earn the wrath of umpires, football commentators and club managers. He's the last of the old-fashioned knucklemen, a leftover from the days when big men dominated the game and a good straightforward thumping was all part of a day's play.

His list of players he likes gives an inkling to what he's about.

"The main blokes I like are blokes such as Brent Crosswell who were prepared to do it their own way. Peter 'Crackers' Keenan, Mal Brown, blokes like that. Snake Baker from North Melbourne. They had that bit of shit, that bit of charisma about them, and they could really make people sit tense in their seats. That's the part I've probably liked. I liked Mal Brown when he threw the ball and hit the umpire right in the head with it. I liked Brent Crosswell when he kicked a goal and would run around the boundary line clapping himself. I liked Crackers Keenan when he knocked out Don Scott, and there's another bloke I like. I like Don Scott. I reckon he's a tremendous bloke and a tremendous leader. Blokes with a bit of color, they're the blokes that do something for me. They mightn't be the best footballers, but they're the most entertaining. There's a lot of vegies playing today, a lot of blokes who shouldn't be playing are playing."

Jackson won't name the footballers he hates the most for obvious reasons, but players whom he feels he must revenge himself upon do end up on his hit list which, he claims, is about 10 men long.

"What I do is keep a record of anything I owe to anybody, and write it up on my locker. You might not get them this year, you mightn't get them next year, but you'll get them the year after. If you go out intending to get a bloke, well the umpires are on you all the time. But I've got the hit list, and I'll get the blokes in my own sweet time and in my own sweet place, and not necessarily on the ground."

He laughs long and hard over this revelation, and then tells me how players earn a guernsey on his hit list. "Probably the same way I get on theirs. From dirty things, and I'm a self-professed dirty player. If a bloke gives me one and I can't get him back that day, well I owe him one, don't I? So you're only getting tit for tat."

Any player who owns up to being a dirty player, and particularly one who enjoys awarding himself the title publicly, is going to get it in the neck from umpires. And, of course, Jacko has. So much so that recently he complained, "You can't be tough in football anymore. One biff and you're out."

He expounds on this theory: "The game is not as rough as it used to be. They've put lines across the centre, they've put the extra umpire in and the crowds are dropping off. Why don't they just revert back to what it was? Normal football, how it was played years ago. You could biff a bloke now and then and you used to have umpires with a bit of character. They might see it and run past and say 'Well, you're even now' or

(continued on page 131)

"Gosh, Melanie — you're beautiful when you're angry!"

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL COX

20 QUESTIONS: RICHARD CARLETON

One of Australia's most witty, authoritative and impertinent interviewers talks about some of the ABC's great cock-ups and gives us an insight into Aunty's new direction.

The ABC's Richard Carleton has been branded, by no less a figure than Bob Hawke, as the most impertinent journalist in Australia.

That is quite an achievement in a country world-famous for the impertinence of its journalists. Hawke would have been somewhat biased when he attacked Carleton, of course. That was back when Hawke replaced Bill Hayden as leader of the ALP and set the stage for a clear run at The Lodge. On Nationwide that night Carleton had asked in his deceptively bland and ingenuous tone how Hawke felt now that he had Bill Hayden's blood on his hands.

It was a question typical of Carleton's confrontational soft-shoe style and has become part of the folklore that surrounds him. Other reporters may have wanted to ask Hawke that question. Carleton was the man with the nerve to do it and to accept the consequences — a vehement dressing down on national TV.

Now, as we all know, there is life on the ABC after Nationwide and it's called The National, with Richard Carleton once again supplying his witty, authoritative and sometimes sly commentaries from Sydney. The jury is still out as far as The National is concerned but if it fails it won't be Carleton's fault. He has supported the concept from the outset and says he is all in favor of experimentation and innovation at the ABC.

Now 41, Carleton was educated at Sydney Grammar School and graduated from the University of New South Wales as a bachelor of commerce specialising in statistics. A former editor of his university's student newspaper, Tharunka, he joined the ABC as a trainee in 1967, became a radio reporter, and in 1969 joined the staff of This Day Tonight, the landmark current affairs TV show of its day. In 1970 he was appointed TDT's man in Canberra, a position he held for five years, to be followed by a four-year flurry in which he worked for Macquarie Radio, and did a stint in London with the BBC.

He returned to join Nationwide as Canberra correspondent in 1979. According to the ABC publicity department, his favorite pastime is trout fishing.

Australian PLAYBOY sent associate editor ***Paul Mann*** *to talk to the arch interviewer in Canberra. Mann reports: "I found a man surprisingly different to his on-screen image. While television flatters most people and often makes them look more glamorous and larger than life, it does Carleton a disservice. Television diminishes Richard Carleton: he is taller and better looking than he appears on the small screen. I expected a man of almost machiavellian craftiness but he isn't at all devious; he is open, frank and quite engaging. I believe him when he says there is never a scrap of hostility in any of the questions he asks — he is simply trying to take the quickest possible route to the heart of an issue, and if that ruffles a few feathers on the way, well, to use his own words, 'so be it'."*

1.

PLAYBOY: The ABC is notorious for its technical blunders and we've seen you cope with some classics during your years at *Nationwide*. How do you remain so calm?
CARLETON: Well, there's a premise to that question. I don't know that there have been all that terribly many...

2.

PLAYBOY: We've noticed some monumental cock-ups on the ABC.
CARLETON: Oh yes, well, I'm not going to dispute facts [*laughs*]. Some of the cock-ups, of course, involve the rolling of tapes. I've probably recorded something earlier and I'm at home watching it so I'm not called upon to respond; it falls back on either Geraldine Doogue or Peter Couchman in Melbourne.

3.

PLAYBOY: What happens when you've got a live debate in the studio involving senior politicians and you need to refer to some film and either it doesn't roll or it's the wrong footage altogether? There you are, trying to hold together a complicated situation with the added imposition of technical problems. What keeps you from unravelling on air?
CARLETON: Well, I like to look upon myself as calm in those circumstances. I'm not calm afterwards as anyone here will vouch for. There was one memorable occasion when we had a new bloke on the autocue, the machine which keeps the words rolling that I'm reading. He became so interested in what I was saying that he forgot to keep running the autocue. He was watching me on a TV monitor and then he was wondering why I stopped. I mean, what do you do? There's a bloke, all he's got to do in life is turn the knob and he just failed... what can you do?

4.

PLAYBOY: Do you think sophisticated live broadcasts have gone beyond the competence of the ABC?
CARLETON: Well, they're not technical feats, they're everyday things. Or they should be. But the simple fact of the matter is that the ABC equipment is, in many respects, substandard and some of the ABC staff have suffered from the lack of training that has come from the cuts the ABC has endured from '76 onwards.

5.

PLAYBOY: Do you support the argument that the ABC is now less professional in its handling of current affairs than the commercial networks?
CARLETON: It depends how you're going to interpret "professional".

6.

PLAYBOY: That production and presentation are less polished.
CARLETON: Necessarily so. We haven't got instant roll video here, all those other expensive gadgets the commercials have. Our mixing panel here isn't 1990 by a long shot. But there are huge capital investments involved and you've got to make do with what's there. Look, there's no getting away from the fact that the ABC's got enormous problems.

7.

PLAYBOY: Are viewers supposed to make allowances for those problems?
CARLETON: Well, they do because to some extent they still watch [*laughs*].

8.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that can continue?
CARLETON: I'm sure the ABC's on a cusp now, we're at the beginning of a new renaissance. The ABC still does some pretty grand things, you know. *Scales Of Justice* for example. I don't want to suggest that three hours of television done 18 months

ago is enough for an organisation of this size but we're still involved in some pretty adventurous television.

9.

PLAYBOY: Has the ABC lost the race as far as current affairs is concerned?
CARLETON: I know that feeling is around. We're in a slightly different market to *60 Minutes*, Mike Willesee, Terry Willesee and the like but *Nationwide* didn't rate too badly, you know. It was the ABC's top-rating show, especially in Sydney and Melbourne. Sydney is an extraordinarily tough market and if ratings are an important measure, then *Nationwide* was no disgrace.

10.

PLAYBOY: One of your characteristics is the tongue-in-cheek broadcast, those occasions when you appear to be amused by the Canberra merry-go-round, the nuances and subtleties which are really of interest only to those people who live and work in Canberra. At times it appears that you are taking the piss out of the political process...
CARLETON: How could you possibly assume such a thing? [*laughs*] That's outrageous. I'll sue for that! Goodness gracious, how could you assume something like that?

11.

PLAYBOY: Do you deny that you...
CARLETON: Take the piss? I deny that I take the piss out of people, that's quite an improper suggestion.

12.

PLAYBOY: The process?
CARLETON: Well, I think the audience is interested in some of the foibles of Canberra. The only guide you have is the phone calls and letters. Let's look at this one. [*Opens an envelope on his desk*] One call in Sydney. Friday [*Reads*] "R. Carleton is arrogant, opinionated and very biased." Nothing else about me. Do I conclude from that that everybody else was very satisfied with what I'd done?

13.

PLAYBOY: What about the Carleton smirk?
CARLETON: I'm not a newsreader. Under the present system, the ABC newsreader delivers it straight down the barrel. Well, that's not my job, is it? My job is to give another angle, another approach, and the management, presumably, is satisfied.

14.

PLAYBOY: What about that smirk?
CARLETON: Well, it is amusing sometimes. Look at that Telecom report — the one we did about the Telecom employee who had been caught winding back the meter on his home phone and had not been prosecuted. Apparently he wasn't prosecuted because they didn't want the community to know that sort of thing went on in Telecom. I mean that's just bureaucracy gone mad and I think that's amusing. I mean, am I supposed to retell that without a smile?

15.

PLAYBOY: What are your political leanings?
CARLETON: When you get so close to politics you tend to become an Issues Person. You know, let's find the issue and make the right decision.

16.

PLAYBOY: Are you a swinging voter?
CARLETON: I've voted both ways. I'm 41. I've been voting for 20 years, there must have been 10 or more polls in that time. I mean, has one side been right, unquestionably, for 20 years?

17.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been privy to information which you haven't disclosed on air but which has made you change your vote?
CARLETON: No. Oh, except in the sense of knowing the politicians better than the bloke in Mount Isa who doesn't see too many of them.

18.

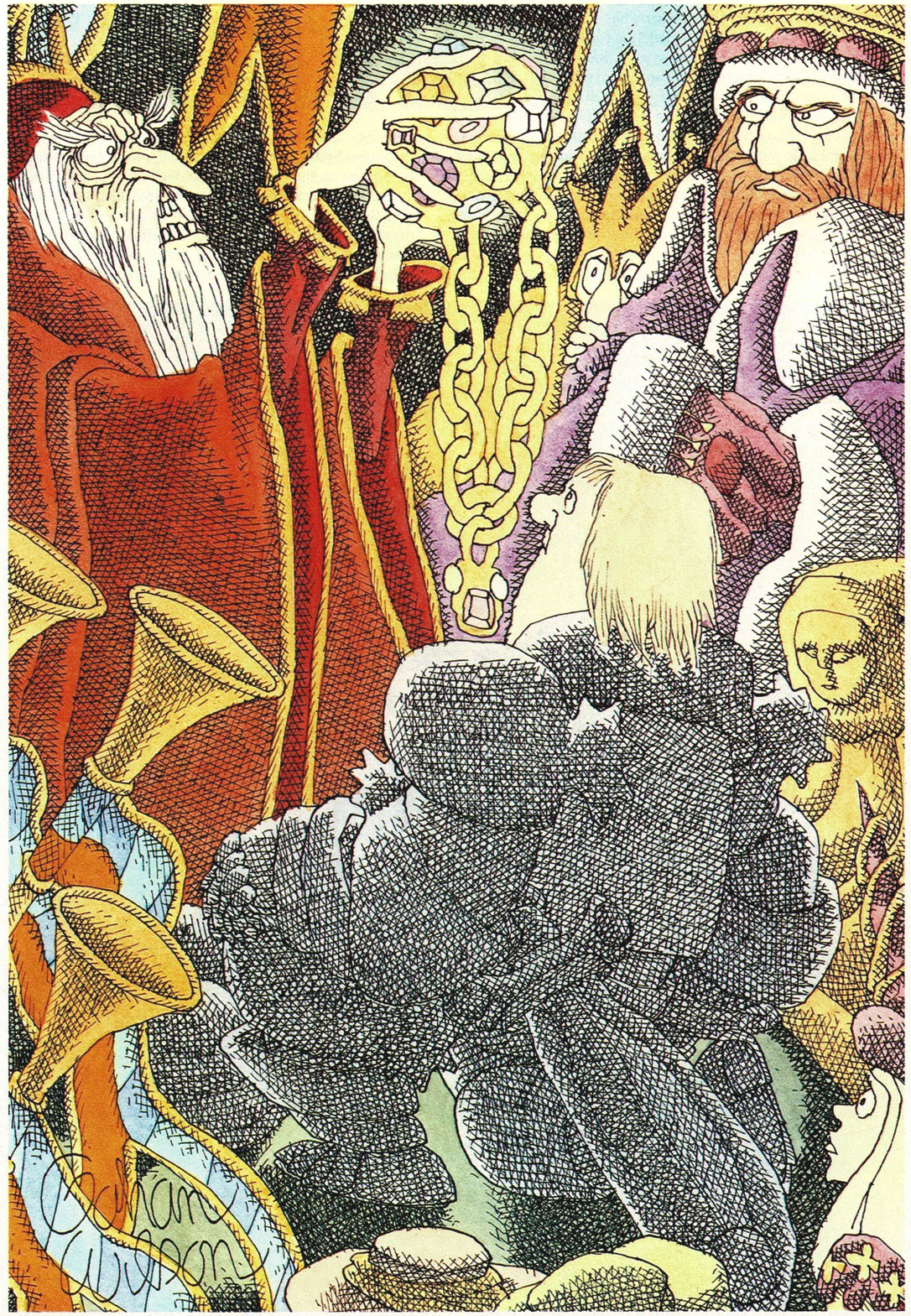
PLAYBOY: Would you leave the ABC if you were offered your own hour-long current affairs show on commercial television?
CARLETON: The television industry in Australia, especially in my area, is very, very narrow. There are great advantages and considerable drawbacks and exactly the same applies to the commercials. I'm happy working at the ABC notwithstanding the frustrations. At the right time and place I could work for other people too, either here or overseas.

19.

PLAYBOY: Will *The National* solve the ABC's current affairs problem?
CARLETON: It's a gigantic problem and they're making an effort to do something about it. But let's not lose sight of what happened to *Nationwide*. *Nationwide* was killed because it was a success. It was the best-rating show on the ABC. I'm enchanted the ABC did not make the same mistake with *Nationwide* that it made with *This Day Tonight*. *This Day Tonight* was a grand success in Australian television but, my God, it took a long time to die and when it died it was hardly moving. It should have been killed three years before. To my way of thinking, *Nationwide* was killed when it was at its peak and that was a good time to kill it, rather than when it got down in the pits.

20.

PLAYBOY: What do you feel should be the format for *The National*?
CARLETON: Well, there are great difficulties in blending news and current affairs. What do you do with the big story of the day? Sixty seconds of encapsulating the dry facts, then four or five minutes of interpretation? If you do that, do you run the first five minutes of your bulletin on this one subject? Then what about the 50 percent of your audience who couldn't give a damn about that subject and want to hear items two and three? Do you ask them to wait five minutes? That's hard, you know, you supposedly can't ask them to do that. Do you maintain a distinction between news and current affairs? If there was a perfect answer it would have been done years ago. But it's good to see the ABC out there taking a chance, trying it. If it fails, let's kill it and get on with something else.



"With the wearing of this mystic talisman you will never be plagued by any of the minor ailments usually handled by over-the-counter drugs!"

A pictorial salute to 10 of the best from the biggest and brashest city in Australia.

THE GIRLS OF SYDNEY

Love it or loathe it, Sydney is where the action is. Sure there's too much traffic and the roads are impossible, certainly there's pollution and there's crime, definitely there are crowd scenes downtown that would terrify Cecil B. De Mille, and the price of a luxury flat in the city has gone over a million bucks. But Sydney is certainly the liveliest city in Australia. It pumps all of the nation's adrenalin. Like New York, Sydney never stops. Something is going on somewhere every minute of the day and night. Sydney is where the deals are made, where there are always more construction cranes on the skyline than anywhere else in Australia, Sydney is where brilliant careers have room to grow, Sydney is where the big money is.

Then, of course, there's Bondi, the bridge, the harbor, the shopping and the nightlife, the scandals and the incredible characters. Sydney is where a millionaire will have fish and chips with champagne on the Manly ferry and where anybody with a couple of hundred dollars can rent a seaplane and feel like James Bond by flying from Rose Bay to the Hawkesbury for lunch. Brash and beautiful, sprawling, sweltering and scintillating, fast, frightening and fabulous, even its critics have to admit that Sydney is never dull.

And neither are its women. Sydney women are different to women in other Aussie cities and towns. More fashion conscious perhaps, more career oriented, a touch more liberated and, because of the scores of beautiful, easily accessible beaches, definitely more body conscious.

When we put out the word that we were looking for girls to appear in a pictorial tribute to Sydney we knew there would be plenty of interest but even *we* were surprised. It may have something to do with the fact that Sydney girls seem a little more carefree, easygoing and open about baring their bodies than their sisters in other states but we clocked up an astonishing 480 hopefuls.

For three days they trooped to the Hardy Amies suite at Sydney's famous hotel of the stars, the Sebel Town House, for photo auditions and kept photographer Rico Mettbach so busy he got a blister on his trigger finger.

After many red-eyed hours poring over photographs in the Australian PLAYBOY boardroom, we decided to round off the finalists at a Top 10. We think we've found a range of women who reflect the diversity of Sydney.

So fill your glass, make yourself comfortable and enjoy our tribute to the marvellous girls of Sydney.

No mistaking this location is there? There's only one place on earth with a backdrop like that. And it takes a spunk like 23-year-old Deborah McKinlay to make it even more memorable.

Deborah emigrated to Australia from Scotland when she was just a youngster and says she chose to live in Sydney simply because "it's the most beautiful city in the world".

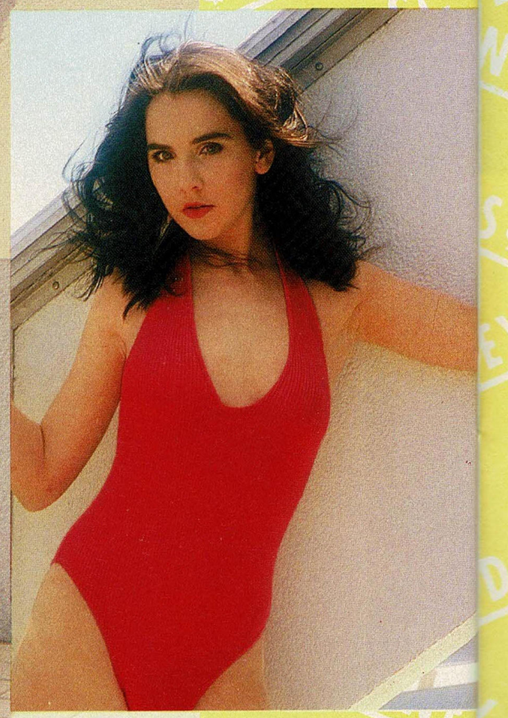
"It's cosmopolitan, stimulating and the way of life is very fast, which I love and, best of all, it's surrounded by the most beautiful beaches," she enthuses.

Deborah is a secretary at a prestigious Sydney finance house although she says she wants to own a fashion boutique. In the meantime, she says one of her favorite thrills is riding pillion on motorbikes. . . fast.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER CARRETTE AND RICO METTBACH

Sweet Kimberley Geary was paralysed with fright when she turned up for her photo audition and says she had to try not to shake too much during the test shoot. The shots for the pictorial were another story. Kimberley had surprised herself with a new-found confidence mostly because her friends and family all agreed she was perfect PLAYBOY material and have backed her all the way.

Nineteen-year-old Kimberley is a graphic artist who hopes to be a creative director one day. Born in the southern suburb of Engadine, she shares a flat with a girlfriend at Maroubra. Her ambition, she says, is to travel slowly all around Australia and really get to know the whole country, then to settle down in Sydney.



Lovely Linda Gregory, 23, is a cocktail waitress at one of Sydney's biggest hotels. She's also a trained beautician although her big interest is flying and she's thinking of becoming an air hostess. And that gave us the idea of taking Linda on a helicopter tour of Sydney so we could do a few aerial shots, the likes of which no one has done before. Now this really is Sydney at its best from the air.

Linda, who was born in Brisbane but now lives in Sydney's Mosman, says all her friends were impressed when she was chosen to appear in the pictorial. She says the main reaction has been "Great — if you've got the body, go for it."

As you can see, Linda does have the body.

When lovely Liana Cambridge posed for this shot in Sydney's Hyde Park she almost sparked mass coronaries in an early morning troupe of elderly Japanese tourists. When the old blokes had got over their amazement you should have heard the cameras clicking.

As you might have guessed, 22-year-old Liana is a fitness instructor and she wants to have her own gymnasium some day. Liana grew up at Picnic Point though she chooses to live in the western suburb of Liverpool.

She says she went along to the photo audition out of curiosity with a couple of friends to give her moral support. "I was really pleased and flattered that I was accepted into the pictorial . . . but a little surprised," she smiled.

Can't imagine why.

Blonde Bondi beauty Carol-Ann Edelkoort emigrated from Holland to Australia with her family when she was just a youngster. She chooses to live at Sydney's celebrated Bondi because she loves having the ocean on her doorstep. She explains she enjoys the color and action of Bondi Beach too because it's always changing. Carol-Ann is 24 and works as a translator in the city. She tells us she auditioned for Australian PLAYBOY "as a challenge". Her friends have been eagerly awaiting this issue, she says.

Louise McDonald, 23, is a Kiwi who came to Sydney seven years ago to attend an acting school. She lives in Chatswood on Sydney's leafy, upmarket North Shore and hopes that appearing in Australian PLAYBOY might get her noticed by some keen-eyed movie talent scout.

"I know it's a tough business but I am determined to get somewhere," she says. Louise has appeared in TV commercials and as an extra in several movies but she's still looking for that one movie part "that gives me the chance to show what I can really do".

Eva Wood got the thumbs down from mum when she announced she'd be appearing in a nude pictorial but 22-year-old Eva says she's strong-willed and decided it would be exciting.

Another cocktail waitress, Eva has lived all her life in Lane Cove and says her big interest is astrology. "After all," she says, "it governs who we are."

And Eva's taste in Sydney men? "I like a man who's a man," she purrs.

Gorgeous Rene Stephens recently finished her HSC and wants to continue her studies to become an art teacher. A bit of a work of art herself, Rene loves fashion design and still hopes to pursue a sideline in design. Only 19, Rene lives in the grand old suburb of Strathfield and says it was her mum who suggested she audition for the pictorial.

"Like lots of girls I had always thought about trying it and this was an opportunity to see if I had what it takes without going through the grind of modelling agencies or putting together a portfolio," she explains.

It worked. Rene impressed us and you too we suspect, and she's been busy doing promotional work for Australian PLAYBOY ever since she introduced herself to us.

Wouldn't it be nice if all bank clerks were as luscious as 19-year-old Michelle Bray? Michelle was born in Sydney's posh Eastern Suburbs, although she chooses to live in Kareela in the south because she claims it's the best beach in Sydney. "I'm only five minutes from the water and I like to get into it just about every weekend," she explains. Michelle is candid enough to admit that she does not see a big future for herself in banking. "I'd love to be a model but I don't know where to begin. When I heard about The Girls Of Sydney pictorial it seemed like the perfect opportunity to have some photographs taken and see what potential I have."

Sharon Coleman, 19, might just be the best-looking computer programmer in Sydney. Talk about an Apple a day! Sharon was born in the southern beach suburb of Maroubra and has no desire to move away yet. A part-time model, Sharon hopes PLAYBOY will help her career.

"I thought it would be lots of fun to appear in Australian PLAYBOY" she told us. "PLAYBOY is a prestigious magazine and I wouldn't have done it for any other."

Australian PLAYBOY wishes to express its gratitude to the staff and management of the Gazebo Ramada Hotel, Sydney, for allowing us to use locations around the pool and the Tower Suite. And special thanks go to yachtie extraordinaire Tony Vic who happily supplied his lavishly appointed yacht, **The Great Gatsby**, for entertaining the girls in grand style during location shots on the harbor.

All you should know about getting up and going down in ultralights.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

I AM strapped into something resembling a stack-a-chair, suspended in a tangle of wires like an insect caught in a giant spider's web. Above me is a brilliant canopy of sun-gold dacron. My feet jut forward into space, and to the sides and below there is nothing, but for the sweep of Sydney's Palm Beach and spectacular Barrenjoey Headland. Behind, the soft blurting of the engine is almost drowned in the rush of air in my face, the whistle of the wind in the wires. This is pure magic. This is flying like a bird. The machine that

Flight by **ROB LUCK**

PHOTOGRAPH: ROB LUCK, IAN BOYD

makes this miracle come alive is called an ultralight. For those who think that an ultralight is something that comes in a stubbie, lubricates parties and steers you away from collisions with the law, there may be some readjustment necessary. This type of ultralight is an affordable, powered aircraft that requires no licence, takes off and lands in as little as 20 metres and can lift you into the skies for $7000 or so.

It looks like a dragonfly, hums like a mosquito, soars like a seagull and is the very cheapest way to experience man's oldest dream: to wing it with the birds.

The ultralight aircraft is as old as Icarus, the mythical Greek flyer who crashed after his wax-and-feather wings melted when he zoomed too close to the sun. Much later, in the 1890s, the adventurous Otto Lilienthal, a German aeronautical genius, flew 2000 glides on man-made "wings" until a stall killed him. And in 1903, Wilbur and Orville Wright first "got air" in a true flying machine in North Carolina.

In doing so, the Wright Brothers presented the world with the first real opportunity for true, fly-with-birds, poor-man's aviation, but it was more than 70 years before anyone took up the option. In between, the aeroplane became everything from a commercial enterprise to a war machine, and most aeronautical enthusiasts consider that its use for combat as early as World War I sealed the fate of economy flight.

The first leap into this new low-cost branch of flying was made in 1951 by NASA's Francis Rogallo, whose patented V-shaped Rogallo wing catapulted the sport of hang-gliding into the skies.

Nearly 25 years later, a private enthusiast "did a Lilienthal" by strapping a 10-horsepower engine on his hang-glider, and sprinting down a frozen lake and into the wide, blue yonder. In the process, John Moody of Wisconsin, USA, reinvented the aeroplane and sketched a physical outline of a machine that would become the new T-model Ford of the skies.

In the 10 years that have passed since that day in 1975, ultralights have come a long, long way, penetrating almost every area of flying application from crop-dusting to spy missions. And their impact on Australian flying has finally been felt.

A vast range of machines and equipment is now available to put the average Australian in the hot seat of low-level, low-cost flying.

Both newly developed Australian machinery and the very best European and American equipment is readily available in kit or complete form. You can get high from a starting hit of as little as six grand, if, like farmers, you're able to sidestep sales tax. Without that advantage, you can still put air beneath you for as little as $7000.

Typical of the aircraft that symbolise the whole concept of the flying bicycle or open-air style of ultralight is the Eipper range, by far America's most popular aircraft of this type. Eipper (pronounced Eye-per) Aircraft Australia Pty Ltd, based at Pacific Palms near Forster on NSW's mid-north coast, is a locally incorporated company handling the entire Quicksilver range of the American manufacturer, known somewhat cutely over there as Eipper formance inc and based in San Marcos, California.

Like most big American manufacturers, it utilises gutsy endorsements from world-famous identities to underscore the genuine thrill of the flying experience aboard its microlights. Eipper has signed up Art Scholl (world aerobatic champion), astronaut Jim Irwin (Apollo 15 and eighth moonwalker), and Mario Andretti (unique in motor racing for having won both the Indy 500 and the World Formula One Championship). The idea is that ultralight flying is, for a few bucks, the very next best thing to the millionaire or billionaire activities of motor racing, aerial stunting and jet-thrusting.

The entry subscription to this exclusive club is via six Eipper models from a $5920 tax-free bottom line on the MX model ($6995 with tax; $7500 fully assembled) to $11,750 for a tax-paid GTS model that is the Rolls-Royce of airborne lawnchairs.

Eipper models present the ultralight pilot with a dazzling range of choices of powerplants between 28 and 54 horsepower, aircraft configurations, and cosmetics with such emotive titles for the sail color selection as Red Wing, Night Hawk, Black Bird and Cumulus.

Essentially, the machines perform the same tasks. Using small capacity, two stroke engines (250-500cc), usually borrowed from snowmobiles, they lift a total pilot and fuel weight of around 270kg in less than a 30 metre takeoff at a climb rate of 180m per minute. They cruise at up to 118km/h and cover as much as 144km at half engine power on their stock 22.5 litre tank and will land in as little as 15 metres or so. The manufacturer's specs dryly observe that a minimum flight crew of one is required to achieve any of the above.

What is not so clearly defined in the specifications, but which is obvious by glancing at the aircraft, is that the *maximum* flight crew is also *one*.

If you have ever seen yourself as a 1980s Baron von Richthofen, charming the pants off some young spunk seated alongside as you zoom the clifftop thermals, you'd better do a double take. Sure, there are two-seat microlights in the air, but at present they exist purely for flight training, and in Australia are yet to be approved at all.

The Australian Ultralight Federation did kick some useful goals late last year when the then Minister for Aviation, Kim Beazley, rode shotgun in a two-placer (an Eipper Quicksilver MX 11) at an ultralight aircraft meet, and thus endorsed the safety and desirability of such aircraft for training purposes. Appropriate coverage of this application is expected in new aviation regulations, Air Navigation Orders (ANO) 95.55, expected later this year and possibly with an interim order allowing restricted operation. And it is generally agreed that two-seater ultralights will be approved in the near future providing the pilot has an Ultralight Pilot Certificate (100 hours) and the passenger a Student Ultralight Pilot Certificate (training certificate). Which, provided you get the hours up, could mean you and that lady you have in mind.

When this scenario is converted to reality by the stroke of the government regulatory pen, there will be ample aircraft available for the purpose. Already tested in Australia is the Maxair Double Drifter XP, one of a range of aircraft available from Ballina-based Austflight ULA Pty Ltd. The Double Drifter, which would sell for $11,850 plus sales tax, is cheaper than any two-seater sportscar on the market, will cruise at 74-100km/h, and climb and tour at the same rates as most single-seater ultralights.

Austflight imports the full range of US Maxair craft including the Double Drifter and its single-seater and agricultural versions. These aircraft have won many recent awards for performance and construction in US ultralight championship meetings, and are similar in design and construction to the Eipper craft.

Ultralight flying is, for a few bucks, the next best thing to the millionaire activities of motor racing, aerial stunting and jet-thrusting.

Even more intriguing are the bat-wing Falcon models imported from American Aircraft Inc, which represent state-of-the-art technology in the most futuristic-looking craft imaginable. AmAir signed the world's most famous test pilot, Chuck (*The Right Stuff*) Yeager, to endorse its remarkable flying machine. The Falcon, a canard, or tail-in-front aircraft, is constructed from laminated Kevlar and graphite, has a regular aircraft wing, fabricated to space-age principles, and covered with clear Tedlar (an alloy of mylar and teflon) to give the pilot see-through capability. With an astonishingly efficient 15 to one glide-ratio, this machine basically offers the pilot a 15-mile radius to find a safe airfield when cruising at 5000ft (24 kilometres at 1500 metres) if an engine failure is experienced. Even better, a standard feature is a "ballistic parachute". This is an explosive-charged, button-fired parachute that can be operated in the event of some unexpected catastrophe such as a wing falling off! It's unlikely to happen, but a nice security touch. And most other ultralight machines require this as a $1000 option.

The Falcon is also mega-efficient in the air, economy cruising at as little as one gallon/hr (4.5 litres) for a range of more than 400km. Priced at $13,900 including full instrumentation, the Falcon can be assembled in 10 minutes either from the factory or from trailer to preflight and has a removable weatherproof lexan canopy.

Not surprisingly, Eipper already has a competitive aircraft under development: the Eipper-Lotus, built in conjunction with the Lotus car manufacturer with a 192km/h capacity.

It was Newton who clarified why things which go up must come down and the world's aeronautical engineers have been striving to defy his laws ever since. Safety equipment on aircraft like the Falcon presents the jolting side of flying — the landings — which preferably should be controlled for smoothness and safety. But things have been known to go wrong.

They went badly wrong for one of Australia's ultralight pioneers early last year. Gordon Bedson, flying a prototype two-place ultralight, experienced a wing failure during a test flight, crashed and was killed. This experience is relatively new to Australia, where ultralight flying is still in its statistical infancy. But in America, the 1981 death toll for ultralights reached 48 for an estimated 12-15,000 aircraft in the air (registration is not required in the States, as here, so exact figures are unknown).

Though appalling on the surface, the figures show a remarkable similarity to private aircraft statistics, although since then ultralight figures have dropped and the private aircraft figures increased. Some ultralight manufacturers also claim the deaths per flying hours for ultralights are less than half that of light aircraft.

An important consideration is that no training or licensing is required at all in the US and flying regulations are considerably more liberal than ours. The safety of the pilot is therefore truly in his own hands and industry figures show that the cause of more than 60 percent of crashes is pure pilot error while almost 90 percent can be attributed to pilot error and maintenance,

But beneath the statistics lies another aspect to the problem: there may be hundreds more ultralight crashes that don't even cause injuries to the occupants. In one witnessed, but unreported, US crash, an observer saw a two-passenger aircraft demolished on take-off, yet the occupants walked away.

The secret lies in the mass of the aircraft involved. In the two-seater ultralight, total weight of machine and occupants was 250kg landing at 43km/h. A small Cessna light aircraft (150 model) with two passengers weighs 727kg and lands at 88km/h. The ultralight strikes the ground with only six percent of the energy of the larger machine, and ultralight pilots frequently walk away from serious crashes for that reason.

In Australia, the Department of Aviation has investigated 75 crashes that have produced 30 deaths in the past decade, which is less than registered in one year in the USA.

ULTRALIGHT, ULTRALOW, ULTRASNEAKY

ULTRALIGHTS SCORED their first "battle wings" on March 7, 1981, when two Palestinians in powered microlights swept out of Lebanon for Israel. They were both captured, but the incident alerted the world to the sinister capabilities of these tiny craft.

Ultralights in normal guise can fly low and slow enough to creep under the noses of radar operators. In fact, from a military point of view you could say they might have been purpose-built for that. Getting a blip on a radar screen from a tiny framework of aluminium and cloth is tough enough, but by simply constructing the craft from carbon fibre it could be made to disappear completely.

The machines have unlimited potential, too, for paramilitary work. Simply increasing their powerplant size would multiply payload capacity, and turn the tiny powergliders into airborne fortresses capable of packing light machine-guns, grenade-launchers, or bomb-despatchers. Worse still, by simply removing the pilot and switching to radio control, they could be turned into pilotless kamikaze machines, modern-day whispering V-bombs, virtually undetectable before impact.

And without risking personnel, they could be equipped with cameras and radiation-detection equipment, and be guided across borders, perhaps being kept aloft for 24 hours at a time, relaying data back to base.

Home-made ultralights have recently been used for escape attempts from Communist bloc countries, and for smuggling dope across international border and state lines. A whole flock of them could right now be ferrying hard dope from the Golden Triangle on to Australian shores without attracting the slightest attention.

This has been enough for the Central Intelligence Agency to supply a list of prohibited customers to most of the leading manufacturers in the States. It has been enough to send countries like Israel and Saudi Arabia to their order books, specifying specially camouflaged versions for military usage.

In the US, drug enforcement agencies have scanned crops for hidden plantations of naughty stuff, and then, in some cases, used ultralights to obliterate the illegal crops and thus save vital harvesting and storage costs.

US police forces have also turned to the new wonder machines to replace helicopters for some applications and light aircraft for others. A typical user force in Downey, Los Angeles, California, employs an Eipper machine for surveillance, pursuit, air-to-ground contact and control, search and rescue, and motorist pursuit. Though not fast (100 km/h) the machines can generally outrun any ground-bound vehicle because of terrain restrictions, and can hold a suspect in sight for a considerable distance by simply gaining altitude. Pilot training is a fraction of that for conventional aircraft and helicopters, and the units could be based in a local park smack in the middle of the action, scrambled in seconds, and plug into local events (particularly crimes) in record time. The Downey police force's hourly cost to operate ultralights after 18 months experience was calculated at $8.96 compared with chopper costs ranging from $200-$600 per hour and light aircraft costs of $80-$200 per hour.

The same kind of savings have convinced farmers to utilise the machines for crop-spraying, livestock evaluation and droving. The units are also ideal for forestry departments (fire and disease detection, surveillance and even dumping). Commercial fishing operators use the machines for spotting schools. Locally, they might be employed for shark patrols, beach rescue and other emergencies.

According to American-based manufacturers, enquiries have been received from authorities in Australia, including government instrumentalities. This could be what George Orwell was really talking about: Big Brother is watching you, from above.

The idea, of course, is not to crash. And ultralights offer the best deterrents as well. Because of their light weight, the average ultralight presents its occupant with a glide ratio of around 10 to one, so at an elevation of 1000 metres you have 10 kilometres in which to find a landing ground if something "simple" like an engine failure occurs. Furthermore, the ultralight will require as little as 15 metres to land safely, about 1/20th of a conventional aircraft. As pointed out, it has a fraction of the mass, so a "hard" landing or ditching could be achieved in an even shorter distance with favorable results. An experienced pilot could land safely in five to six metres by "aircraft recovery" systems.

The ultralight is also light enough to be parachuted to safety. There are two basic types: hand-deployed and ballistic. In the manual model, a cable runs from the chute to the air frame. If you get in the shit, you simply pull the pack off your chest and throw it at clear, blue sky. Naturally, this technique soaks up reaction time and the chute needs altitude to open (about 90-150 metres minimum). Not much use, if you're already underground before you get the pack overboard. So there's the ballistic type. Just press a button and a charge fires the parachute at the sky. It can be fully deployed in under two seconds, which may reduce the useful altitude at which it can be operated to as little as 23 metres. Again, it is only intended for desperate emergencies like partial collapse of the machine or frame, or the loss of a wing.

Another ultralight safety feature is its stall resistance. Most ultralights won't stall until airspeed drops below about 32km/h (around half their normal landing speed). Some are claimed to be virtually stall-proof, others have built-in automatic stall-recovery. In any event, the point at which an ultralight stops "flying" and starts pointing its little nose at the ground (stalling) is considerably below that of any other powered aircraft.

And should an ultralight have a ferocious argument with the ground, it has little chance of incinerating its occupant. It normally carries no more than 22.5 litres (five gallons) of fuel.

If you're like the average individual having a first-time acquaintance with the idea of ultralight flying, you've probably already developed some pretty fanciful preconceptions. You may confess to having envisaged a scenario such as this: Casually you stroll to the garage, roll out the rig, clip on the wing, and while your neighbors in the cul-de-sac watch in awe and envy, give it a quick rev down the roadway and wing off into the sky. Or you might have imagined scattering hordes of topless bathers on sundrenched beaches, landing on the rooftop of your employer's building, touching down in supermarket parking lots, flying under bridges, water-bombing bikies

FLY HIGH ON AN ULTRALIGHT BUDGET

ITEM	LIGHT AIRCRAFT	ULTRALIGHT
Aircraft cost	$55,000 (Cessna 152, 2-seat)	$8000-$12,000* (1-2 seater)
Licence	$2000 (approx)†	Not required
Hangar Storage	$50-$100pw††	Store in garage
Airport fees per flight	$20 approx	$0
Maintenance: engine & airframe general	$300-$600 (every 100hrs/12mths)§ $100 pa	$0 (self-maintained) $100 pa (parts etc)
Fuel costs	$29-$81/hr	$7-$8/hr
Empty weight	501kg (1102.2lb)	110kg (242lb)
Payload (useful weight)	259kg (570lb)	105kg (231lb)
Max takeoff weight	760kg (1672lb)	250kg (550lb)
Average takeoff distance	303m (1000ft)	30m (100ft)
Max climb rate	216m/min (715ft/min)	181m/min (600ft/min)
Max speed	202km/h	120km/h
Cruise speed (at 75 percent power)	196km/h	80km/h
Range	1158km (long-range tanks)	320km (medium-range tanks)
Stall speed	88km/h	40-50km/h
Ceiling capability	12,000ft (363m)	12,000ft (363m)
Min landing distance	303m (1000ft) approx	15m (50ft) approx, or less

* Costs for average range of aircraft available shown, includes 2-seaters which may be subject to special regulations.

† Licence cost. Average supplied by range of schools. Hourly costs range from $60-$90. Individual may take 15-40 hours to complete. Private restricted licence stage only. Ultralight instruction of approx 12 hours (6/6 theory/practical) supplied free by most aircraft manufacturers. Sale usually not completed without instruction.

†† Hangar storage shown is maximum cost. Most light aircraft are tethered, with appropriate airport rental charges. Air navigation charges (take-off/land) for Cessna 152 Private is about $530 pa. Ultralights can be stored in home garage, carport, or a special hangar/trailer (about $1500).

§ Maintenance charges are as required by law for light aircraft. Ultralight maintenance can be carried out by owner/operator according to manual. Some costs for parts kits, such as replacement pin/cables. Maximum yearly cost shown.

Costs and specifications for light aircraft supplied by Rex Aviation, Bankstown Airport, Sydney, for Cessna 152, a typical minimum light aircraft. Costs for ultralights are based on a cross-section of types such as Eipper, Maxair, Falcon, Chinook.

Light aircraft fly on avgas, which costs about $1.20/litre. Typical hourly consumption rate for light aircraft is five-15gall/hr (22.5-67.51/hr) depending on aircraft and cruise rate. Ultralight aircraft fly on two-stroke mixture using super petrol and oil, which averages around 70c/litre. They consume at the rate of 1.5-3.5gall/hr (6.75-15.751/hr) depending on aircraft and cruise rate.

While this costs comparator is an accurate representation of the relative costs and performances of the two aircraft types, it is not meant to suggest that the general specifications, performance, or equipment levels or aircraft types are essentially similar. See story for complete breakdown on ultralight specifications and capabilities.

on expressways, doing slalom runs through forests of telegraph poles on highways, or giving thumbs up to Jumbo pilots as they prepare for a short-final for Tullamarine airport.

You could try any of these, but only once. And they'll throw away the key. At the moment federal aviation regulations set down clear specifications for the construction of the aircraft and the areas in which they may be flown, though some liberalisation of the rules is soon expected. These, however, don't include getting close enough to anyone to terrorise or impress them, or consorting with regular aircraft or other machinery.

The ultralight aircraft you fly may not weigh more than a dry 150 kilos, fly faster than 160km/h, and stall at more than 64km/h. It must carry only one person and is limited to 152m (500ft) ceiling, may not fly in controlled airspace, over populous areas, over water, or at night. You do not require a pilot's licence to operate it, and it does not have to be registered. The regulations are covered by ANO 95.10, Issue Two.

The Australian Ultralight Federation is pressing for changes to these rules which if approved will allow some of the following: two-passenger ultralights under certain conditions, such as with trained pilots approved by the federation; over-water operation for other than float-plane equipped ultralights and in particular within glide range of land; operation near semi-populous areas, but not over them; ceiling generally increased to 5000ft away from controlled airspace; liberalised take-off and landing conditions including access to minor airfields.

In anticipation of the new air regulations, a Toowoomba-based company has already constructed a prototype, somewhat cheekily called the Taipan 95.55, the code number for the proposed new ANOs.

With fully enclosed cockpit, full instrumentation, "wheel" in place of joystick and electric start, this stylish machine has twin tails, flip-up canopy, wheel "pants" and general regular aircraft appearance. With a big 50hp engine, it is planned to cruise at 104km/h, reach 136km/h maximum and cover 450km on a 30 litre tank, if the air regulations permit. Price is undisclosed but believed to approach $15,000.

Even so, this figure represents a fraction of conventional light aircraft cost. A typical small, light, first-timer's aircraft, a Cessna 152, costs more than $55,000 new and unaccessorised, and will soak up another $2000 to basic licence stage and much more for endorsements for instrument, night and long-range flights.

And it is around double the cost of the Eipper-style aircraft which account for the majority of US sales, and seem certain to establish similar trends in Australia. In the US, Eipper now outsells all the light aircraft manufacturers combined.

But ultralights are just on the edge of a popularity explosion down under. In the USA, Eipper manufactured more than 1000 units per annum for the first five years, and has now doubled those figures. The multi-million dollar business has spawned dozens of imitators and competitors, and some of the weird machines that take to the sky range from powered parachutes and backpack hot-air balloons (the operator wears the gas canister on his back and hangs from the balloon like a parachute) to sleek and sophisticated craft that look like mini jet fighters.

Typical of the advanced aircraft already reaching our shores is the Chinook (featured in our photo), which is stylish, fully enclosed, fully equipped, a good performer and still cheap at $8500 for a kit. It is widely used for waterborne applications and agricultural purposes (especially crop-dusting and droving), yet is the ultimate fun machine.

A bizarre spin-off of the ultralight movement is a massive interest in World War I "replica" aircraft. Typically, these are replicas of the sort of aircraft used by men like Allied air ace Eddie Rickenbacker to wipe out the Axis air heroes, but a local firm already imports the British SE5A, French Spad, and German Fokker DV11, and sells them for $9000 each plus 160 hours assembly, or $12,000 complete (from Light Aero Aviation at Nowra, NSW).

There are even replicas of replicas, including the Sorrell Hiperlight, a $14,000 biplane imported by Austflight Ultralight Aircraft Pty Ltd at Ballina.

Providing you don't throw up with vertigo, or enrage your bank manager, spouse or girlfriend with the purchase of an ultralight, you will find the range of distributors and equipment comprehensive, the support organisations and clubs very strong, and even some of the facilities impressive. There are more than 20 ultralight clubs in Australia already, with branches in every state including the ACT and NT. There are representatives of the Australian Ultralight Federation in every state, and a growing number of ultralight parks, like the one established by Light Aero Aviation at Raymond Terrace, Newcastle.

A growing number of agencies are also supplying ultralight support and accessory equipment, from parachutes and safety equipment to advanced instrumentation, radio equipment, amphibious floats, trailers and other ground-support equipment.

Ultralights have retained excellent value, so the initial purchase price (around the average small car) represents an investment in airborne fun. Maintenance costs are minimal, service can be performed at home, and the machines fly all day on a teaspoon of fuel. An ultralight is easier to learn to fly than driving a car, and most aircraft distributors will throw in the basic lessons with the purchase price. Even at retail, these are a fraction of learn-to-drive costs.

As the ultimate cheap thrill, flying the T-model Ford of the skies is a breeze.

THE AUSTRALIAN Ultralight Federation may be contacted through the secretary, Pat Trevascus, PO Box 81, Abbotsford 3067. This is an interim list of state representatives.

ACT: Bob Carveth, 31 Burnie Court, Lyons, 2606, (062) 43 6579; **NSW**: Paul Scrymgour, 41 Tallawall Road, Valentine, 2280, (049) 46 8706; **NT**: Kelvin Hutchinson, Box 3695 GPO, Darwin, 5794, (089) 27 2278; **QLD**: Pat Doherty, 242 Ekibin Road East, Ekibin, 4121, (07) 392 1610; **SA**: Roger Duance, 22 Dutton Terrace, Medindie, 5081, (08) 269 1604; **TAS**: Brian Harris, 1 Ambleside Place, East Davenport, 7310, (004) 27 8039; **VIC**: Les Harris, Box 86 Post Office, Kew, 3101, (03) 859 4267; **WA**: Rod Ashton, 33 Boronia Avenue, Nedlands, 6009, (09) 386 5023.

The following represents across-section of ultralight aircraft suppliers in Australia. By contacting those representatives listed, local and area representatives in your state can be obtained: **Eipper Aircraft Australia** (distributing the Quicksilver range), 209 Boomerang Drive, Pacific Palms, NSW 2428, Tel. (065) 54 0522; **Basic Flying Machines** (Chinook aircraft), Clifton, Manildra Rd, Molong, NSW 2866, Tel. (063) 66 8660; **Austflight ULA** (Maxair and Falcon aircraft plus Hiperlite biplane), PO Box 489, Ballina, NSW 2478, Tel. (066) 86 5633; **Mobius Flying Systems** (Kasperwing aircraft), 2 Pockley Close, MacGregor, ACT 2615, Tel. (062) 54 0499; **Seabird Ultralight Aircraft** (Rouseabout aircraft), 172 Esplanade, Vernon, Qld, 4655, Tel. (071) 28 1598; **Ultralight Flying Machines** (Ascender aircraft), PO Box 182, North Balwyn, Vic 3104, Tel. (03) 439 6083; **Resurgam Aviation** (Plans from $95, and components for kit-built Resurgam aircraft), 59 Sierra Drive, Nth Tambourine, Qld 4272, Tel. (075) 45 1762; **Cloud 9 Flight Systems** (Sirocco aircraft), 9 Doon Crt, Briat Hill, Vic 3088, Tel. (03) 435 4432; **D & C Ultralight Aircraft** (Kingfisher aircraft), PO Box 636, Ipswich, Qld 4305, Tel. (075) 86 6237; **Minavia Pty Ltd** (McRobertson B1-RD aircraft), Suite 1, 545 St Kilda Rd, Melbourne, Vic 3004, Tel. (03) 51 3446; **Albatross Aviation** (Curtis JN4 ultralight replicas), 9/222 Headland Rd, Dee Why, NSW 2099, Tel. (02) 939 1824; **Cicadair Pty Ltd** (Pterodactyl and Thruster aircraft), PO Box 180, Glen Innes, NSW 2370, Tel (067) 32 3238;

REBEL *(continued from page 43)*

On election day, the faithful held a mordant party. He had lost and not even his wife would believe it.

the benefit of my electorate, plus $10 million in government contracts to local business in the area. I brought youth unemployment down 31 percent in Casey. And general unemployment down 17 percent," he explains.

Such was the radiance of his electoral achievements that when the ALP surveyed his recognition factor they found that almost half the community knew who he was. Imagine! Half the people in the streets of Casey could name their federal MP. Half! Here at last was a politician to be reckoned with: a rebel with a future.

The serious press began to talk of him as a potential junior minister, this larrikin backbencher who had tackled the greyest and most anonymous of occupations to emerge with that most hallowed of all political attributes: suspected electoral appeal.

From the council playgrounds of Brunswick and the jungles of Vietnam to the streets of Casey had come this political animal — a winner, a man people recognised, a politician on the way to the middle. And what a cruel and twisted fate it was which conspired to strike him down —a malignant cancer of Liberal voters who climbed into their Volvo station wagons and motored to the heartland of his seat where they bought magnificent homes on rustic blocks.

And still they came, until on the demographic charts at Steedman's home they were an army, more than 300 a week in designer jeans; a Liberal hair-trigger just waiting to be squeezed.

But there was more in this triple play of unfair fate — the ice-cold hand of an electoral commissioner who moved a line on the map. Of such things are the destinies of MPs altered forever. And there was one final irony. Because Steedman, curse his luck, put 6000 kids on the electoral rolls, 6000 kids who now had jobs or a better prospect of getting one. And when election day rolled around they trooped into the booths and picked up the pens and they marked the ballot papers with a "one" in the right square and then nothing else so that they joined the throngs of electors around the country who had voted not ALP or Liberal but informal.

And Steedman, who has always professed the ability to count, looked at the Volvos and the boundary changes and then the informal vote and he knew, so he says, that the ship was holed.

"At seven o'clock that night when the staff were all still out in the booths, I knew I was gone," he recalls.

And at 10.30 on the night of December 1, 1984, Steedman drove home and the faithful held a mordant party. They muttered into their beer and stared balefully at this man who had betrayed their faith. He had lost and not even his wife would believe it. But it was that simple. An MP with one of the best records in Australia for servicing his electorate dumped because his constituency turned under him. One day a man who could change people's lives, the next just another loser.

And now he is seated at a desk in his rambling study filled with volumes of Karl Marx and Bankcard statements and an in basket that overflows with intriguing though mysterious promises of new jobs he won't talk about.

He picks up a bill, this rebel who has acquired a wife and two kids, a car, a motorbike, a monstrous timber home with pot-belly stove, a television, a video recorder, a home computer, 10 acres of secluded and pricey bush retreat; he picks up a bill and lets it flutter to his cluttered desk. He then stares wistfully at the bill like a man who might one day get around to paying it.

"In a way, I would like to be back in Parliament because I was just starting to get through the shit," states Steedman who shifts gear mid-nostalgia and adds, "On the other hand, there may be some other way I can still achieve my social goals and make a few bob along the way. That would be a new experience."

He hints at high-powered industrial relations jobs in which he would be a sleek bodgie in the middle of the government-union sandwich. He hints at massive tourism projects involving oil-rich Arabs with telephone-number bank accounts. He hints at international assignments except there are no T-bar V8 jumbo jets and one can't imagine him far from home for long.

He hints of powerful friends and wealthy men, of corporate destinies shifting to accommodate him. He hints at a future so bright it makes you squint.

Mostly, however, he waits. In the study where he rifles through mountainous files, in the kitchen whipping up an Indonesian bean curd salad or back to the sun swilling a beer, Pete Steedman is strangely, remotely attentive.

He is like a Test batsman waiting his turn, a hunted deer sniffing the wind. There is nothing there to concern him but perhaps there will be soon. Financially, he says he is broke, living on the dwindling savings of the unemployed.

But this is the story of a survivor. He is driving a blood-red Ford Galaxy and we have just fish-tailed to a halt at a gas station in the heart of the seat that used to be his.

"Hey, Steedman," yells a passerby, "when are you going to get 'em to improve the road?"

And for an instant the bodgie forgets he is no longer The Man.

"No, no, mate," he chides. "I'm federal. All I can get you is a nuclear sub."

And for a moment, there in the half light of that dying day, you can see it all: the big red Ford ploughing along with a nuclear sub tied to the back.

"Murray. . . are you worrying about business again?"

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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

WHAT I LEARNED AT SEA

He gave up the greatest job in the world as Playboy travel editor to rediscover himself the hard way.

Experience by
REG POTTERTON

I HAVE NO satisfactory explanation for this, but for almost 10 years I was employed by PLAYBOY magazine in a position that many people described (somewhat carelessly, I often thought) as the greatest job in the world.

The work consisted of foreign travel with an open expense account, a walletful of company credit cards, and note-taking. It was the kind of job that allowed me to go where I wanted when I wanted, and I did.

There was only one formal definition of my function in the PLAYBOY empire and that came on the first assignment, a tour of hotels, restaurants and places of amusement in nine European countries, the first of which was Portugal. In Lisbon, I checked into a suite at the Ritz, took a bath in a room that appeared to have been carved from a quarry of pink marble, and went out into the city to begin eating and drinking my way into the resort suburbs of Estoril and Cascais.

Within a week I'd collected so many receipts that I had to buy a new bag to hold them and had to invent a new category (nightlife research) for the company expense-account forms. Alarmed by the extravagant costs of the expedition, I phoned PLAYBOY from Lisbon to suggest that we drop the remaining eight countries from the itinerary, and over the crackle of the transatlantic line I heard the managing editor's kindly, confident chuckle: "Don't you worry about that, my boy. You just stay on the road and spend the money. That's your job."

I followed those instructions faithfully. Through the full rich years

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

from 1966 to 1975 I applied myself to the task with energy and dedication.

Three months in the South Pacific, a few weeks skiing in Japan or the Swiss Alps, a report on the hot springs in Kyushu, the bars of Bangkok, Sydney, London, Rome. The Edinburgh Festival, carnival in Rio, Hawaii, Las Vegas, Macau, the Black Sea. A fishing trip to Mexico, two weeks of eating and drinking in Amsterdam, an inaugural cruise on the QE2, a three-month tour of Ceylon, Hong Kong, and Taiwan. A two-month hike across Australia's tropical north. The races at Longchamps, the horse auctions at Ascot.

Throughout most of that time I went to the office only for the occasional meeting and to collect money for the next journey. As the years rolled splendidly by, there were warning tremors offstage, the rumbling sound of things breaking up in the background such as marriage, family and home.

In Hong Kong in 1972, I met an American woman who came back to my hotel room and waited until we were in bed before reminding me that we'd been there once before, in Morocco in 1969. She verified this with a summary of incidents from our first encounter: swimming at night in the surf at Agadir, the broken shower in her room, the workmen and their drills outside her window at daybreak. I remembered that, I remembered a woman, but I didn't remember her. I said:

"You've changed your hair, that's what fooled me."

"No, it's the same."

"And you're still singing with that band?"

"No, I'm a still a lawyer."

Another wobble came a year later in a movie theatre in Tokyo when I sat in the darkness, sober and wide-awake, timing myself for more than a minute while I tried to remember the answers to these questions: What country am I in? Why am I here?

About the time of my 39th birthday in 1975 I found myself winding up a yacht charter in Antigua in the Caribbean. There was an old wooden ketch called *Fortuna* that was leaving the next week for the south of France. I got a place on the boat as a deckhand and flew back to PLAYBOY head office to hand in the world's greatest job and the company credit cards; there was a brief interview with the editor. "You must be out of your mind," he said.

I didn't think so. All I knew was that I wanted to pump out the contents of my mind and fill it up with everything it knew nothing about, the sea, boats, weather, navigation, engines, electronics.

I wanted to learn how to use tools and to make broken things work again. I wanted to learn enough so that I could take a boat anywhere a boat could go; I wanted to be an ocean sailor.

Back in Antigua I found that *Fortuna's* mast had snapped off during my absence and the owner had put the boat up for sale. The Atlantic crossing was off. There would be no dolphins, no dicing with death, no spray in the rigging, or rousing shanties with the lads. Instead, I was 39, unemployed and stuck in the West Indies with 48 seabooks.

I bought a sailor's knife — a knife in a holster with a pair of pliers in a pouch and an instrument called a marlin spike in another pouch. This accessory had a commanding, nautical appearance, and I wore it daily as I made my way around the dockyard at English Harbour, looking for a place on a boat bound for Europe. I didn't know what a marlin spike did or why pliers would be more useful to a sailor than, say, a hammer, but I felt that by wearing them on my belt, I'd stand a better chance of being taken on, that a captain would say, "You're just the man we're looking for, you've got your own knife and pliers."

Unfortunately, with the hurricane season about to start, most boats had already left the Caribbean and the few that were still in port were fully crewed or were staying in the islands. There was only one exception and that was *Diamond,* a large schooner that I will call *Diamond* for reasons that will soon become obvious, and she was going to Gibraltar as soon as she could be made ready. I knew the boat, she had been tied up stern-to at the dock when I had arrived in Antigua, and she was so beautiful that I hadn't dared ask the skipper if he needed crew. She had elegance and power in every detail, two towering masts, a broad sweep of scrubbed teak deck, highly polished varnish on the deckhouse and hatches and an open cockpit with a large spoked wheel. A classic yacht.

But her captain was not a deeply beloved man; the summary of dockyard intelligence on *Diamond's* skipper described a man who combined the social graces of Himmler and Genghis Khan. The kindest thing said of him was that he was a maniac. Sailors I met around the dockyard talked about the boat in terms of rape, overwork, bad food, random violence, imprisonment and mental cruelty of various kinds. "Captain Demento, psycho of the seven seas," was how one ex-crew member described him. I decided that such talk could only be gossip and rumor and wasted no further time in presenting myself at *Diamond's* gangway, wearing my knife and pliers. The skipper was a small, stocky man with a lopsided grin and bright-blue lively eyes; he was polite, affable and to the point.

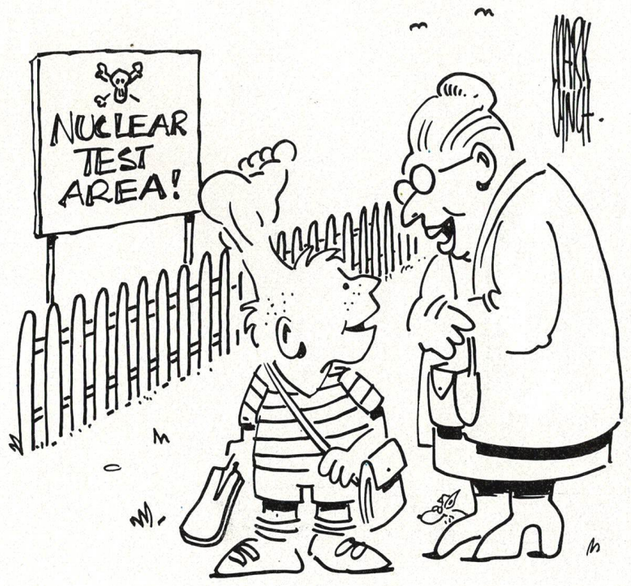
"What can you do?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"When do you want to move aboard?"

We stayed in Antigua for more than a month, working every day of the week from first light to late at night. Much of the work required moving heavy things from one inaccessible place to another. It took six of us to carry the mainsail ashore to be sewed. Tons of lead had to be removed, collected, and taken off the stern gangway in a wheelbarrow. We sanded, scraped, varnished, painted, scrubbed, built a new freezer, installed wiring, fitted new rigging, mended sails and awnings. Tools lost their mystery, while fingers and other parts of the body lost their feeling. On *Diamond* I began to understand why sailors describe themselves as boat niggers.

It took 31 days to reach Gibraltar. I was seasick the first day. Between watches we kept on working, scraping, sanding and



"Well just look at our little Albert. . . gosh you must've grown a foot since I last saw you!"

"What the hell, sweetheart. . . if you want it, it's yours!"

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varnishing; the captain sat in the cockpit, watching us with bright eyes. Except for the first few days, when we ran into one violent squall after another, the Atlantic proved to be an anticlimax; it just lay there and heaved gently, one long, hot and windless day after another.

But two weeks after sailing from Antigua a French couple who had come aboard for the passage home were prisoners, forbidden to come on deck except for an hour in the morning, and restricted to bread and water. The captain said it was because they had complained about the food. Another version of the truth was revealed in a trial (if it can be called that), held in the main saloon. The captain sat at a large table while the rest of us stood around the table, bracing ourselves against the occasional swell. The French couple spoke no English; I'd been called in as interpreter. For the soundtrack we had Wagner at high volume on the saloon stereo.

"Tell these slimy frogs I've had it up to here with their whinging about the food," the captain said, using the conversational tone a man might take when asking his gardener to trim the lawn. "Tell them all frogs are slimy, tell them I shit on their flag."

I explained that the captain understood they were unhappy about the cooking. The girl burst into tears and said that wasn't the problem. The problem was that she'd refused to sleep with the captain and his wife. The skipper, she said, had come on deck at night while she was at the wheel and had chased her from one end of the boat to the other, naked and waving his thing at her.

"Bullshit," the captain responded; they were slimy frogs, wimpy frogs who deserved everything they had coming to them. They could stay below and eat bread and water, and if they tried to come on deck without permission, they'd be kicked back down the hatch.

I passed along the gist of this to the Frenchman, a slight, pop-eyed young man with a wisp of a moustache, who wisely took no part in the proceedings except to put his arm around his girl's shoulders and give her an occasional cautionary squeeze.

The captain brought this melodrama to an end with a brief tirade against France (Napoleon was a creep and a poof, De Gaulle was a transvestite with smelly armpits, etc), then he told the mate to escort the prisoners forward and lock them up. I was left alone with him.

"You wanna sleep with my wife, eh?" he asked. "Keep her happy when I'm on watch?"

My trial took place a few days later, after the French couple had been released. They showed a remarkable change of attitude toward the captain and his wife, as if they had all become friends. Unfortunately I'd been given a few pages of bad script in the show in which I'd refused the captain's offer of his wife, and had argued with him about the punishment of the French couple.

At my trial (the main saloon and Wagner again), the captain talked about England (my place of birth) and of its well-known and degenerate hopelessness in all fields of human activity. For an hour he talked about British traffic lights and road signs. He didn't like them. He didn't like British astronomers, jockeys or musicians, and the subject of cloud formations over the British Isles brought him to his feet in trembling rage. He hated British clouds.

I was an ingrate and a scheming troublemaker. As punishment I was to stay below for three days and take my orders from Bertha, the rotten teenage cook. "But I'm 39 years old," I said.

"Tough titty," the captain said. "You just piss off and don't let's hear any more about your bloody *furlongs* and your imperial gallons. I'll teach you bastards."

The rest of the passage passed without incident. A week or so later we were all friends, after a fashion, and as we sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar, the captain served cakes and champagne.

"You wanna sleep with my wife, eh?" the captain asked. "Keep her happy when I'm on watch?" My trial took place a few days later.

In England six weeks later I got a letter from a mate in the crew. He had left the boat. Our old captain had been arrested in Sardinia and jailed on a charge of murdering the occupants of a fishing boat run down the previous year in the Straits of Messina.

Almost 10 years and 60,000 nautical miles have slipped by since my memorable maiden voyage. For part of that I owned my own boat, *Khariessa*, a 12-ton beauty which I even learned to sail. Sort of.

Khariessa was sold at the end of 1976 and that winter I delivered a new boat from Florida down to St Vincent and worked in the islands as a charter skipper for the first and last time. Janitors in shorts, we called ourselves in the fleet where I worked. Janitors who could never escape from the clamorous demands of their tenants.

The money from *Khariessa* went into a partnership in another old wooden boat, a 50-foot teak ketch that was lying in Majorca. Four of us sailed her from the Mediterranean to the Caribbean and spent an icebound winter in Annapolis, supporting ourselves with the occasional delivery down to the Islands. After the ketch was sold I rebuilt and refitted boats in Europe, made deliveries, went ocean racing for a few seasons, sailed a Hobie Cat from Florida to the Bahamas and back, and worked as chief engineer on a 200-ton vessel. In short, the past 10 years have been full of boats.

As a rule, sailors — those who make a living at sea — aren't boastful about their work or achievements, and this is probably because the character of the sailing world is so unlike that of any other society or community. It has no cliques or special-interest groups, no minorities or outcasts. There are no leaders or followers, no fans or celebrities, no government, no police, press or church, and the only two authorities — wind and sea — are impartial. To my mind, at least, that's an ideal definition of democracy.

Of all the rewards to be gained by sailing, the greatest is the euphoria of that unique and perfect experience, an ocean passage under sail. On a cloudless night in mid-ocean, with the rest of the crew asleep, you have another half an hour at the wheel before the next watch comes on deck. A dim light in the compass and a black sky brilliant with stars and planets. A gleam of the rising moon along the rail and the steady whoosh and hiss of breaking foam as trades fill the sails and the creak and stretch of lines and rigging when they take the load. A mug of coffee, a cigarette, Bob Marley honking away on the deck speakers. A falling star and the first pale crack of dawn over your shoulder.

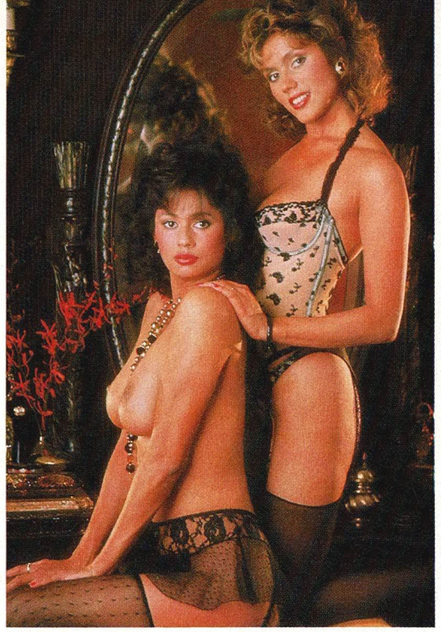
After you come off watch, you put on the headphones and listen to the shortwave before turning in. On the US Armed Forces Network, a dark and menacing piano theme, stark and urgent, like the music from *Mission Impossible*, with a tough male voiceover: "Espionage is a jigsaw puzzle — don't let *them* have your piece of the puzzle. There *is* somebody out there and he doesn't like us, not one little bit."

And there was Radio Moscow, a smooth American accent, as usual, explaining that if a Korean airliner was shot down over Soviet territory by Soviet fighters, the culprits would be found in Washington.

Ho hum, and a pox on all politics.

You turn off the radio and climb into the bunk, falling asleep to the sound of the boat working and the seas bubbling and sliding along the hull. In a few hours you'll make the bread and take the first sights of the day while the bread dough rises. You should be seeing land in a couple of weeks, provided the wind stays where is it. There'll be old friends there, people you haven't seen in months or years. Maybe some mail. If you've got the time, you may cruise down to Trinidad for carnival, or drop the hook for a week on one of those perfect crystal bays in the Grenadines.

Escapism? Probably, but so what? If it *is* an escape, it's the kind everyone could use a bit more of. Maybe you could, too. There's only one way to find out.



Australian PLAYBOY proudly presents our idea of the perfect two-up game.

SISTERS

"There is no friend like a sister," a lady poet once wrote. We'll buy that — some of our best friends are sisters. Indeed, the genetic mysteries that have produced our Playmates and pictorial stars have often been similarly at work among their siblings. And to celebrate that fact we've produced the family portraits on these pages, starring Toni St George and her October 1982 pictorial star sister, Cathy (above left); Gail Chin and February 1983's Lonny (above right); and last month's Playmate, Donna Smith, and sister Natalie (below).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

LONNY AND GAIL CHIN: Take two sisters who are close in age and you'll be amazed at how many lifetime firsts they've experienced together. It is a commonly unremarked-upon fact that girls prepare for life's major moments together. Especially during adolescence. Therefore, many sisters have exchanged their first tender embraces, their first kisses and life's dearest secrets. Sisters learn to dance together. Have you ever noticed how they dance? Like Astaire and Rogers, right? That's because they start rehearsals around the age of nine. By the time they get to high school, they move like Michael Jackson. And they expect you to cut in on that? Here are some major moments in the lives of the Chins. That's Gail above left, Lonny below left and both sisters enjoying breakfast in bed below. In both of the shots above right, Lonny's on the left. Whew!

CATHY AND TONI ST GEORGE: Once upon a time, there was a phenomenon known as the Gabor sisters — Zsa Zsa and Eva. They were very pretty and dressed and talked alike and, in fact, very few people could tell them apart — and that's why they weren't as stupefyingly seductive as the St Georges. If we're not mistaken, sisters are at their sexiest when their differences are allowed to interact with their similarities. A kind of tease takes place. If sisters don't look alike, sometimes they speak and — zing! — the sameness of their voices will startle you. If you're not careful, you'll fall in love every time your girlfriend's little sister answers the phone. The St Georges, as a collective experience, offer that kind of thrill. Cathy, the blonde, may be 5'4" to Toni's 5'7" and may consider herself reserved when compared with talkative Toni, but whom do you see when you look into one set of eyes?

DONNA AND NATALIE SMITH: Holly Near sings a song about her older sister called You've Got Me Flying. It illustrates the simple truth that sometimes an older sister works as a pretty good launching pad. She can do the exploring, make all the mistakes for the younger one. She can go on dates, kiss real boys and learn how to get around Mum and Dad. Some may say older sisters have all the fun. Hair styling, make-up, how to apply for a job — those are all areas in which the experienced sibling can be called upon for invaluable assistance. (But we must remember her contribution to the wardrobe: hand-me-downs. Younger sisters don't, as a rule, mind getting them; but one of the younger sisters here, who shall remain anonymous, said, "I'll accept all hand-me-downs — except for brassieres and men.") In the case of the Smiths, dark-haired Natalie is two years the senior of Donna.

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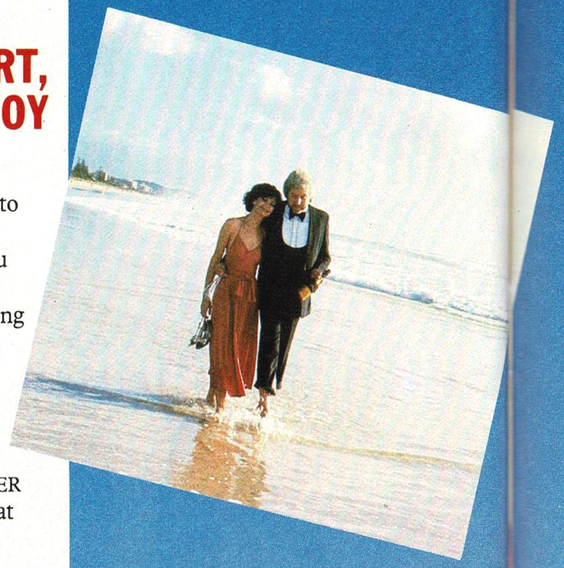

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Voyager

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVE JORDANO

WHITE MAGIC

Introducing 69 examples of spirited vodka voodoo.

Most any illusionist will admit his bag of magic tricks rests on a few simple principles, even if he won't tell what they are. Vodka buffs, on the other hand, are less secretive. They cheerfully reveal that their uncanny ability to materialise one drink after another flows from the fact that almost any vodka creation inevitably suggests a companion. This is eminently logical when you consider that a major characteristic of the clean, virtually flavorless spirit is its engaging versatility — an ability to smoothly and seamlessly complement a vast range of mixers.

During the past 30 years, during which vodka has risen from oddball speciality to one of the world's leading spirits, literally hundreds of drinks and other applications have been concocted by imaginative practitioners, both professional and amateur. It would seem the time is ripe for reviewing the old and the new, perhaps rediscovering forgotten treasures waiting to be enjoyed. The following examples of white magic are a modest indication of the mother lode of vodka tricks. Watch the conjurer carefully and see how the game is played.

Let's start the countdown with a batch of drinks based on the classic *screwdriver* (vodka and orange juice). For some of the alternatives, it's simply a matter of switching from orange to a different juice. For example, *adam's apple* (apple juice plus an apple slice), *cape codder* (blackcurrant juice cocktail), *diamond head* (pineapple juice), *grapeshot* (grape juice with a lemon wedge), *greyhound* (grapefruit juice), *redhead* (equal parts apple and cranberry) and *yellow fever* (lemonade).

But that's only the beginning! Spike a traditional screwdriver with a nip of Galliano and you have a *harvey wallbanger,* or add some Cointreau for *le screwdriver*.

Moving right along, it's a short step to more cunning vodka-juice combos. The seven that follow make ideal summer coolers for beach, boat, pool or patio frolics: *hawaiian gold* (1½oz vodka, 3oz pineapple juice; over ice in highball glass, fill with tonic); *minted cooler* (1oz vodka, ½oz green creme de menthe, 4oz grapefruit juice, ½ teaspoon sugar; shake with ice, pour unstrained into tall glass, splash in soda-water); *sunrise rickey* (1¾oz vodka, juice ½ lime, 1 teaspoon grenadine; over ice in tall glass; add soda-water); *moonglow* (1¼oz vodka, ¾oz Benedictine, 3oz grapefruit juice; over ice in tall glass); *catamaran* (1oz vodka, ½oz curacao, 2oz each pineapple and guava nectar; over ice in 8oz highball, splash in tonic); *berry frost* (1½oz vodka, 3oz apricot nectar, 5 fresh sliced strawberries, 1 teaspoon each grenadine and lemon juice, ¼ cup crushed ice, blend

Drink by **EMANUEL GREENBERG**

until just smooth); *nantucket* (1½oz vodka, ½oz triple sec, 4oz blackcurrant juice, squeeze of lime, over ice).

Here are seven more vodka coolers, only in these the juice is an accent rather than the main mixer: *parasol* (2oz each vodka and orange juice, ½oz lime juice; shake with ice, pour unstrained into tall glass, add bitter-lemon); *double lime* (1½oz vodka, 1oz lime juice, 2 teaspoons sweetened lime juice; over ice in highball, add soda-water); *vodka daisy* (1½oz vodka, 1oz lemon juice, ½oz raspberry syrup, 1 teaspoon sugar; shake with cracked ice, pour unstrained into tall glass, splash in soda-water); *valhalla* (1½oz vodka, ½oz coconut liqueur, 2oz orange juice, ½oz lemon juice, 1 teaspoon sugar; shake with ice, strain over fresh ice in tall glass, add lemonade); *vodka sling* (1½oz vodka, ½oz cherry liqueur, ½oz Benedictine, juice ½ lemon, dash bitters, shake with ice, strain over fresh ice in highball, add soda-water); *goldie* (1½oz vodka, ½oz apricot-flavored brandy, juice ½ lemon, ½oz grenadine; over ice, add soda-water); *quencher* (1½oz vodka, ½oz creme de cassis, ½oz triple sec, ½oz lime juice; shake with ice, strain over fresh ice in 8oz glass, add soda-water).

Backing up a little, let's explore other vodka originals and the offsprings they've spawned. *Bloody mary* (vodka, tomato juice, seasonings) becomes a *blood-hound* by substituting ½oz dry sherry for the seasonings. *Moscow mule* (vodka, ginger beer, juice and rind of ½ lime) converts to an *irish mule* with Guinness stout instead of ginger beer; if made with regular beer, it's a *dog's nose*. *Bullshot* (vodka, bouillon, dash Worcestershire and pepper) evolves into a *bloody bull* when built with half bouillon, half tomato juice. *Black russian* (equal parts vodka and Kahlua) gives rise to a *white russian* — a black russian plus 1 part milk or cream, or to a *polar bear* — a black russian briefly blended with a scoop of vanilla ice cream.

Vodka's adaptability inspires still another direction; it's now often called for in drinks originally launched with other spirits. For instance, replacing gin in such as the martini, gimlet, collins or tonic drinks; as a change from whisky in a sour or highball; an alternative to white rum in a colada or daiquiri; instead of brandy in a stinger, transforming it to a spider.

Despite the wealth of past experimentation, the fascination with vodka drinks is not slowing down. Take the cocktail scene in Paris, for example. Stop at Harry's New York Bar in the French capital for a *blue lagoon* (equal parts vodka, blue curacao, lemon juice; shake with ice, strain into a saucer champagne glass over crushed ice); or drop by the Ritz Bar for a *don giovanni* (1¼oz vodka, ½oz Campari, 1½oz grapefruit juice; shake with ice, strain into sour glass).

An investigation of a sample of Aussie bars turned up the following concoctions, all definitely worth a whirl. *Cherry classic* (1oz vodka, ½oz Galliano, dash maraschino, dash grenadine, 1oz bianco Cinzano; stir and strain, garnish with cherry); *limocine* (1oz vodka, 1oz lime liqueur, ½oz dry vermouth, ½oz lime juice cordial; stir and strain, garnish with green cocktail onion); *kangaroo* (two parts vodka, one part dry vermouth and twist of lemon; serve on the rocks); *gentleman* (shake 1½oz good quality vodka with crushed ice and strain into an iced cocktail glass, add five drops of Cointreau) and *vodka fraise* (1oz vodka, ½oz white rum, ½oz strawberry liqueur or schnapps, ½oz lime juice cordial, ½ teaspoon grenadine; shake with ice, strain into an iced, sugar-rimmed cocktail glass and finish with a ripe strawberry). Also consider this powerful mix devised by Alex Beaumont, president of the Australian Bartenders Guild, which we first introduced in our February Booze column — *troppo* (1oz vodka, ½oz Amaretto, ½oz Campari, 2oz pineapple juice; shake and pour into a 5oz flute glass. . . and then stand back!).

Vodka's adaptability means it's now often called for in drinks originally launched with other spirits like gin or white rum.

The current appeal of drinks made with milk, cream or ice cream is documented by these vodka smoothies: *alexis* (1¼oz vodka, ¾oz chocolate-mint liqueur, 1oz cream; shake with ice, strain into glass); *coco shake* (1oz each vodka and creme de cacao, small scoop chocolate ice cream, 2oz milk; blend, pour into glass, top with soda-water); *green cow* (1½oz vodka, ½oz each green creme de menthe and white creme de cacao, 3oz milk; over ice); *jungle jim* (equal parts vodka, creme de banane, milk; over ice) and *new yorker* (1½oz each vodka and creme de cacao, 3oz milk; over ice in tall glass, fill with soda-water).

From dairy-based drinks, it seems a natural transition to vodka in food. Here are six ways to provide a piquant culinary accent with vodka:

A splash of ice-cold vodka adds zing to citrus sorbets or ripe melon. Try dipping raw julienned vegetables in chilled vodka, then in coarse salt, as a nippy, low-calorie drink nibble. A light drizzle of vodka over oysters and clams freshens and sharpens the briny molluscs. An ounce of vodka does the same for a bowl of gazpacho.

To give roast poultry both dramatic presentation and extra crispness, serve flambe: warm 2oz 100 proof vodka in a large ladle, ignite and pour flaming over the freshly-roasted bird. And cream sauce for pasta gets a sprightly lift from a couple of jolts of vodka that's been flavored with red-pepper flakes.

By the way, it's not difficult to make your own flavored vodkas at home. We offer six for your pleasure, plus six ways to enjoy them. For hot red-pepper vodka, add ½ teaspoon red-pepper flakes to a bottle of vodka; let stand two to three days, then strain. Serve icy cold from the freezer, or, for a change of pace, use in a martini or bullshot. For cucumber vodka, another winner, remove the peel of a scrubbed, preferably unwaxed cucumber in lengthwise strips and drop into a bottle of vodka. Let stand about four days and, if you like, remove the peel. This one is great with lemonade.

For lemon vodka, remove the rind of a well-washed lemon in a continuous spiral; carefully insert into a bottle of vodka. Let stand a couple of days before using. Same procedure for orange, grapefruit or lime vodka. Pour them neat, over ice, with tonic or a compatible fruit juice.

A great variety of flavored vodkas are produced commercially in Eastern Europe where they're quite popular. Regrettably, only a few are exported, and seldom on a regular basis. Here are a couple, along with some interesting suggestions for their consumption. Pertsovka is pepper-flavored with a sharp bite and its importers tout it in what they call "the ultimate bloody mary" (1½oz Pertsovka, 1oz tomato juice, ¼ teaspoon horseradish). Zubrovka, one of the most appealing, is flavored with fragrant buffalo grass and each bottle contains a blade of the green. This item is a bit hard to find but if you do, try it on the rocks with a citrus-peel twist.

Vodka was born in northern climates, which reminds us how comforting it can be in hot cups such as these six steamy chill-chasers. *Brawny broth* (1¼oz vodka, 4oz hot beef bouillon, dash lemon-pepper seasoning, lemon slice); *t-bar* (1¼oz vodka, 4oz hot tea, sugar to taste, lemon wedge); *slalom* (1¼oz vodka, orange-peel twist, 4oz hot chocolate); *blackberry toddy* (½oz vodka, 1oz blackberry cordial, 3oz boiling water, half orange slice); *banana cow* (1¼oz vodka, 3oz hot milk, 2 teaspoons honey, ½ ripe mashed banana, blend in pre-warmed blender container until smooth, pour into warmed mug, sprinkle with nutmeg); *ski slope* (1¼oz vodka, ¾ teaspoon instant coffee crystals, 4oz hot chocolate; stir).

And as a precaution, after going through all these tricks with vodka, you just might want to know about this "morning after" concoction. To the initiated, it's known as *old reliable:* 1oz vodka, 1 teaspoon Fernet Branca (herbal liqueur available at liquor shops), 1 teaspoon fresh lemon juice, ½ teaspoon superfine sugar; shake well with ice. Down quickly!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

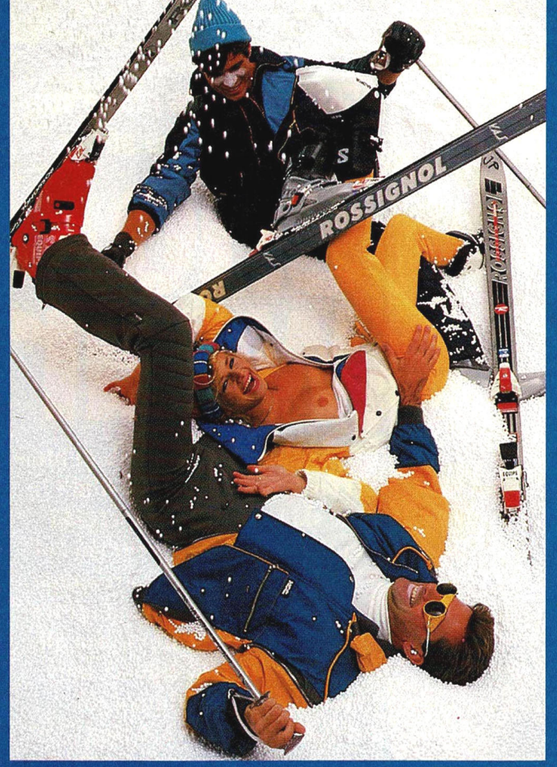
Ski fashion to make you stand out in the snow.

sno* wear

Knee-deep powder, cobalt blue skies, a roaring fire at night in the ski lodge and shapely ski bunnies galore. It's the sort of stuff winter dreams are made of. But before you head off for the slopes to get stuck into all that action, take a good, long look at our selection of this season's most stylish and serviceable ski gear. Even if you can't ski, this clobber is guaranteed to make the snow crowd unbend and take notice.

***Fashion by* VITEK**

Left to right: Electric blue "Flash" suit from the MG Signature Collection ($198); long-line, red MG "Titan" drover-style parka ($144) over white Tails "Breakdance" pants ($145); yellow Snug "Commando" unisex, all-weather, one-piece suit, constructed in Gore-tex and available in a range of colors ($268.20).



Above, top to bottom: Black and blue HCC "Sofia" one-piece suit ($330); Tails sunshine yellow "Breakdance" slim-line ski pants ($145) worn with a white, red, blue and yellow HCC "Malaunay" parka ($196); Kitex charcoal grey ski pants ($174) teamed with blue and yellow HCC "Boege" parka ($350).

Centre: Blue and white Ski Free "Raider" parka ($99) teamed with black Roberto Tonini bib pants imported from Italy ($170); maroon and jade HCC "Menipree" suit available in assorted colors ($290).

Main pic, left to right: Grey HCC "Valentin/Olaf" suit with black, navy and mustard contrast trim ($290); Tails hot pink "Breakdance" ski pants ($145) teamed with yellow, maroon and white HCC "Marquion" parka ($196); Kitex clear red ski pants ($174) matched with a charcoal grey Colmar jacket featuring red front panels and blue elbow patches ($325).

Ski clothing, Salomon boots and bindings, and Rossignol skis are available at such superior ski boutiques as NSW: Sportski, Snow Business, Inski; VIC: Auski, Alpine Ski Centres, Mt Waverley Ski Hire, Ski Haus; SA: Dianne Magee's, Inside Ski Cellar, TAS: Launceston Sports Store.

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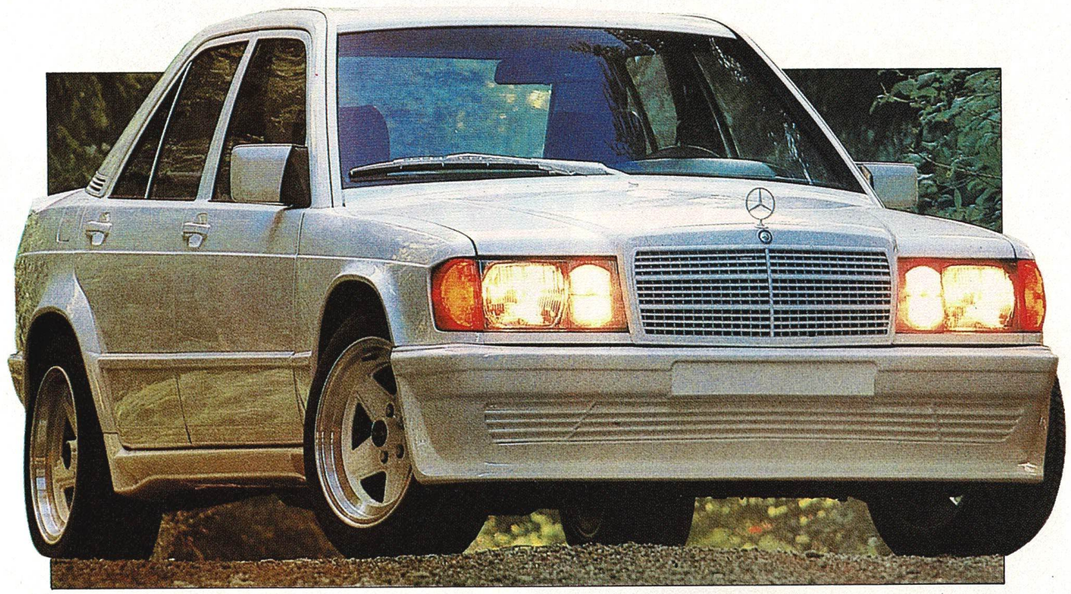

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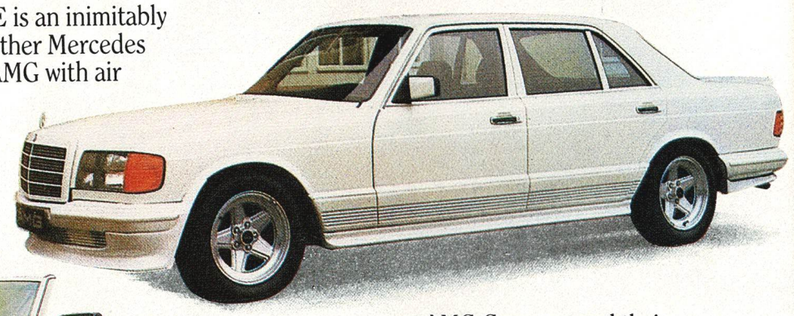

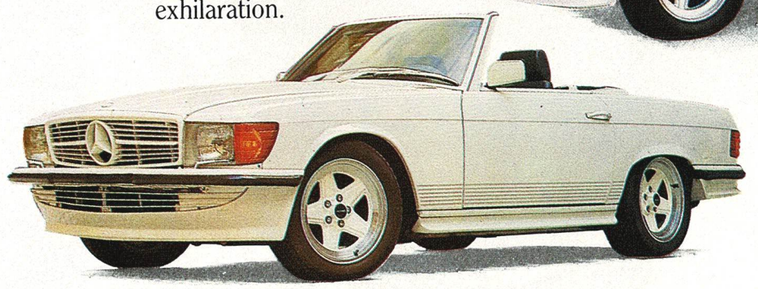

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MOTORING

Leave the wowsers at the traffic lights. With turbocharging, speed is no longer a dirty word.

Okay, so the world has got over its automotive paranoia of the '70s, turned its back on the dismal Orwellian vision of 1984 and slipped the great gearlever of forward progress up a notch into overdrive top. So what does the last bright half of this decade have to offer the motorist?

One word — performance.

You'll recall that until recently performance was a dirty word, banished in the serious '70s in the face of oil crises, the search for safety, and general economic repression. Yessir, for the last 10 years or so, performance, like sexism, extravagant wealth and seal skin coats, was something you didn't disport in public.

Well, the world has given the anti-performance wowsers the flick. Speed limits, pinned down in the flak of fuel shortages and safety excesses, are creeping back up (or at least most people are ignoring them), motor sport has gone back on the streets (round-the-houses Grand Prixes are suddenly mega-trendy), and road cars have grown wings.

Speed, in fact, is something that no longer seems to get up the establishment's nose. It has come down in price too (the new "street value" is under $15,000 for pure strain), and it's relatively harmless and freely available. I wish I could say non-addictive. It's all due to a newly revived automotive wonder drug called turbo-charging. There are dealers on almost every corner.

Most of the big corporations are involved. Nissan has several deals going: the pure version known as the EXA ($13,100) and another, the Pulsar ET ($12,750), cut with conventional issue for first-time users. Mitsubishi has a bagful from under 14 grand (Cordia Turbo) to more than $25,000 (Starion).

And now Ford has got into the racket. A late starter, it has nevertheless threatened it will become the world's biggest producer of high-grade, low-cost stuff. The last time the big US-based pusher got into this market in a big way was with the "Model T" and everyone ended up a confirmed user. If they do it again, the market prices are sure to tumble. It's already happening here. Ford Australia is about to release a limited edition called the Laser Turbo, at a street value of around $13,500.

The Laser will give you the same kind of buzz for that deal as the Ferrari Mondial, the Acapulco Gold of big automotive hits to date. And at around a fifth of the price (Ferrari asks $75,000 and deals are hard to find).

For the technician who likes to reduce this stuff to its elements, the chemical breakdown is as follows: two types; three and five-port (each with rear-entry); limited issue; and special packaging (so you don't get caught with substitute shit). There are only 300 "deals" going all up, identifiably snow-white (but laced with "blue"), additional I/D *inside* the pack, including serial numbers for extra security (badges on the dash).

The shove comes from an IHI (Japanese) puffer blowing through 1600cc with a single throat ingestion system (Solex), producing 80kW of urge at .6 atmospheres (5.5psi) with electronic detonation sensor so the whole unit doesn't OD on its own fix.

The package has been tightened up to stop it getting away from inexperienced users (Munroe-Wylie gas shocks, stiff bars), anti-spinout equipment is supplied (P6 boots on 14 inch Telstar Ghia "legs") and if it all proves too much, you can stop the whole trip by applying the boosted Bendix antidote, which can also be used in moderate doses to keep the equilibrium under control while still at speed.

Using the federal standard dosage of 97 Research Octane Number on the AS2077 test pattern, you will need only about six litres of the good stuff to give you a 100km trip (43mpg in the old administration standard).

And a full dosage will allow you to achieve as much as 180 kilometres in one hour. For quick hits you can shoot up to 100km/h in well under nine seconds or go a quarter distance (400m) in under 16 seconds.

Ford has thoughtfully provided intertial-control couches (Recaros) for the serious tripper and decked out the capsule in ambient colors, complete with dark glasses so the straights can't see how much fun you're having on the inside.

A unique aspect of this package is that Ford provides you with something special to hold on to while tripping (a sports tiller) and amplifies the general experience with a wayout music program. Every bit of this is designed to make the pulse race. It does. We took it to the max, and never looked like going over the edge. It's worth noting that IHI, which refines the speed in this deal, is a long-time supplier of such big uptown names as Ferrari (the GTO) and Maserati (Biturbo) and now, through its local distributor, Turbocharger Technology Pty Ltd, located in the laser lane of Artarmon, Sydney, is hitting the big-volume consumer market, both through major rings like the Ford dealers and the street-wise after-market.

Ford's new Laser Turbo: a small car that packs a big punch.

It's reasonable to assume Ford will have some more attractive packages on the market later on, especially since its strong eastern connection in the international syndicate (Mazda) has access to all products so popular in the Golden Triangle, including the sensational 1.6 litre Familial Turbo (323) which is *injected* (sure to be controversial) and of course the 626 (code-name) of which the Ford Telstar is a derivative.

For those of you who like a little speed, automotive mainlining is firmly back on stream.

— ROB LUCK

LOOKING GOOD

The knack of good posture can put you head and shoulders above the rest.

Walk tall and run high are two terms we hear frequently and if, like me, you're short, you might feel like asking: "How the hell can I stand taller than I am, much less walk or run taller?"

Impossible as it may sound, you can indeed walk taller, and if you're a jogger or runner, run higher as well.

It all has to do with posture, a subject which, in my parents' and grandparents' day, was taught in schools from the very earliest levels. Sadly, in today's less disciplined society, it is an all but forgotten aspect of our education.

It was an obscure Australian actor who first discovered, more or less by accident, just how important posture can be to our appearance, well-being, happiness and even achievement. His name was Matthias Alexander, and he was born in the latter half of the 19th century. Alexander was trying to earn his living as an actor and by reading the works of famous writers for audiences in an era when literacy was not widespread and books were expensive.

Alexander found, however, that his voice kept becoming hoarse and he would frequently lose the power of speech altogether. Doctors at the time were unable to diagnose or cure the mysterious ailment, so Alexander abandoned the stage and public speaking, and began to experiment with this body.

He discovered he was not using his body properly. He noticed that whenever he spoke in his stage manner he would pull his neck backwards, imposing unnecessary and harmful tensions on his entire spine as well as other parts of his body, which would eventually lead to hoarseness and loss of voice.

By experimentation, Alexander discovered that as long as he maintained proper neck posture, he could orate for long periods as often as he wanted and he was able to return to his profession. But his discovery had sparked a deeper interest, and Alexander eventually abandoned the stage to pursue his study of posture and its relationship to health, fitness and energy.

After some years he was able to devise a system which would make people use their bodies much more effectively. Besides having more energy and feeling healthier and more relaxed, people would also appear to be taller. Thus the pupils who used the Alexander method did indeed walk taller and, had there been a running boom at that time, no doubt would have run higher, too.

Having seen some outstanding results from proper use of the Alexander Principle (as the system is known today), I recommend it as a means of looking and feeling taller, as well as for added energy.

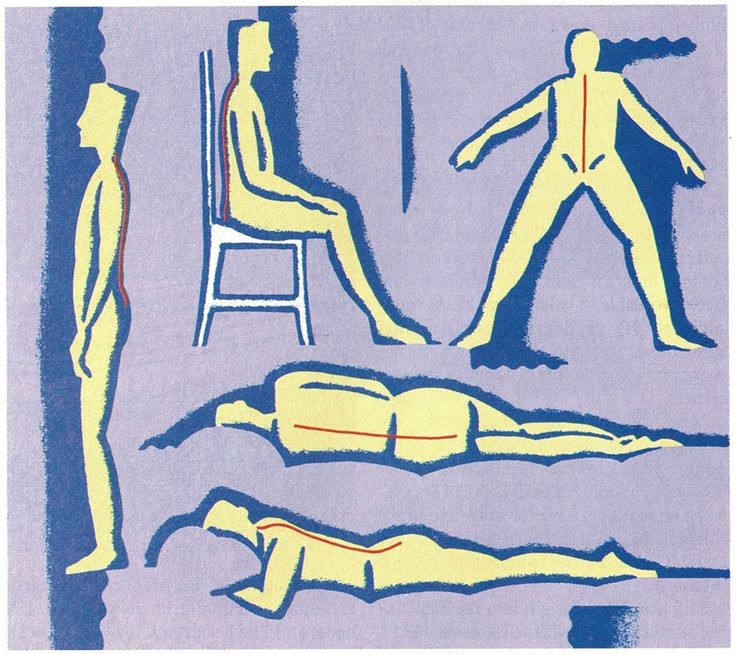
The first requirement is to lengthen your spine when you are lying, sitting, standing, walking or running.

When you are lying down this means either resting on your back, your stomach or your side.

In a sitting posture, always try to assume the most upright position possible, with the spine well supported by your extended legs.

Standing straight is the key to becoming (or rather seeming to be) taller than you really are.

Stand with your feet apart, then rock back and forth a bit to ensure that the weight is evenly balanced between the balls of the feet and the heels.



Your knees should remain in a comfortable position, neither bent nor rigid. The pelvis position can either add to or detract from height. Move your pelvis backwards and forwards a few times, then hold it balanced at midpoint, neither too far backwards nor too far forwards. If you feel tension either in the lower back or the lower abdomen, you're probably not in proper balance and need help in achieving this.

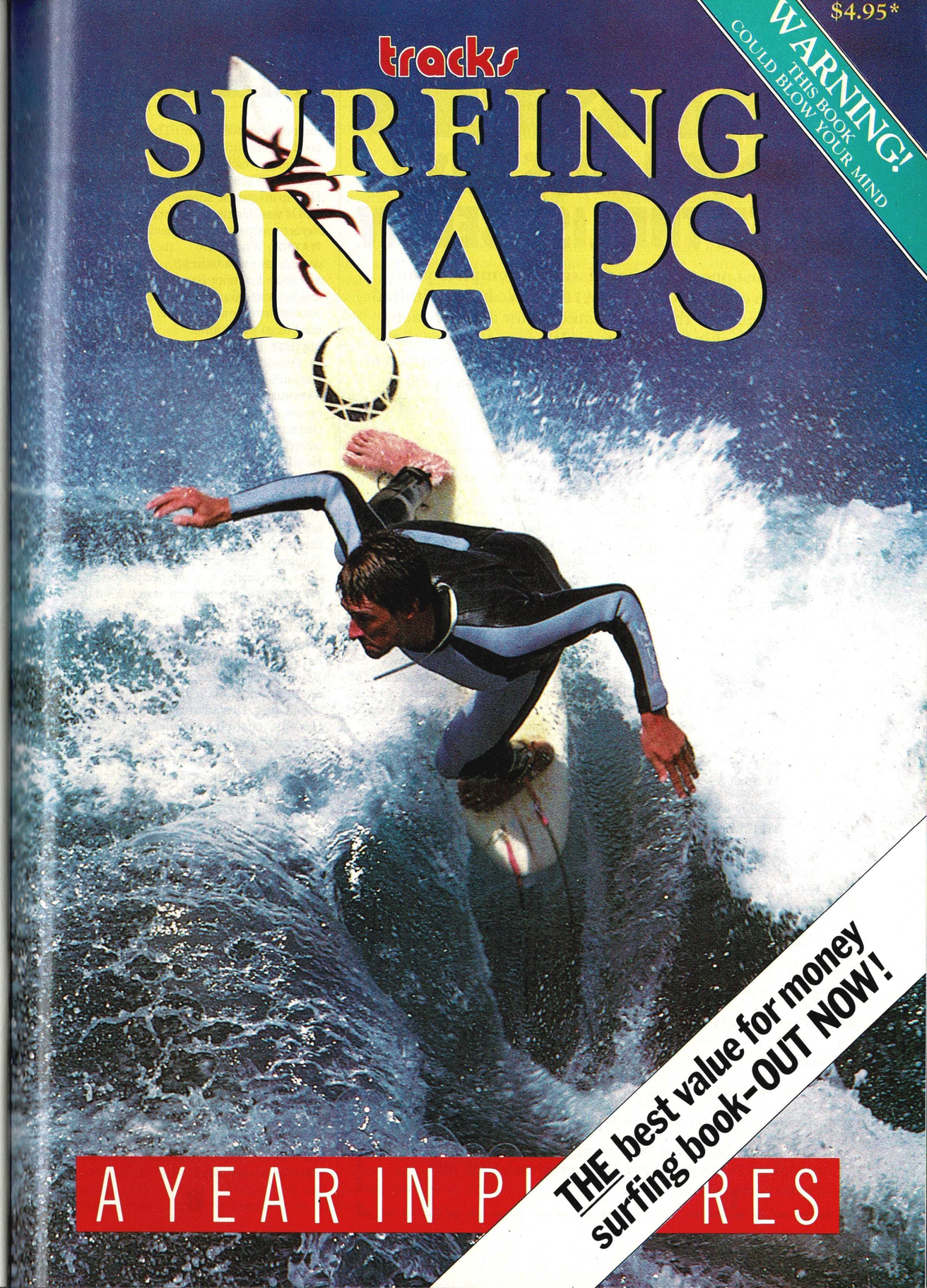
Now for the most important aspect of good posture: the spine must be gently stretched so that it is relaxed, but not slouched or tilted in any direction. If the pelvis is properly positioned you're half way there. Now ensure that the neck is upright, with chin as close as possible to a 90-degree angle to the back of the neck and head upright. Relax the shoulders, letting them fall naturally rather than being held rigidly, and keeping them in alignment with the hips. With arms hanging loosely at the sides, lift your chest slightly upwards and forwards so that the abdomen flattens.

I know all of this sounds simple, but it is in fact much more complicated than you may think. Many people require professional assistance to achieve proper posture and there are a number of people teaching the Alexander Principle. The technique is known internationally as Alexander lived and eventually died in England, having successfully demonstrated and taught his method in Europe and USA. (See below for Australian contacts.)

Among Alexander's students have been such prominent figures as author Aldous Huxley and financier Bernard Baruch, both of whom gave written testimonials vouching for the efficacy of the Alexander method.

— MIKE AGOSTINI

CONTACTS FOR THE ALEXANDER PRINCIPLE — *NSW: ATA, 64 Alfred Street, Milsons Point 2061. Tel: (02) 929 8910. Vic: Graham Pearl, 25 Halifax Street, Brighton 3186. Tel: (03) 592 5689. Qld: David Dalviel, 5 Barram Street, Goodna 4300. Tel: (07) 28 2263. SA: Chris Raff, 70 Lambert Road, Royston Park 5070. Tel: (08) 42 1459. WA: Brian Warren, 2 Bradford Street, Mt Lawley 6050. Tel: (09) 272 0443.*



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TAYSHUS

(continued from page 39)

the problem with satire. There's a lack of good writing in that area. Also they did a few things which I felt were too obscure and in-house. Their Gareth Evans, for example. How many people know who Gareth Evans is? Or was. On the positive side, *The Gillies Report* was provocative television.

PLAYBOY: Who are the Australian comedians you admire?

TAYSHUS: I admire Barry Humphries very much, and Garry McDonald. He's a consummate comedy actor, brilliant. It's hard to go past him.

PLAYBOY: Do you see a parallel between McDonald having to live with Norman and you with Austen?

TAYSHUS: Not really, because as I said earlier Tayshus is not a clearly defined character. He's just there. We have no idea where he came from or where he's going. He's just a mouthpiece.

PLAYBOY: Is that because Sandy Gutman is afraid of being typecast?

TAYSHUS: Not at all. Why do you have to read things into all this? It's just the way it happened. As Sandy has mellowed, Tayshus has probably come to represent the more anarchistic side of his personality.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about the man behind the sunnies then.

TAYSHUS: I've always been angry about the conservatism in our society, and my path has always tended to deviate from the norm. Whenever you deviate as I have done there are intrinsic problems which I find stimulating. I hate bureaucracy. I hate the way it controls the individual. We supposedly live in a democracy but freedom of the individual is very sus.

I hated the bureaucracy even in school, and my reaction was to take the piss out of the teachers, to mimic them and so on. I wasn't a true radical because I was always too concerned about what my family would think of me, but I'm getting stronger about that. Everyone has to overcome that kind of conditioning, that first 20 years.

Mate, I went to the Australian Film and Television School with the hope that this would be the Bohemia I'd been looking for my whole life. It turned out to be a bland institution where creativity and imagination were repressed. The school encouraged a commercial, responsible, organisational attitude, which was something I didn't identify with. Of course when you make films you have to be professional about it, but I want to see professionalism with chaos. You can't afford to lose the spontaneity of the creative process. Bureaucratic interference has loomed large in my life. I'm sick of the repressive institutions that run this country. I'm an idealist, mate, and I'm bloody angry.

FOOTBALL

(continued from page 78)

"VFL is a soft game now. You couldn't rate it with rugby league," says Jacko.

'Well, you owe him one', instead of umpires coming up and throwing their faces in your face telling you you can't do this and you can't do that.

"Umpires are dictators when they should be mediators. That's my view of it. They're a form of person who doesn't really do anything for me. They've got to be there, but they've done nothing. They've given me a very hard time, and they can umpire you out of the game. They tried to umpire me out of the game last year, and it didn't work. I beat them last year and I'll beat them every time they try that sort of crap on me."

In fact, as far as Jacko is concerned, the game has deteriorated so badly that it has developed a certain effete image. "Nowadays, there's a poofy sort of side to it. Not that I've got anything against poofs, everybody to their own, but it is a hairy-fairy game today. There's not the action that you used to be able to get away with. There's a lot of pretty boys playing it. There's a lot of blokes who don't put in, but take out as much as they can get. It's a soft game now. You couldn't rate it with rugby league. Rugby league is a tough game, and you just can't rate VFL in that sort of category any more."

It surprises no one that Jacko has never been a candidate for the VFL's prestigious Brownlow medal, a circumstance which doesn't exactly bring tears to the hard man's eyes. "I don't take any notice of Brownlow medals. I've never been invited to a presentation night, and I never want to be invited to one. You've only got to look at the quality of some of the people voting for them. That's what I think of Brownlow medals. Half the blokes giving votes for the Brownlow medal have never played footy in their lives. It's a joke. It really is. It's a publicity thing for football. There's nothing in the Brownlow medal except a bit of prestige, and that's about it. I couldn't care less who wins the Brownlow medal.

"But," he adds, "I don't like Brownlow medal winners hanging off the shirts of umpires and getting protected. They get a better go than the blokes who are more aggressive and more fearsome. That's probably the only other advantage a Brownlow medal has got. And blokes wear the bastards out on to the ground. If it was all fair dinkum, Leigh Matthews would have won three Brownlow medals because he was the best footballer in Australia for three or four years. Where are his medals?"

And then there's the media. Some media personalities have given big, bad Mark a pasting over the years and in turn big, bad Mark reckons he'd be quite happy if something dreadful happened to all of them.

"I like some parts of the media," he comments. "I'm not head over heels about the football media because there are some real dummies there. There are blokes who sensationalise on your name, and that really bugs me. I don't mind someone writing a bad thing about me if I've done it, but it shits me when they burn you to make themselves famous.

"If they give me a fair go, I give them a fair go. But I know I'm not going to be on top for very long, and when I come down I'm going to come down with a fucking big crunch because I say what I mean and when I say it I mean it. And if I don't like a bloke in the media I'll tell him."

Football journalists might find this, plus the notion of Mark Jackson being a serious and top-ranking footballer, a bit hard to swallow, but when he embarked on a boxing career during the latest off-season break, most sporting journalists greeted the news with incredulity. But it seems Jacko is serious about his boxing and once again there is method in his madness.

"I'm fair dinkum because I think I can use it as a second string to football. But don't get me wrong. Just because I'm using boxing as a base to do something in the off-season, don't think for one minute that I'm going to discard football. Football's my livelihood. Football puts food in my mouth.

"Boxing's a good thing. It keeps me fit in the off-season and the club doesn't mind, so I'm going to go on with it. And why not? Have a look around. There's not that many good, big blokes in Australia, so who knows where it can take you. Look at Tony Mundine. He went into the gym when he was a rugby league player and became Australian champion. It's all experience and it's up to me to diversify into as many fields as possible."

His trainer, Laurie Flanders, also reckons Jacko is fair dinkum about boxing, and in fact made him wait for the past two years before agreeing to organise a fight for him, just to determine whether he really was serious. When Flanders finally decided Jackson was ready to fight, the pair selected Ronnie Andrews as a worthy opponent, mainly because he was a proven goer and considered to be the toughest man in VFL. When that pair stepped into the ring, they put an end to speculation that the fight was going to be some sort of Mickey Mouse bout. It was as real as the punches that thudded home and when it was all over Jackson had proved he was the tougher man.

After that fight, the media went ga-ga again over speculation that Jackson wanted to fight the Australian heavyweight champion, Steve Axcel. Well, the media were right. Jackson does want to fight Axcel, but not right away.

Remember, he isn't stupid. "Let's be fair dinkum here," he smiles. "Axcel is a pro boxer, and I'd hate to think I'd go in against him next fight. But give me a bit of time. I'm not looking to be a superstar overnight. I'm still learning the game and I think I've got something to give to boxing because I can draw people. People love me, even the people that hate me still love me. I drew a 4000 gate in Perth. I'm not pissing in my own pocket, it's just that I did draw that gate."

If the idea of Mark Jackson as the bad boy of football, future heavyweight boxing champion, and the king of the car yards (another venture which he takes seriously), is a bit much for Victorians to live with, then the idea of Mark Jackson MP may be just enough to send them into cerebral overload.

But Jackson *is* interested in politics: "I'm a staunch supporter of the Labor Party. I like Bob Hawke and I like the trade union movement. A lot of people hang a lot of shit on the union movement — just about everybody does — but they should sit back and look at the unions. They're only trying to do a job for the people, and if people want the standard of living they've just got to be prepared to pay for it. Unions are just another part of paying for the standard of living in Australia."

If, for some inexplicable reason, there's no room in politics for Mark Jackson, he's quite prepared to work in other areas, like the unionisation of football, a step he believes is vital to the game.

"They've got a football association, but I'm not in it," he says. "And the reason for that is that the association hasn't got a backbone. As soon as they get a backbone I'll be in it. And if they want someone to get up and talk for them, I'd be prepared to get up and have a go because blokes just get walked over by these clubs. They're signing contracts that aren't worth two cents the next day. Something's got to be done, and the sooner a union comes into football, the better it is as far as I'm concerned. We need a union that's prepared to stand on its own two legs."

Where will Mark Jackson end up in all of this? Well, Jacko has proved one thing already: he's a stayer where footy is concerned, he stuck to his word as far as the boxing goes, and he's making money as a car dealer.

One point worth bearing in mind is that it is unwise to underestimate a man who enjoys his image as much as Mark Jackson does. Sometimes the court jester is the only man in the kingdom who really knows what's going on.

SEX NEWS

Our sex advisers bring you the latest sex news and views.

A recent television program report said that men should do a monthly self-examination of their testicles, much in the way that women do a monthly self-examination to check for breast cancer. I have never heard such a recommendation before; is this something new?

Several questions occur to me: Exactly how should one do such a self-examination and what does one look for? To what type of doctor should one go if a problem were suspected?

— P.L., Vic.

There *has* been a surge in testicular cancer. In most cases, by the time victims go to the medical profession it is too late. That's the bad news. The good news is that if the cancer is detected early, it is almost 100 percent curable.

The telltale symptom is a lump, thickening or swelling of the testicles. Not all lumps are cancerous, but they should be checked out. To examine yourself, start with a warm shower or bath. When the skin of the scrotum is relaxed, explore each testicle, rolling it between thumb and forefinger. You are looking for a small lump that may be the size of a pea, located (in most cases) at the front of the testicle. If you find one, don't panic. Consult a doctor (either your GP or a urologist) immediately.

I am 16 years old and have never had a wet dream although I masturbate and successfully ejaculate often. I often think about how good it would feel to have sexual intercourse. I once tried going that far with my girlfriend, but over the six months we went out together, we achieved little more than stroking each other's sex organs. I masturbate often, though rather irregularly. Does it matter how often I reach orgasm? I usually ejaculate about every second night. Is this too often, and can I run out of juice? How often do most people have sex and reach orgasm? Can it affect my health or can I get some disease from masturbating too much?

I fear I may be getting some type of skin rash around my penis and I find it hard to control my erections.

— S.W., Vic.

We know your problems seem immense at the moment, but let's assure you that you have nothing to worry about. Your sexual habits are shared by most other 16-year-old males. Most young men agonise over whether they are masturbating too often. In fact, many masturbate far more frequently than you without causing themselves any harm. You cannot wear yourself out, or damage yourself or run out of vital juices by masturbating too often. If you have ejaculated a few times in succession you will notice that there is less fluid released each time. This is normal and the juices will replenish themselves.

Self-stimulation is the ideal sexual outlet for a young person of your age. It helps relieve sexual frustration, allows you to enjoy sexual fantasies and gives you experience with exploring and enjoying your normal bodily responses. Make the most of that experience by learning to tune in on the sensations associated with high arousal and impending orgasm and see if you can train yourself to last a long time without ejaculating. Some of the great male lovers are men who have used these early masturbation experiences to gain this control over ejaculation.

You certainly can't have too many orgasms. Women are known to be able to have hundreds in one sexual session and males can also have quite a few. Some males

can have a number of multiple orgasms without ejaculating, but most men ejaculate each time they reach orgasm and need time to recover in between. Normal sexual frequency varies considerably. Most people have a lot of sex early in their relationships and then calm down somewhat. After a few years, normal frequency is usually down to a couple of times per week, but some people are happy with much less sex, others still enjoy a far more vigorous sex life.

The wonderful thing about erections is they are always quite out of control. No man can will an erection, and the opposite is usually true. The more you want one, the more reluctant your penis is to stand to attention. The same applies to unwanted erections. If you are feeling aroused, as far as we know it is extremely difficult for any man to stop himself having an erection (other than perhaps thinking of something ghastly to try to turn himself off). Particularly at your age, you will find yourself having erections in all sorts of embarrassing circumstances and the best thing to do is to ignore them. Most young men try desperately to keep them out of sight by tucking them away or lying on their stomachs or staying seated, but try not to worry too much about them. From the female's point of view, it's rather a compliment to be confronted with a young man struggling to hide his obvious desire.

What do you do when you discover that your partner is having an affair? Or that he has had affairs in the past? It recently came to my attention that my husband had cheated on our marriage. I was very hurt. Our sex life has been incredible, and there shouldn't have been cause for him to wander. He says the same thing — that the sex was great — but that there were other reasons.

— T.R., NSW.

First, we would ask you to change your vocabulary. We're not sure that cheating was what he had in mind. Several studies — ranging from Alfred Kinsey's to Morton Hunt's — have shown that approximately 50 percent of married men have extramarital affairs. It is rare that such affairs are discovered (only three percent of all affairs are accidentally uncovered). According to some polls, 80 percent of the men who fool around do not tell their wives. The 20 percent who kiss and tell do so to get rid of guilt, to cause pain or to challenge the status quo of the marriage. Contrary to soap-opera wisdom, sex isn't the only cause of extramarital affairs. Dr Avodah K. Offit, author of *Night Thoughts, Reflections Of A Sex Therapist*, suggests that there are at least 14 predictable times for sexual infidelity to occur: "All have to do with loss or stress, either transient or permanent, and represent attempts to cope or adapt. These include any point when a man or woman is (1) deciding on or beginning a career; (2) heavily involved in expansion or success; (3) changing jobs; (4) travelling extensively alone; (5) depressed by failure; (6) bored by monotony or fatigued by dull overwork; and (7) retiring." In addition, she states the following: "Family crises and events that are often related to extramarital adventures include: (1) pregnancy and childbirth; (2) the period during which small children receive a great deal of attention at home; (3) times of bereavement, such as the death of a parent; (4) periods of other emotional crisis — a child's accident or a mate's illness; (5)

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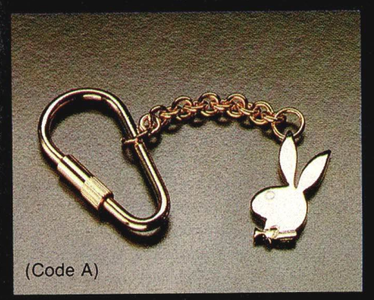

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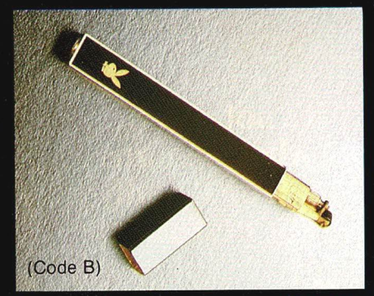

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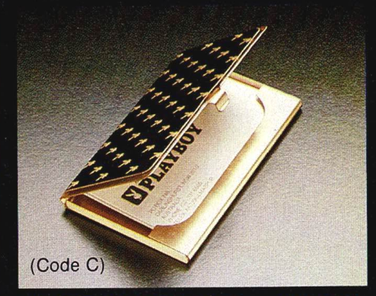

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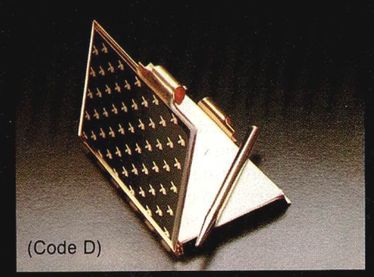

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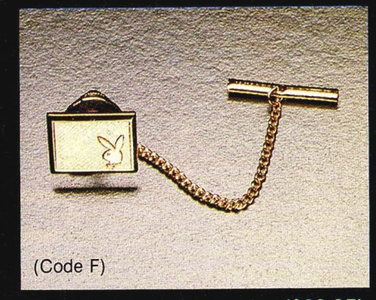

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YES! Please send me the items listed, enclosed is my cheque/money order for the total amount of $_____ payable to Australian PLAYBOY OR charge my credit card as follows:

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Qty.	Code	Item	Price	Value
	A	Rabbit Head Key Chain	$29.95	$
	B	Playboy Stick Lighter	$39.95	$
	C	Executive Card Case	$29.95	$
	D	Executive Note Pad	$29.95	$
	E	Cuff Links	$39.95	$
	F	Tie Pin	$29.95	$
			SUB TOTAL	
			ADD POSTAGE & PACKING	$ 2.50
			TOTAL	$

Sanyo WO7 Midi Component System. With looks like this and performance equal to the biggest, I'm really impressed.
The 24 watts per channel RMS power from the amp is complimented by a built-in 5-band graphic equalizer. To further improve my pleasure, there's clean, calm sound from the 2-way 2-speaker system. The entertainment is non-stop with a double cassette system, state of the art linear tracking turntable and direct call function.
WO7 from Sanyo, it's a great turn on...but that's life.

SANYO
That's Life!

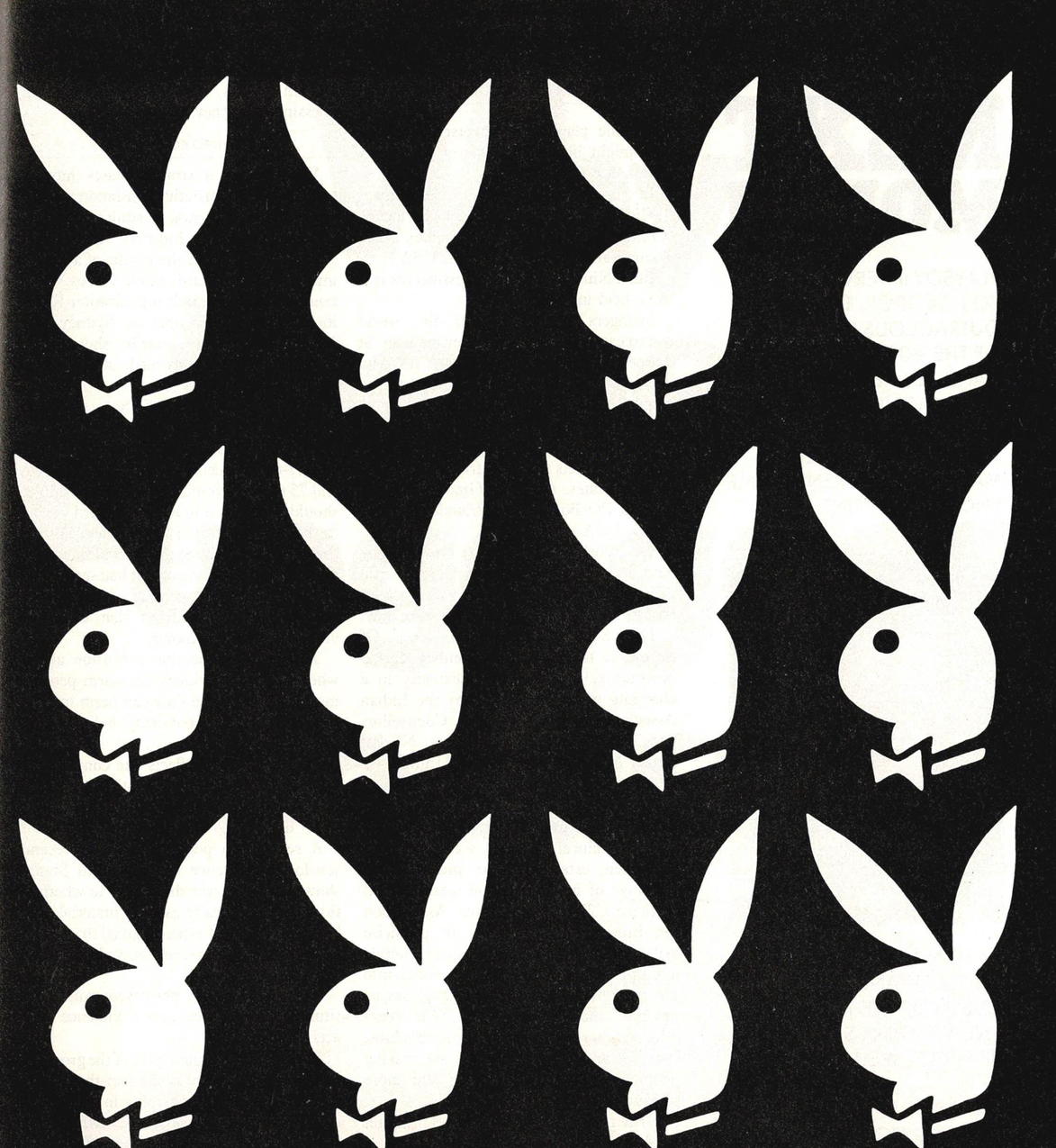
the "empty nest" syndrome when children leave for school or university; (6) any time in a person's life when she or he confronts the process of physical ageing, an awareness that occurs at least in every decade of life; and (7) any time of stress, such as moving, buying a home or any major change in style of life." The best advice is this: Don't look at the affair but, rather, at everything else that is going on in your life.

I am a 19-year-old male, presently living with my girlfriend, who is also 19. My problem is this: I get very jealous when I think of her past lovers. I tell myself that it's stupid and useless to feel like that, but it doesn't help. Part of the problem is that she started having sex fairly early (at 14) and has had at least 10 sexual partners since then. On the other hand, I lost my virginity at 18 and had intercourse only three times (with the same girl) before I started going out with my present girlfriend. I was very shy and never had much luck with girls. It has always bothered me that I started having sex so late and have had such little experience. I guess I'm very insecure about how I am as a lover, though my girlfriend has never said anything to make me believe that I'm not satisfying her. I love her and don't want to hurt her, but I want to experience sex with other women. I don't know what to do. I guess I'm jealous because she has had so much more experience. — *G.A., NSW.*

Experience means different things to different people. A friend of ours recently had a woman tell him, "You must have had a lot of lovers to get this good." His reply: "No, I merely loved one woman well." All you can learn from a one-night stand is what you can learn from a one-night stand. Quality comes from collaboration. The age at which you lost your virginity doesn't mean anything though this is a matter most Australian men are very concerned about (they tend to lie a lot about it). Before you go off on a quest to experience other women, learn what you can from the present relationship. If you have her undivided attention, you have everything.

My girlfriend has a fantastic figure and refuses to wear a bra. Usually I don't mind, but at times she wears the sheerest blouse or a loose-weave sweater that reveals all, and that can be very embarrassing. Don't misunderstand me, she looks great because she works out and stays firm and trim, but still, a nipple showing through a blouse can be quite disturbing in public. Have you got any suggestions? — *L.B., Qld.*

Why not tell her exactly what you told us. Say that you're uncomfortable when she displays her physical attributes in public. She may even be complimented by your interest in keeping her assets private. Then again, she may think you're an insecure, overly possessive wimp. You could learn a lot from her self-confidence. The last thing you want is a girlfriend who puts sticky tape on her nipples.



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An Australian PLAYBOY binder showcases 12 issues in a stylish package offering protection and perfect presentation for your future enjoyment.

Complete the coupon and return it to: Australian PLAYBOY Binder Offer, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010. Upon receipt of your order, we will forward your binder/s, individually packaged to ensure their arrival in perfect condition. Price includes postage.

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NEXT MONTH

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: **BOY GEORGE**, THE MOST OUTRAGEOUS ROCK STAR OF THE '80S, TALKS CANDIDLY ABOUT SEX, FAME, MONEY, IMAGE AND THE MUSIC BUSINESS. THIS IS THE STUFF THE OTHER MAGAZINES WEREN'T GAME ENOUGH TO PRINT.

KATRINA: OUR BUDDING STARLET WANTS TO BE QUEEN OF THE TV SOAPS — AND WE THINK SHE SCRUBS UP PRETTY WELL.

RAT RACE DIET: AT LAST A FACTUAL, NO-NONSENSE DIET FOR MEN WHO LIVE IN THE FAST LANE — HOW TO COPE WITH TOO MUCH BOOZE, TOO MANY SMOKES, DRUGS, LATE NIGHTS AND EVEN JOB-RELATED STRESS.

BETTING SMART: THE SMART PUNTER DOESN'T THROW MONEY AWAY CHASING WINNERS AT THE RACES. HERE'S HOW YOU MAKE MONEY ON THE ALSO-RANS.

SEX FOR TRAVELLERS

Anyone planning an overseas trip this year might like to fit some of these sexy events into their itinerary.

In May, Lifestyle Tours in California is holding a Caribbean Cruise For Swingers. (Contact Lifestyle Tours, PO Box 5366, Buena Park, California, 90622, USA.)

June: Ninth Erotic Film Festival Awards to be held in Hollywood.

Swingers from all over the world congregate on the Ile de Levant near St Tropez in the south of France for wild parties and continuous orgies during August.

In the third week of August, the Daytona Fun Fest, an orgy/beach party in Orlando, Florida, attracts swingers from all over the United States. (Contact Gino of Florida Socials, PO Box 14494, Orlando, Florida, 32857, USA.)

The World Trade Fair Of Pornography And Sex Aids is held each October in a different German city. The Sexfach is strictly for members of the profession only.

The Seventh World Congress Of Sexology, to be held in Bombay during November, will focus on sexuality in a changing world. Organised by the Indian Association of Sex Educators, Counsellors and Therapists, 203A Sukhsagar, NS Pat Patkar Marg, Bombay 400007, India.

SEX GROUPS

In response to what they see as a world-wide puritanical backlash, a British group has been established to promote the exchange of information on sexuality and eroticism. The International Association for Eroticism (IAE) aims to publicise existing sexual support groups and compile a comprehensive biography of research into the personal and social effects of sexual practice and erotica. The IAE seeks information regarding places, events, clubs, societies and activities which are making people's lives less frustrating and more pleasurable.

Write to the IAE, PO Box 4ZB, London W1A, England.

As for those sexual support groups, there is now an amazing range of organisations around the world catering to every conceivable sexual whim. In San Francisco there's a Hirsute Club for those who enjoy their sex partners well covered; Fraternity, for footwear and clothing fetishists; and DPF which specialises in diapers and spanking. Sigma is a London-based support group for "straight people in mixed relationships", while a self-help association for trans-sexuals operates under the unfortunate name SHAFT. There are some sexual support groups with even more extraordinary titles like the Daddy Club of California, the Cigar Smokers in San Diego, the Greek Alliance in New York, and the Rear French of America, based also in New York.

Each to his own, and good luck in guessing what they're all about.

THE VIDEO CONTROVERSY

With many Australian states moving towards more restrictive legislation regarding the sale and rental of adult videos, the Australian Video Industry Association (AVIA) has released the results of a survey into attitudes towards adult videos. Melbourne-based research organisation Reark interviewed 560 people in Sydney and Melbourne, and the results show many Australians are concerned about video censorship.

Ninety-one percent of those surveyed believed "adults should be able to decide for themselves what they watch and read". Eighty-one percent of Melbourne people and 75 percent from Sydney believed adults should be allowed to watch X-rated videos in the privacy of their own homes. Thirty-three percent of the Sydney people had seen an X-rated video (54 percent had seen an R-rated video) and 35 percent of Melbourne people (44 percent from that city had viewed an R-rated movie).

There is considerable confusion about whether X-rated videos can harm people: most people believe they can harm minors while half the respondents believe they harm adults.

This confusion reflects the controversy among psychologists and other so-called experts who are attempting research on the effect of videos.

A session on pornography at a recent sexology conference in the United States showed opinion was divided as to whether this type of sexually explicit material was harmful, but most experts agreed that it was unfortunate so few videos showed women in sexually equal roles.

Many videos also portrayed women in situations of explicit sexual violence and acts of deviation.

The other troubling aspect of the growing adult video industry is the fact that many parents are irresponsible in allowing children access to videos. The myths about sex and anti-female attitudes contained in many of the available videos make them a most unfortunate form of sex education for young children, particularly in the absence of any sex discussion or sensible information from their parents. It is a sad fact that most children still claim to be receiving little or no sex education from their parents. It would be nice if the people so concerned about rights of adults to view adult videos could try to summon up similar enthusiasm for encouraging parents to provide adequate sex education for our future generations.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to: Sex Adviser, c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We welcome inquiries but regret we can't always reply to each reader.

Why the new Fuego goes so fast.

The new Fuego boasts a potent 2-litre alloy overhead-cam engine. A top notch 5-speed gearbox. And front wheel drive that keeps the wheels where they belong.

On the road in the direction you're steering.

It also claims a remarkably low aerodynamic drag factor.

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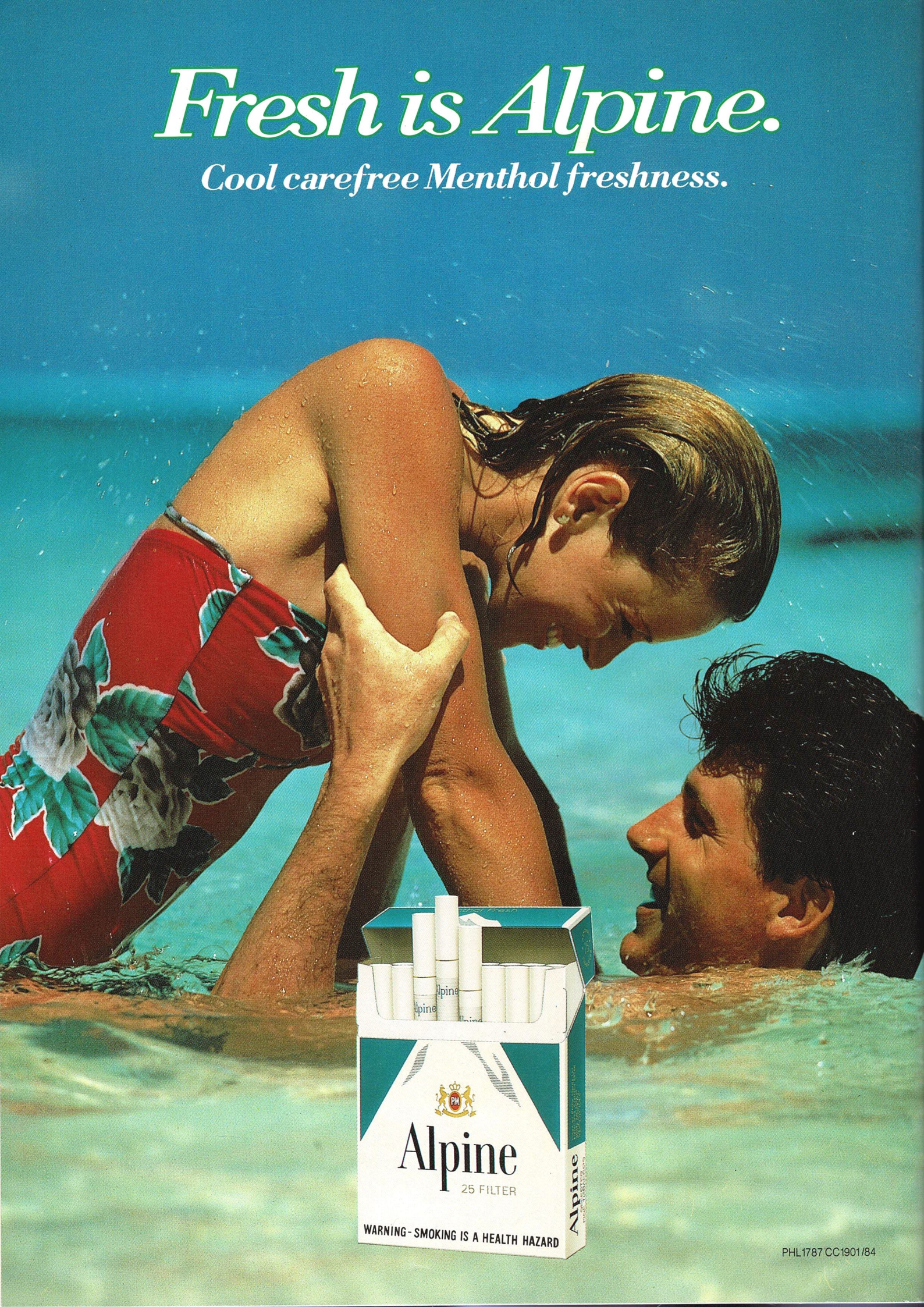


PHL1787 CC1901/84

Alternative photos from the more explicit NSW/VIC version

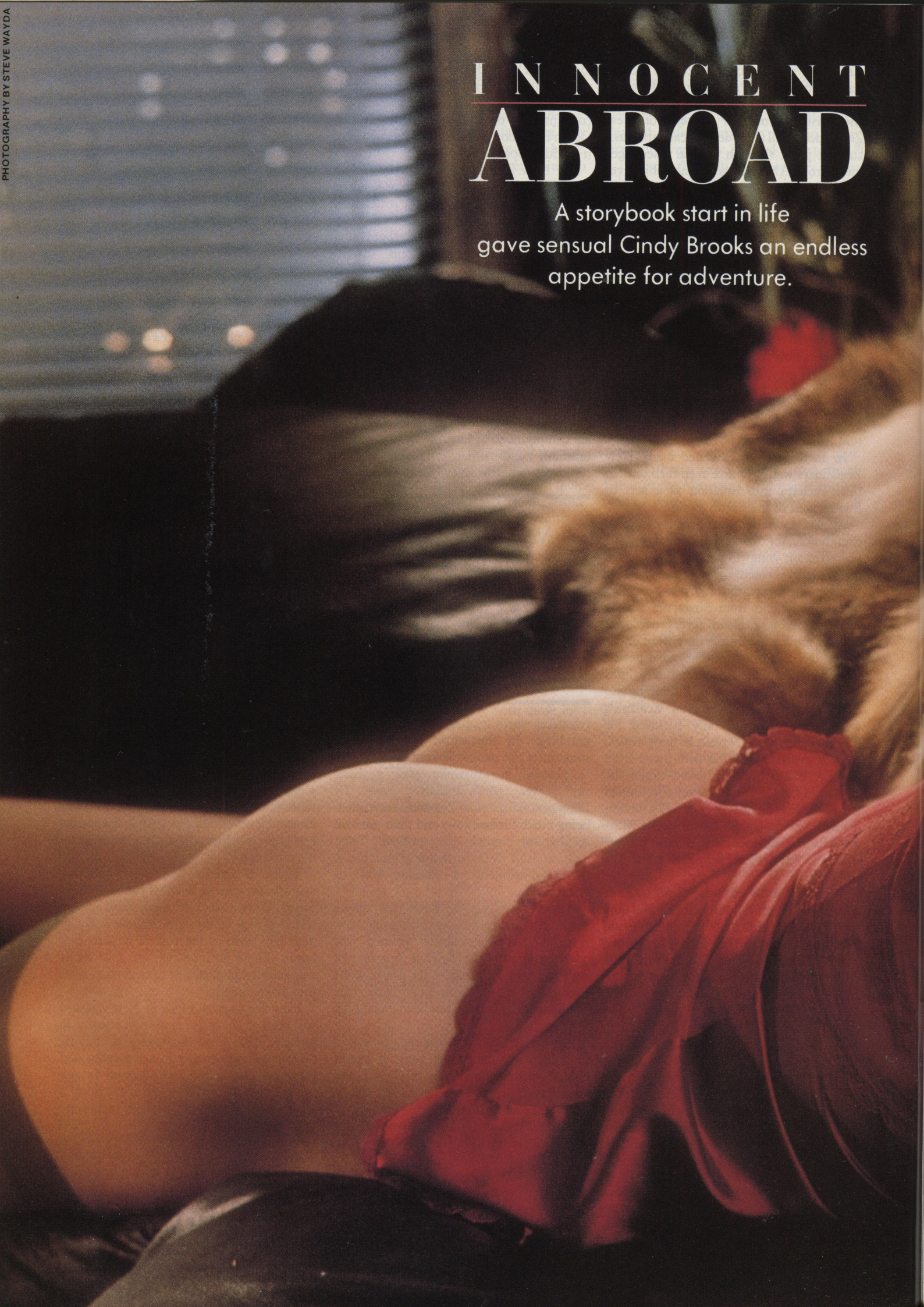
HOME BODY

With looks like this, Carina Jensen could have the world at her feet but she says she's a home girl at heart.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER

Just one look at Carina and you can't help thinking, what a waste. A girl this gorgeous should be spreading herself around a bit more, showing the world what she's made of. And, indeed, Carina would like to play a sexy role in one of the top TV soaps. But she says it's just a fantasy. She's happy to be a homebody and just hasn't got the nerve to make the rounds of the TV studios, the agents and auditions. The only reason she agreed to do this pictorial was because photographer Michael Ancher made it easy. He went to her home town and set up the photo-session. But when you look this beautiful, the world does tend to beat a trail to your door.

Maybe it's because I'm only 19 I still cling to home but I'm in no rush to get out into the world. All my friends and family are in the small town where I grew up, I've got everything I could ever want here and I'm happy. Why should I move?

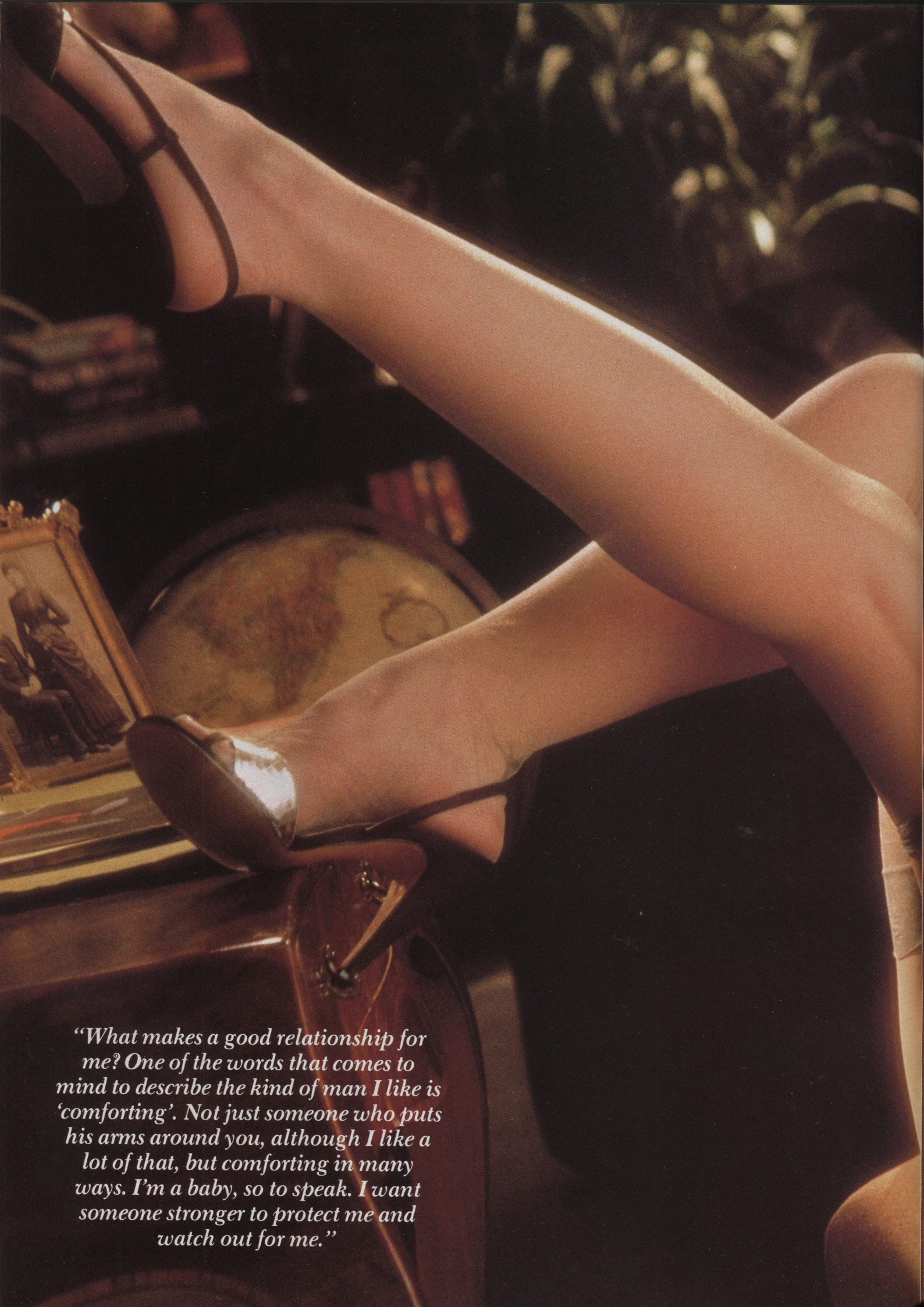


PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE WAYDA

INNOCENT ABROAD

A storybook start in life gave sensual Cindy Brooks an endless appetite for adventure.

Believe it or not this is Little Bo-Peep you're looking at . . . the grown-up version. Scrumptious Cindy Brooks used to play Little Bo-Peep when she was a little girl in the fantasy fun park her father owned. If you'd known Bo-Peep was going to look like this when she grew up, you'd have kept in touch wouldn't you? Well, not to worry, the way she's moving Cindy may get to your home town yet. Ever since she gave away the fun park and collected a history degree at university, Cindy has been on the road having fun. She's not ashamed to admit she hasn't had to work terribly hard over the years. In fact, she's spent most of her time, wait for it, playing polo. That's right, the jetset game with the horses that Prince Charles always plays when he's in Australia. But when you're beautiful and desirable like Cindy, good things just have a habit of happening to you. And if you're lucky enough to fall in with the polo crowd, why not ride with it?



"What makes a good relationship for me? One of the words that comes to mind to describe the kind of man I like is 'comforting'. Not just someone who puts his arms around you, although I like a lot of that, but comforting in many ways. I'm a baby, so to speak. I want someone stronger to protect me and watch out for me."

Blonde Bondi beauty Carol-Ann Edelkoort emigrated from Holland to Australia with her family when she was just a youngster. She chooses to live at Sydney's celebrated Bondi because she loves having the ocean on her doorstep. She explains she enjoys the color and action of Bondi Beach too because it's always changing. Carol-Ann is 24 and works as a translator in the city. She tells us she auditioned for Australian PLAYBOY "as a challenge". Her friends have been eagerly awaiting this issue, she says.

When lovely Liana Cambridge posed for this shot in Sydney's Hyde Park she almost sparked mass coronaries in an early morning troupe of elderly Japanese tourists. When the old blokes had got over their amazement you should have heard the cameras clicking.

As you might have guessed, 22-year-old Liana is a fitness instructor and she wants to have her own gymnasium some day. Liana grew up at Picnic Point though she chooses to live in the western suburb of Liverpool.

She says she went along to the photo audition out of curiosity with a couple of friends to give her moral support. "I was really pleased and flattered that I was accepted into the pictorial . . . but a little surprised," she smiled.

Can't imagine why.

Louise McDonald, 23, is a Kiwi who came to Sydney seven years ago to attend an acting school. She lives in Chatswood on Sydney's leafy, upmarket North Shore and hopes that appearing in Australian PLAYBOY might get her noticed by some keen-eyed movie talent scout.

"I know it's a tough business but I am determined to get somewhere," she says. Louise has appeared in TV commercials and as an extra in several movies but she's still looking for that one movie part "that gives me the chance to show what I can really do".

Eva Wood got the thumbs down from mum when she announced she'd be appearing in a nude pictorial but 22-year-old Eva says she's strong-willed and decided it would be exciting.

Another cocktail waitress, Eva has lived all her life in Lane Cove and says her big interest is astrology. "After all," she says, "it governs who we are."

And Eva's taste in Sydney men? "I like a man who's a man," she purrs.

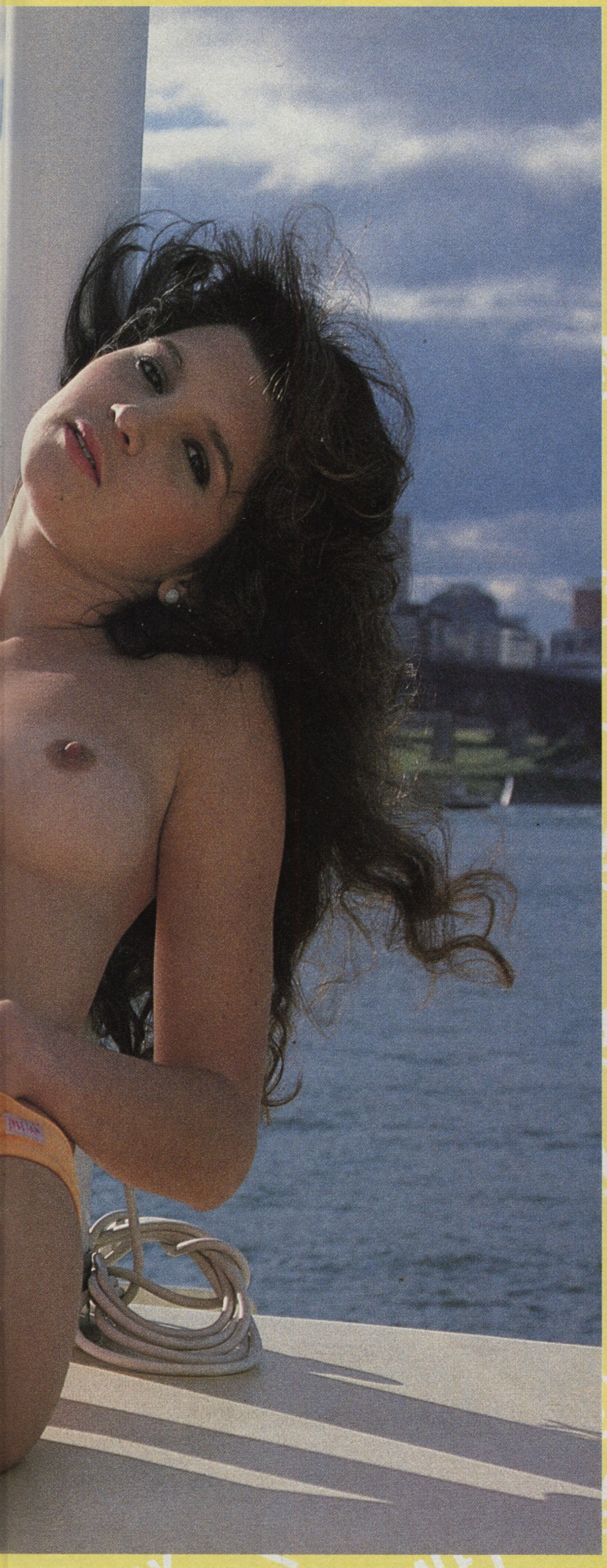
Gorgeous Rene Stephens recently finished her HSC and wants to continue her studies to become an art teacher. A bit of a work of art herself, Rene loves fashion design and still hopes to pursue a sideline in design. Only 19, Rene lives in the grand old suburb of Strathfield and says it was her mum who suggested she audition for the pictorial.

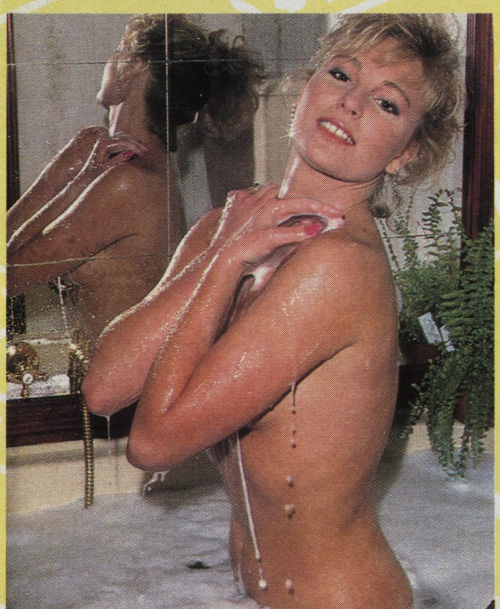
"Like lots of girls I had always thought about trying it and this was an opportunity to see if I had what it takes without going through the grind of modelling agencies or putting together a portfolio," she explains.

It worked. Rene impressed us and you too we suspect, and she's been busy doing promotional work for Australian PLAYBOY ever since she introduced herself to us.

Wouldn't it be nice if all bank clerks were as luscious as 19-year-old Michelle Bray? Michelle was born in Sydney's posh Eastern Suburbs although she chooses to live in Kareela in the south because she claims it's the best beach in Sydney. "I'm only five minutes from the water and I like to get into it just about every weekend," she explains. Michelle is candid enough to admit that she does not see a big future for herself in banking. "I'd love to be a model but I don't know where to begin. When I heard about The Girls Of Sydney pictorial it seemed like the perfect opportunity to have some photographs taken and see what potential I have."

Australian PLAYBOY wishes to express its gratitude to the staff and management of the Gazebo Ramada Hotel, Sydney, for allowing us to use locations around the pool and the Tower Suite. And special thanks go to yachtie extraordinaire Tony Vic who happily supplied his lavishly appointed yacht, **The Great Gatsby**, for entertaining the girls in grand style during several location shots on the harbor.





Sharon Coleman, 19, might just be the best-looking computer programmer in Sydney. Talk about an Apple a day! Sharon was born in the southern beach suburb of Maroubra and has no desire to move away yet. A part-time model, Sharon hopes PLAYBOY will help her career.

"I thought it would be lots of fun to appear in Australian PLAYBOY" she told us. "PLAYBOY is a prestigious magazine and I wouldn't have done it for any other."

LONNY AND GAIL CHIN: Take two sisters who are close in age and you'll be amazed at how many lifetime firsts they've experienced together. It is a commonly unremarked-upon fact that girls prepare for life's major moments together. Especially during adolescence. Therefore, many sisters have exchanged their first tender embraces, their first kisses and life's dearest secrets. Sisters learn to dance together. Have you ever noticed how they dance? Like Astaire and Rogers, right? That's because they start rehearsals around the age of nine. By the time they get to high school, they move like Michael Jackson. And they expect you to cut in on that? Here are some major moments in the lives of the Chins. That's Gail above left, Lonny below left and both sisters enjoying breakfast in bed below. In both of the shots above right, Lonny's on the left. Whew!

CATHY AND TONI ST GEORGE: Once upon a time, there was a phenomenon known as the Gabor sisters — Zsa Zsa and Eva. They were very pretty and dressed and talked alike and, in fact, very few people could tell them apart — and that's why they weren't as stupefyingly seductive as the St Georges. If we're not mistaken, sisters are at their sexiest when their differences are allowed to interact with their similarities. A kind of tease takes place when you peer into the eyes of one woman and fleetingly see the other one. Or, if sisters don't look alike, sometimes they speak and — zing! — the sameness of their voices will startle you. If you're not careful, you'll fall in love every time your girlfriend's little sister answers the phone. The St Georges, as a collective experience, offer that kind of thrill. Cathy, the blonde, may be 5'4" to Toni's 5'7" and may consider herself reserved when compared with talkative Toni, but whom do you see when you look into one set of eyes?

DONNA AND NATALIE SMITH: Holly Near sings a song about her older sister called You've Got Me Flying. It illustrates the simple truth that sometimes an older sister works as a pretty good launching pad. She can do the exploring, make all the mistakes for the younger one. She can go on dates, kiss real boys and learn how to get around Mum and Dad. Some may say older sisters have all the fun. Hair styling, make-up, how to apply for a job — those are all areas in which the experienced sibling can be called upon for invaluable assistance. (But we must remember her contribution to the wardrobe: hand-me-downs. Younger sisters don't, as a rule, mind getting them; but one of the younger sisters here, who shall remain anonymous, said, "I'll accept all hand-me-downs — except for brassieres and men.") In the case of the Smiths, dark-haired Natalie is two years the senior of Donna. Therefore, it is her duty to introduce little sister to new friends, at left. At right: The sisters exchange services.